

on the coast with whom I ever spoke on the subject of slavery, seemed confident that the true prosperity of Africa would only commence with the cessation of slavery. And they all say it would be far better for them if slavery were put down altogether than allowed to remain as it is, subject to limited restriction; for by this limitation many inconveniences arise. Those who were permitted to retain slaves have a great and distressing advantage over those who could not. They argue, and very properly, that in consequence of these slave-hunts the country is kept in such a state of commotion that no one thinks it worth his while to make accumulations of property, and, consequently, the negroes only live for the day, and keep no granaries, never thinking of exerting themselves to better their condition. Without doubt, it is mainly owing to this unfortunate influence of slavery on African society, that we have been kept so long ignorant of the vast resources, which would be of so much value to Zanzibar and neighbouring India, were it only properly developed.

The island of Kasengé is ruled by Kasanga, a very amiable sort of despot, and therefore liked. The food of his people consists chiefly of fish and fowls, both of which are abundant; though cows and goats, oil, ghee, and other luxuries are imported occasionally in Bin Sulayyim's dhow. While Speke was there, she arrived with a cargo of this sort, looking very graceful in contrast to the wretched little canoes, as she moved slowly up the smooth waters of the channel, decked in her white sails, like a swan upon a garden reach.

After long and repeated delays, our traveller determined to return to his companion and friend, Captain Burton, at Ujiji. His first difficulty was to collect the crew of his canoe, who had all taken French leave for a season on their own account. His second annoyance arose from a mingled display of superstition and greed on their part when they had at last mustered:

We moved out two miles in the morning, but returned again from fear of the weather, as the sailors could discern a small but very alarming-looking cloud many miles distant, hanging on the top of one of the hills, and there was a gentle breeze. In the evening, as the portentous elements still frowned upon us, the wise crew surmised that the *uganga* (church) was angry at my endeavouring to carry across the waters the goat which the Sultan had given me, and which, they said, ought never to have left the spot it was presented in alive; and declared their intention of applying to the *mganga* (priest) to ascertain his opinion before venturing out again. As the goat had just given a kid, and produced a good supply of milk, I was anxious to bring her to Ujiji for my sick companion, and told the sailors so; yet still they persisted, and said they would run away rather than venture on the water with the goat again. Then fearing detention, and guessing their motive was only to obtain a share in the eating her, I killed both kid and mother at once, and divided them amongst my party, taking care that none of the crew received any of the flesh. At night we sallied forth again, but soon returned from the same cause that hindered us in the morning. And I did not spare the men's feelings who had caused





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# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCES.

### I.—SCHOOL-DAYS.

Boys and girls come out to play,  
The moon it shines as bright as day,  
Come with a whoop, come with a call,  
Come with a goodwill, or come not at all.

*Old Song.*

MY tale (such as it is) begins on the banks of the river Adur. You will scarcely find it on the map; but as mine is not a Christmas tale about a river in Fairyland, I will try to describe it, and its connection with my story. To find the Adur, you must go to Shoreham,—every Sussex boy knows where that is, and turning past the old Abbey church you will come upon a small estuary of the sea, following the course of which about a mile, as far as the ancient church of old Shoreham, the waters narrow into a river running a few miles inland, and navigable for small craft as far as the town of Steyning. It has nothing but a local reputation, and, now-a-days, almost the only boats on its waters convey pleasure parties to the pleasant village of Bramber, and to picnics at Bramber Castle and on Bramber Mount. It is very pleasant going home afterwards, down the river on moonlight nights, for the waters are shallow in parts, and it is great fun getting out and turning up one's trowsers to shove the boat off every time she grounds. The lasses pretend to be very much frightened, for it is quite possible, with a little contrivance, to keep them afloat for two or three hours; and as there are mostly two boats, for company, some charming duets make the time pass only too quickly; and never is music sweeter or merrier than in the songs of young voices floating upon the water, under the light of a harvest moon.

The fashion of the world has changed a great deal since the days of which I tell, and stiffer ideas of propriety prevail now; but I have not learned that innocence and good manners have been improved thereby. A young lady's

companion is now her music-master, and as my friend Mr. Slick observes, in his humorous way, "She can stand in first, second, or third position to church, and hold her book and her elbows graceful, . . . and, besides, she knows all about smiles,—the smile to sit or walk with, the smile to talk with, the smile o' surprise, the smile scornful, and the smile piteous," &c. With the boys the change is yet more sad: and when I think of the cramming and twisting out of all natural proportions which they undergo, I am often reminded of the wise answer once given to the question, "What is a young man's best companion?" "Sir, a young man's best companion is a virtuous young woman." I should like to know what harm there was in a smart boy in a Bramber boat telling Fanny that the pretty dimple in her cheek was very becoming. The memory of that dimple kept the lad honest and good for many a long day. Boys would not be such cubs, nor young men such snobs, as they now are, if sisters and sweethearts were permitted to fill their proper and natural place in life. "What a beautiful thing is love," says the thoughtful author of the *Companions of my Solitude*. "Oh! that there were more love in the world, for what man would injure that which he really loves." But the system of the day crushes down the heart and home affections, trains and educates apart, the natures that ought to grow up nourishing and instructing each other, and when they meet again in later life, it is as strangers,—the one too often trained to a base, the other to a "petty part;" and men and women's lives are made sad, and homes desolate, because they have grown up asunder, and cannot, at maturity, understand one another.

School days at Bramber were, however, to be my theme, and now let me try to describe them. For that purpose I have need of the graphic pen of the historian of Tom Brown. Yet how unlike to Arnold's glorious seminary at Rugby was the little village school at Bramber! The grand doctor in his gown, and with his coach-lamp eyes, is too far removed, even for comparison, with good, old, farmer-like Mr. Barton, with his grey breeches and gaiters, spectacles on nose, and long pipe, which he sometimes smoked even in the school-room. The origin of which custom was on this wise; a cottager's child half a mile off had scarlet fever, once upon a time, and as it behoved the schoolmaster to take all proper sanitary precautions, he commenced a practice of fumigation in the school-room, which he never afterwards wholly discontinued, believing it to be "good for the wholesomes." From this account of the worthy pedagogue it may be

inferred that our progress in classics and mathematics was not considerable. The school was, in fact, a rather large but very pleasant family party. I have been forcibly reminded of its excellencies by the account, I think, Mr. Wordsworth gives of his own early days. He tells of having received his early education at a village school, at which the practice was for the boys to be distributed out for board and lodging amongst the farmers and better sort of cottagers. All the nature of the boy was developed under such healthy circumstances, which, probably, went very far to form the mind and character of the most original poet of the age.

The advantage in cheapness, too, of such arrangements ought not to be overlooked. It is now very difficult for the decent tradesman and well-to-do clerk or artisan to send his children away from home for healthy training. The establishments for the purpose are too pretentious, or too barrack-like. Moreover, a dead set has been made at all educational establishments by the reformers, who, as usual, have not been discriminating. The same hand which satirized "Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen enjoying themselves," and depicted Salem House, made that terrible onslaught on Yorkshire schools which has nearly destroyed them. From the hideous description of Mr. Squeers and his establishment my mind has often reverted to the pleasant scene to which I desire now to introduce the reader.

Within a mile of the ancient town of Steyning, in the county of Sussex, is situated the rape of Bramber. The village, even at this day, recalls very vividly to the mind of a scholar, the arrangement of the old feudal times. There is a mount with its deep fosse and the ruins of an old baronial residence. One of the side walls of the keep is still standing, and serves as a landmark for many a mile. It is so massive that steps have been cut in it, and the window recess forms quite a chamber, into which the adventurous climb and carve their names. The sides of the mount are covered with brambles, on which grow the finest blackberries in the world, and the hazel trees stand thick in the moat, forming pleasant groves for nutting. The wild bullace and the sloe grow there in profusion; the greensward covers the floor of the once stately hall, and the walls which long ago echoed the clang of arms and the wassail of retainers, now in their venerable age respond to the merry laugh of the pleasant parties I have before described.

Yet time has seen that lifts the low  
And level lays the lofty brow,



Has seen this broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state ;  
But transient is the smile of fate !  
A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam on a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

The Barons of Bramber were, in some sort, retainers of the Earls of Arundel, whose stately castle is not far away ; for the Arun and the Adur are sister streams. The house itself was last dismantled in the wars of the Commonwealth, and I have learned, I believe, more history from its teaching than Clarendon could tell. The real fact seemed to stand forth in the ruin, and the best sermon of history was in its stones. There should always be some great outward and visible sign of noble deeds, struggles, or aspirations wherever youth are assembled to be taught ; some scene

Where patriot battle has been fought  
And glory had the gain.

Dr. Arnold lamented at Rugby the want of associations, and he created them. Himself a tower of strength, his memory will hallow it for ever. Our fathers were wiser than we. The best grammar schools of England are close to old Cathedrals, ever suggesting mighty, as well as holy thoughts. In Eton's halls, "Where sacred science still adores her Henry's holy shade," between the towers of Windsor and the plains of Runnymede, the scholars are kept in continual remembrance both of loyalty and freedom. At a distance far removed from these ancient halls, there used to be many such schools as that of Bramber ; but still there were not wanting to them, also, associations such as I describe to connect the past with the present, and to make the young Englishman feel, in the very budding of his intelligence, that he is part and parcel of a great estate, inheriting the fruits of the heroic struggles of his fathers, and bound to continue on to coming generations the faith and freedom transmitted to himself.

About half-way down the mount, and on a separated rising ground, stands the ancient village church. Nothing could be more quaint than its interior, with here and there a marble monument of some departed worthy. The barbarism of a later time had introduced great square pews, in which we sat all church time, looking at one another, on our very best behaviour. In the gallery, two or three fiddles and a flute led the psalmody, and in the centre of the church stood the old Saxon font, to which, during the service, the babies

were brought to be christened, in the presence of the congregation, as their ancestors had been for hundreds of years before. What strange thoughts those old fonts suggest! Often surviving the edifice itself, so roughly hewn that they must have been made in such early times that imagination may picture Pagans having kneeled before them; and at least very many of them must have been used for holy purposes before the Heptarchy had ceased to be.

At the foot of the mount commences the village street, just exactly the sort of arrangement which Guizot describes in the chapter on Feudalism, in his lectures on Civilization. He drew the picture from his own scholarly mind. I knew it directly I read the words,—I had learned the fact beforehand. But, looking across the meadows on the right, notice that queer old bridge over the Adur. Every lover of English scenery knows it, poets have sung about it, and limners painted it. There is not an educated man in Europe who cannot picture it to his mind's eye. It is like a hundred elsewhere, and yet unlike them all. Those massive buttresses, so rough but so firm, that pointed centre arch, and the coping wrought in the parapet. The lichens have defaced the inscription, but the running waters have never moved its strong foundations. It was built to stand, and it will stand yet, for as many hundred years as it has already stood, if some reforming railway don't come near it.

We must not, however, go over the bridge, or we shall not get to school in time; and must leave the village ale-house on our right, and Goodie's tart-shop, also, with only a passing glance, unless we have a penny in our pocket. Peeping, too, half curiously, half in fear, at the gipsies by the barn-door over the way, from under the porch of this pleasant farm-house-looking building, we enter our dear old school.

You went right into the kitchen. There it is, with its broad, open fire-place, inside which are seats and room for a dozen on a winter's night, when the faggots are blazing and the chesnuts roasting on the hearth. What tales of fairies and fun we had there. And when the wind howled outside, how pleasant it was to hear stories about shipwrecks, till one evening Bilston began to cry, and then we found out that his father, a captain, had been drowned at sea, so it was agreed never to tell about shipwrecks in his presence any more. Our school-room was just across a passage to the left of the entrance door, with large rooms over it for dormitories; and outside, at the back, was the playground, where the sun shone always so temptingly during

school hours as to distract attention from lessons, and bring down the master's cane pretty often. On one side of the play-ground, was an orchard, with such a beautiful overhanging plum tree, and sometimes the plums dropped off into the play-ground and sometimes they were assisted to tumble; but accidents like that will happen in the best regulated families.

Mr. Barton's son had married an accomplished lady, as accomplishments were then understood. He assisted his father in our school, and his wife had a school for young ladies. They lived in a house next to ours, but so connected that it appeared but one. There were a great many day scholars, so that during school times we were a little reserved, but on Sundays and holidays we walked and played together, just as the sisters of a family would with their brothers, and I am sure to the delight and improvement of both. I wonder where that mischievous Harriet is now, that used to try and make me laugh in church when I endeavoured to look serious, because young Mr. Barton sat next me, and would certainly pinch my ear if he caught me on the grin. What can have become of that naughty Miss Hoyden, who taught me to catch little birds by putting salt on their tails, and then brought all the big young ladies to watch my efforts to carry out her instructions, laughing all the while at my discomfiture, till little Ellen Prettyone began to cry and protest it was a shame, upon which I understood that my simplicity was being imposed on, and learned the appropriate lesson so well, that though I fear I have been imposed upon a good many times since then, I never tried afterwards to put salt on a sparrow's tail.

Touching my school-fellows, there was, I suppose, the usual mixture of good, bad, and indifferent fellows. I remember I was a town boy when I went, and rather small, so that I used to be put on a pillion behind a farm servant, or one of the masters, when we went out on holidays to any distance, and that I used to hold on very fast; that I had great aversion to a gun, a repugnance I have not yet overcome, and that I thought the proper way to fire it off was to put the muzzle to the shoulder, and present the stock to the object to be hit; that in the spring we used to go gathering wild flowers, which were very abundant there, and catch the flies to feed a caged blackbird. That with the rushes we learned to plait very prettily, under the idea that it would lead to a knowledge of basket-making, which might be useful, if ever we should be cast upon a desert island in company with a gentleman who could do nothing; the king.

of the savages might send for us, and in admiration of our talents, advance us to great honour, and make the gentleman our servant, to gather rushes and carry the baskets.\*

The wild convolvulus grows, too, in those parts in great profusion and beauty, and I remember our making garlands of them for the little girls, who have never since, I am sure, worn any such becoming tokens of innocent love. Besides, and I think I speak truthfully, we used to connect these flowers with the Scripture lessons read to us each morning in the school-room before prayers, and with the smile of Him who, comparing them with Solomon in his glory, pronounced for the greater beauty of the lilies of the field.

We were most of us too young for such a serious game as cricket, but "trap-bat-and-ball" was the source of huge delights; and in the winter time we used to have a long path in the play-ground swept, in anticipation of a frosty night, and buckets of water thrown over it. Then in the early morning began the process of making a long slide; the little boys timidly at first, but gradually gaining courage, would venture on, increasing the length of run with each effort; and the fun grew fast and furious, notwithstanding occasional mishaps, till the bell rang out, too soon for our wishes, and school time began again.

My memory recalls one such scene as the last; it was the morning of the day before Christmas, and we were all going home. The holidays had begun and there was no fear of the school-bell ringing that day to interrupt the glee. Let me stand aside and see the long procession pass. As in my mind I trace the picture, I am made very sensible of the goodness which forbids man to lift the veil which covers the future. Yet, at the same time, I think I can see, in the events I shall presently narrate, how simple faith may trust on unfalteringly, how the fruit grows out of the seed sown and according to the culture given. Sometimes there comes to me a consciousness of a deeper insight touching fate and free will, which "justifies the ways of God to man." But this is beyond the power of logic, and I will leave sophists to reduce the argument to rationalism, if they can.

"Richard, your father's come!" said the sharp quick voice of Barbara. She was our servant and looked after our clothes, and professed to be very glad of the holidays, for "boys are such plagues," she said; though I think she was always gladder to have us back than to see us go.

But Richard's father must not be kept waiting long; he is

\* Vide Sandford and Merton.



an important person and don't like it; besides, other boys' fathers or messengers will be here directly, so when Richard goes to meet him, the sliding flags, and gradually we all assemble in the kitchen to see each other off and say good-by.

As he comes out of the parlour, along with Mr. Barton, we notice Richard's father, Mr. Gladwin, has not a kind or pleasant look. He rather chilled us all. I was standing near the door, and heard him say, "It is all very well, Barton, but you are too easy a man; you don't look sharp after number one. Here you are now, in these bad times, giving the folks outside meat and beer for Christmas. My charity begins at home; and you can't afford to do as you do." I thought how that I heard Mr. Barton answer, that the poor souls had had it a many years, and that though the times were bad, he had not the heart to say no. But just then they came out, and Richard and his father went away. He was not a nice boy,—ready to take, but not prompt to give; and if he lent a penny, always made a fellow miserable till he was paid again. I thought Mr. Barton seemed relieved when Mr. Gladwin went, but I did not know the reason then. When I did, however, I understood well enough what he meant by alluding to the poor people. 'Both he and Mrs. Barton and their "forbears," as the old lady called them, were very good to the poor at Christmas time; and young though I was, I should have known without telling that the Bartons' gifts would have been missed in the Christmas of that year. It was always, somehow or other, contrived in the parish to give the poor people a good dinner on Christmas Day, each in their own house and with their own family. As the living was a poor one, and the vicar an aged man, and the squire an absentee, the principal inhabitants had to attend to this matter pretty much themselves; and Mr. Barton had for some years kept them up to the mark, for they were apt to grumble always, and this winter bad times were very real, and the grumblers had something to murmur at. So that if Mr. Barton had not exerted himself very much, many a poor family would have wanted a Christmas dinner.

I mentioned Mrs. Barton just now; I wonder why I did not bring in her name before: perhaps because we sometimes talk least of those we love most. She was then such a comely, nice, motherly woman, just verging into old ladyhood. She kept the accounts of our pocket money with great acuteness and justice; if there was ever a mistake, it was when, looking at the rueful face of a youngster who had drawn out his



allowance, she would now and then manage to find the balance of a penny in his favour. But her kindness did not stop there. Her benevolence was more active, and an observer might see that just now it was particularly so, but not demonstratively. I saw her let one of her winning smiles, speaking comfort and consolation, rest on a youth about ten years old who had managed to retire behind the rest, but who now sidles up to her and quietly, and but for a moment, places his hand in hers. Poor fellow, he is not going home! He has no home. An uncle in India pays for his education, but has never seen him, and has apparently no sympathy with him. No wonder, then, that Harry Staples' heart rises in his bosom, and half a tear stands in his eye when he looks at the bustle in which he has no share, and dwells on the happiness in which he can have no part.

There is another fellow, all impatience to be gone,—Frank Horton. What a contrast between him and Harry, and yet both are orphans. But Frank has a sister at his uncle's home, though he does not say much about her. He talks about a pony, and a dog, and jolly sprees. He is the cleverest boy of the school, and he knows it.

One by one come up carts and vehicles to take the boys and girls away. The circle round the kitchen fire is thinning, and when the Lancing coach takes four, and the Worthing coach seven, but very few remain. Myself and Frank are soon the last of those who are to go, and we are to travel part of the way together; and as we stand talking to Harry, we feel nervous for fear our conveyance may not come. At last the sound of wheels is once more heard. Up with the boxes. How smart the chaise looks! "Tie on your comforters, boys; you will want them, facing this east wind!" "Good-by, dame! Good-by, sir!" "God bless you, lads!" say the old people. I linger just a moment to press Harry's hand once more, and as I take my place I see Mrs. Barton does the same; that Harry, no discredit on his manliness, throws his arms round her neck and is pressed to her motherly heart.

Cheerily, merrily, on goes the spanking horse, who knows the homeward road. Laugh at the wind though it blows so keenly. What matters the east wind to the young and healthy, journeying homeward for the Christmas holidays. Steadily now, for we ascend the hill, and Bramber Mount looks hazy in the distance. The day is waning, and the evening mist is rising on the banks of the Adur. See here, the roads diverge, and a pony is waiting. It is Frank's pony, and here we part. "Good-by, old fellow; shake hands once

more; shan't see you again; ain't it jolly?" As he mounts, I envy his spirits, his cleverness, his wild wit, his fun. See, the pony rears, but he masters him with firmness. He shouts and waves his hand; my eye follows him down the road. Our paths in life will, indeed, diverge more widely than the separate roads we now take; but they did meet once more, as I shall have to tell.

It was only boyish feeling which occurred to me then; I thought out the rest at a future day. Now, on once more; soon we pass out of the country roads, and as the evening closes in we gain the sea-board; the surge howls dismally, the clouds look dark and lowering, and I begin to long for home. We pass coaches and vehicles, some with Christmas boughs, some with children and visitors, all hurrying on expected pleasure. Soon we see the lights of the town; like stars or diamonds they seem to deck the cliffs. Now the houses begin, and as the moment approaches I feel a thick-ness about the throat and dimness of the eyes. We turn the corner, there are lights all over the house. They must be making the pudding in the kitchen even now. They are looking out of the window, and see us before we can shout or knock. I don't know how I get upstairs, till I find myself in the embrace of her who loves me best, and surrounded by all the unutterable blessings of home, sweet home.

## II.—THE RETURN.

Oh! lovely is that river still,  
As it winds by many a sloping hill.

*Præd.*

NEARLY twenty years have passed away, and again I find myself, one fine morning in September, on the Adur's banks. The broad estuary is now spanned by a noble suspension bridge, with the lion of Norfolk on each arch, guarding, as it were, the road which leads to the noble Castle of Arundel. My steps mechanically turn the other way, and a short brisk walk brings me on to the sequestered path by the river side which I may be pretty sure of pursuing without interruption for a few miles. A lonely walk is a very wholesome medicine to the mind. People who live in cities, and concern themselves with the busy affairs of men, do not provide enough for occasional solitude. The old Church did so, and some of the grandest thoughts which have moved on the world have had their origin in a Lent retreat. Where can a wounded spirit now retire for penitence, for rest, for healing? Where, now, the pleasant cloisters and the open church-doors, into which,

when bowed down with fatigue, and hard pressed by the devil, we may step aside from the worry of the world, if only for an hour or for a day, to think a great thought, to breathe a lonely prayer, and then go forth refreshed and purified for new labours, and strengthened for fresh trials? Wanting these aids, go lose yourself upon some Sussex down, and wander for miles without meeting any one save, may be, a shepherd and his dog. No "pale misfortune's slave" can return thence other than as a free man. The elastic turf and balmy air will change the current of his blood, and healthy thought subdue each carking care. The shepherd, too, will teach you philosophy and content, for the chances are, he keeps a wife and six children on less than ten shillings a week.

His best companions, innocence and health,  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

When I recommend a country walk all alone, I by no means suggest it as the usual or proper thing to do. I am not at all insensible to the charms of companionship. The faint pressure of a muslin sleeve, just where "the hawthorn scents the evening gale," is a joy for ever. I am no recreant to the wholesome doctrine of my previous paper, and truth to tell, even as a boy I have enjoyed more pleasant walks along the Adur than the lonely one I am recording now, in days when I thought fun was philosophy, and was not, perhaps, so far out in my calculation as at first sight may appear.

But loneliness has its charms and uses, and there are few who can dispense with it at least as a tonic. Its higher uses are only, perhaps, appreciated by the higher class of minds. When Vasco Nunez de Balboa, after incredible labours, had crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and was told that from the summit of the next hill he should discern the Southern Sea, he bade his men stand still and went up alone. What a picture that would make? The stout discoverer

When with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

In the drawing-room of Sir Robert Peel's house at Tamworth there is, or was, a picture which I always thought Haydon's masterpiece. Napoleon is standing on the rock of St. Helena looking out at the sea, and he, too, is alone, his back is to the gazer, and one feels that the direction of the unseen glance is towards France. The face is left to the imagination, his back is turned upon the world,

and the setting sun seems typical of his own descending glory. What a companion picture this would make to the other picture I have imagined. The past and the future, hope and regret,—what associations belong to the two subjects!

But Darien and St. Helena are both far away from the Adur, and we started on our walk to get free from thought and speculation for a little while. I begin to look about me, and first observe how narrow the Adur seems; but then I remember that I have been living for years on the banks of the Thames. I make this remark to a youngster who has just joined me with the ordinary salutation of those parts. I hesitate for a moment whether I shall admit him to my company, for, you see, I was conversing at the time with the Discoverer of the Pacific and the Emperor Napoleon. But his voice had the true ring in it, and sounded honest as his face was bonny and his form lithe and strong. Perhaps, said I to myself, he is a school-boy, and my heart always warms to a school-boy. So we went on together in company, and, as I said before, I remarked on the small breadth of the Adur. When I mentioned the Thames, the lad looked up wistfully into my face, and asked me to tell him about London, and how to get on there. His expectations were, of course, very high, and though he did not think London streets were literally paved with gold, he evidently believed that commodity was more plentiful there than I fear he was destined to find it. From him I learned that there was no school at Bramber now, and he could give no account whatever of the sports, walks, people, and incidents bound up with the recollections of my own boyish days. The schools of the district, he said, were at Steyning, and the farmers sent their sons to boarding school at Brighton,—I suppose to learn about Cicero and his Tusculan villa, instead of being nurtured near old Bramber, with its Saxon associations and Commonwealth tales. I wonder whether they will make better farmers and citizens by the exchange. The only school at Bramber now is the national school. There it is, in the meadow by the side of the old bridge. That is a good sign, for I don't think the peasants' children in my time went to school at all. The church, too, I learn, has been restored, and the square pews removed, and a new parson now lives at the vicarage, which looks out so pleasantly from amidst the trees yonder; from all which I opine that the church here, as elsewhere, is aroused to her duty, and that Christmas dinners for the poor will no longer depend on the caprice of such men as Mr. Gladwin and the feeble efforts of Mr. Barton, but be regarded by all more in



the light of a great Christian duty. But at the bridge, I part with my young acquaintance, who goes on to Steyning, having, in return for his information, somewhat dimmed his ideas of the glories of London city, with probably, however, very little effect, for youth is the period of hope, and is slow to believe in realities.

I ramble once more over Bramber Mount, and inspect every crevice of the old ruin. It stands as firm as ever, and may stand while the world lasts, for no rebel cannon is ever likely to be pointed against the now unserviceable walls, and the spirit of the county will, in all likelihood, prevent their wanton demolition. I climb up into the chamber I have before described, to read and muse over the inscriptions there of the Johns and Lucys, the Roberts and Emilys, and I fancy I recognize old school-fellows' names amongst them, so that I am clearly not the only pilgrim to the old spot; but Richard Gladwin's, Harry Staples', and Frank Horton's names are not amongst them, and with these old companions my recollections of school days are most blended.

My ramble has clearly done me good, for quite a school-boy's appetite rises in me, and I turn my steps to the inn. As I cross the threshold, the recollection comes back to me with almost painful force of the day when my father first brought me to school. I seem to remember every step of the journey. The primroses were out at that time, and I remember I was eager to gather them, forgetful or scarcely knowing (for I was very young) that I could not take them home. Before joining the school, we went into the inn to dine. They show me to-day into the identical room. I fancy the waiting maid sees the dimness of my eyes, for it would require no great stretch of imagination to see before me the chops and pickled walnuts and my father's pipe. I understand now why he brought me here first. I was going to school, and he was parting from his first-born son also, for the first time, and by dining with me alone he lingered over the parting. I dare say he would have liked to have taken me back with him. Blessed for ever be the kind hand that in this world shall never guide me more! "Mutton chops and walnuts, sir! We hav'n't got any," said the maid. "Well then," said I, rubbing my hands and looking as unsentimental as I could, "bring what you have got." So the never-failing resource of a country inn—ham and eggs—were soon smoking before me, and, after a hearty meal, I considered what was to be done next.

From a few inquiries I made, I found that Mrs. Barton was still living, and bent my steps to the old school-house.



There was an air of neatness and quiet about it which told plainly enough that the boisterous inhabitants of former days had long since departed. I entered the kitchen, the spacious fire-place had been built up, and a modern stove inserted in the deep recess. A tidy maid introduced me to the parlour in which Mrs. Barton was sitting. She was dressed in her widow's weeds, for though some years had passed since, as she said, her husband "rested in the Lord," she had never changed her mourning attire, and liked to be spoken of as the Widow Barton. Seventy summers had not dimmed her eye, and its old twinkle lighted up as she rose to receive me. Her memory was tenacious of essentials; and although my features had faded from her recollection, my name, and not a few of the incidents of my childhood, lingered with her still. Cake and wine were brought in, and I reminded her that such had been the custom with visitors in the old school times. Insensibly she seemed to warm with the theme, and told me the story of her troubles, and how they were overcome. Our talk was long and pleasant, and I will try to tell the simple story as nearly as I can in her own words.

"Ah, yes, he was a dear fellow; and so you recollect him, do you. Well, it makes me all the more glad to see you. Surely, it can't be so long ago since you were at Bramber; but then you were a little boy, so you were; and it was the hard winter that you went away in, so it was. Very sad reason I had to recollect it, I can tell you, and so had my poor dear man. Those times were bad, and then came the riots, and the rick-burning, and after that the reforming nonsense; and when matters settled down a bit, and we began to look about us, things never seemed to go again as they did once. The school began to fall away. Farmer Gladwin begun it. He set people thinking we didn't teach enough, and didn't do it the right way. Much he knew about teaching, or aught else except money-making and screwing and pinching, for he was a hard man, as my poor Dick knew to his cost; but with all his griping and saving, no good came of his money, as how could it? And as to the learning, I am sure, my dear, we used to turn out some pretty boys and girls too, you rogue. You smile, but your piece-book was a picture, and so was your ciphering-book, all ruled under with red ink lines, and I have seen no prettier samplers than our girls worked, and their sewing was beautiful. And, forsooth, their foolish friends wanted them to learn music, and piano-playing, and fine drawing, and all nonsense of that sort. I wonder whether Richard Gladwin's fine wife would not have been better, and had more love and nouse in her, if we had her

broughtn's up to look after. I reckon she would have been able then to mend a shirt, and make one too, and how to make a pie as well as cut it. You ain't married yet, you say, why not? Is it because all the girls are badly brought up? Well, I shouldn't wonder. But you must begin to think about it too, my dear; time's running on, and I don't think it can be that all the girls are spoiled at boarding schools. But you want to know about my dear boy, Harry, do you? Well I'll tell you all about him, God bless him! Do you know, my dear, I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for him. He is far away now, and I shall never see him again, but on my bended knees I pray the Lord to bless him every morning, and to have him in His holy keeping every night." Her emotion was so great as she said these words, that she paused awhile, and I thought that even then a silent prayer went up for him, whom as a little forlorn one, I had last seen pressed to her heart. Like many old ladies of the old school, however, she repressed the outward signs of feeling, and when she resumed, after a few moments, I noticed she took up the subject from another point.

"About Frank Horton, my dear; don't you know all about him? He is a famous scholar, they tell me. He was so notable with his books, that some nobleman, I think, sent him to the university somewhere; and I do hear he will be a very great man,—they say chancellor, or bishop, or something of that sort." I answered that news of Frank's successes had reached me, but that I had not heard any thing about him, nor did I know that any of his old friends had. "Nor I either, my dear," said Mrs. Barton, "but he is very high and mighty, I can tell you." Her respect for learning was evidently high, as became her past position, for with her old pleasant smile, she added, "But, my dear, it is you that put out my calculations. I always thought you would prove the great scholar; but then, you rogue, you were so quiet, perhaps you are one." I disclaimed the soft impeachment, and, by way of turning the subject again, alluded to Harry Staples. The very sound of his name was enough, and nothing loth, my ancient mistress resumed her story thus:

"I was saying the bad times begun, and when ill luck crosses the threshold, the best broom can't keep the house clean. One trouble brings another, and so we found it. Things weren't so bad when Harry left, but somehow parting from him was a sore trial; and he went all the way to the Indies, and I never expected to see him any more. I felt for him as my child, and he loved me true—he did.

Well, he went, and somehow, as others went, no new boys came to take their places. Then my poor Charles—you remember him; he used to help his father in the school—went into a decline. Oh! it was a weary day when he died. He was my only son, and might have saved the school and kept things square for me and his father, but God took him. Then his wife, who never liked school-keeping, went home to her friends, and so the girls' school had to be given up. And we two old folks were left pretty much alone, for of our two girls, Rachel was married away from us, and Mary was sometimes with her sister, and at other times we liked her to go about among friends, for our house began to be dull for a merry girl like her. Besides, we could not talk to her about our troubles, which got thicker and thicker, and we liked her to be away just then.

“So a few years of struggle passed over, for me and my good man knew how to pinch when it was necessary to keep up appearances. But the hard work began to tell upon him, and I saw him get more and more feeble and ailing. Young Richard Gladwin used to be very neighbourly, and I was so much occupied with my Dick that I did not notice that he came oftenest when Mary was at home. When we did see it, my poor man was uneasy about it. ‘Depend on it, dame,’ said he, ‘old Master Gladwin won’t have it at any price.’ But I who saw how it was with Mary, and that the lad had her heart in his keeping, bucked up a bit, and said she was good enough for Richard Gladwin’s betters; but my own heart misgave me, for I knew that his father had a mortgage for £300 on our house, and knew all our affairs, and that we could give Mary next to nothing. So when the young man spoke, we told him all, and truly sorry I was to see him so chap-fallen; it boded no good to Mary, didn’t that, for had he loved her true, he’d never have looked so glum. It seems the old gentleman had no idea his son was courting Mary, and being a very close man, young Richard didn’t know about us. So the father never warned him off, and he both loved money himself and feared to offend his father. What they two said to one another I don’t know, but Richard never came any more, and Mary, after the first shock, never held her head up much after. Richard married a fine wife, who brought him some money, but she soon spent that, and more too. There was no love in her heart, so he has no comfort in his home. If he had been a true man and married Mary, he would have had his treasure in his wife—he would now have had money, and joy too. Mary isn’t at home to-day, or I could not have told you all this.

"I should have fretted more, but this last affair broke down my kind old man. We had to give up the school altogether, and in a few months the Lord took him, and then Mary and I had to face the world together. We sold the stock and paid the debts, but we could not clear the mortgage. Mr. Gladwin said it didn't matter, but I was uneasy, and got more so as the time came round when the principal was due, and he could foreclose. I doubted the man, and I was right, for sure enough the notice came. We had sold a good many things to keep matters square, and the interest paid, and we had no resources left. Oh! that was a bitter time for Mary and me. The time was up on Christmas Day, and I was sitting here, on Christmas Eve, where my married life had been so happy, and where I had done my humble best to make others happy, and I felt myself indeed forsaken. The morrow I might be turned out of house and home, and my husband and son were dead, and I was desolate; but I cried to the Lord in my distress, as the Psalm says, and He heard me."

She cleared her voice a little, and placing her aged hand upon my knee, looked into my face with a pleasant smile as she proceeded: "Do you know, my dear, when you came into the room to-day, though I knew you were not him, my heart went pit-a-pat. The fire was getting low on that night I was speaking of, and Mary was not yet come in, when I heard a carriage pass, and then pull up. It diverted my trouble for a moment, and I wondered what it could be. Presently, the latch of the kitchen door moved, and I thought Mary was coming in, but when I looked up I saw a tall gentleman with a moustache, standing in the parlour door-way. He had a large cloak on, and did not move his hat. I thought he might have to do with our sad business, and my voice trembled as I asked him in. He came and sat down by the fire, and as he took off his hat he covered his brow with his hand, and leaned with his elbow on the table. I did not notice the act then, but remembered it afterwards. 'I have come,' he said, 'to ask you some questions about an old scholar of yours.' I breathed better. 'So he is not a mortgage man,' I said to myself; and then he began to talk, and said he had been asked to visit me by an old scholar who had a great regard for me. I looked at the bronzed but shaded face, and thoughts of Harry came directly, but I could not speak it. 'Do you remember any little boy who went to India from here,' said he. 'Oh, yes!' I said, 'Harry Staples; is he well, dear boy? Tell me, I pray!' 'Oh, yes!' he answered, in a gruff sort of way, 'he was



jolly enough, when I saw him last." I scarcely thought that was the way in which any one would talk about my Harry, and a strange feeling of doubt came into my mind. 'Have you heard from Harry lately?' he inquired. 'No,' I answered, 'not for years.' 'Ah!' said the gentleman, 'just like him; that's the way he ill-treats his friends.' 'No, he don't,' I said, for I was angry that he should speak ill of my boy, and pretend to be his friend too, and was going to say something sharper, when, just at that minute, the faggot fell into the fire-place and blazed up with a strong light. The stranger's face turned towards it, and lighted up with a smile. I knew him then. 'Harry, my child! my son! my darling boy! How could you play me such a trick? You hid your face, you changed your voice, but your old smile betrayed you.' He went on his knees before me, and I folded him in my arms. 'Granny, dear,' he said, 'you taught me to be good, and the thought of you has kept me good. I have had to fight my way, but I have got on and prospered, and when I landed in England I came to you soon, that we might spend our Christmas Day together.'

"Mary came in soon after, and very much surprised she was to see my fine, handsome boy, sitting beside me, with my hand in his, and the fire burning so cheerfully. We had elder wine that Christmas Eve, and the next day was very quiet, but very pleasant. And he told me all the tale of his adventures, and the troubles he had gone through from the time that he left me till the happy evening when he was restored to me. And the mortgage was not foreclosed, and the house and fields were settled upon Mary. And when my boy went away again to do his duty, he was so good to me that the faggots have no need now to burn low on Christmas Eve; and though I never expect to see him return here any more, I shall watch for his coming in Heaven."

I could hardly restrain my own emotion, as with true natural eloquence, my old school-mistress finished her tale. Its narration was evidently to her a labour of love. Harry and I have never met, but I have heard his name mentioned with high honour. He is one of those who, in the simple course of daily life, and line of human duty, go through the world blessing it. His charities flow freely without ostentation. His patriotism is of that lofty kind which Chatham illustrated: "His object is England, his passion is fame." In one of the magistracies of the East, he dispenses the justice and maintains the fair fame of his country; and it may be that his deeds will one day find a place in the records of her history.

Not long after my visit, as here described, the old school-mistress passed to her rest. I met Mary a few years later: she told me of her mother's peaceful end. Mary was not married then, nor do I think she ever will be. The old-school house is now let to strangers; let us hope that Christmas hospitalities are dispensed by their hands. Improvement, too, has penetrated even there. An ox team is a rarity, and a railway is not far off; but the tale of the Bartons lingers still. It is thus that good deeds should be held in remembrance, and this has taken its place with the tales which are told about Bramber Castle and Bramber Mount, by the country firesides, on a Christmas Eve.

### III.—THE SCHOLAR'S FATE.

Ambition this shall teach to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning infamy.

*Gray.*

"WHAT d'ye buy? What'll ye buy? Buy, buy, buy. Now's your time! Prime mutton doing at six and a half. Best o' beef at eight. All the legs and shoulders cut off the real original prize Sou'downer, and no mistake." "My eyes, Bill, what lots of legs and shoulders he must ha' had; look at all them there!" "Be off you rascal, who made you a judge o' mutton? You don't know the taste o' it?" "Now, Mrs. Codlins, what can I do for you? Nice little bit that,—just suit your small family." The poor widow woman addressed fumbles the money she holds in her hand and judges more with reference to it and the size of the joint, than with regard to its quality, so she looks a hesitating assent. "Do it at six, for you," says the salesman. "Here Missus, six, ten, at six. Who's next, now's your time? What'll ye buy, buy, buy? Now, Mr. Jenkins, here's a prime bit put aside for you. No better in the market, I can tell ye; going everywhere else at eight? Do it for you at seven and a half?" The man addressed, a decent mechanic with two of his children with him, looks on without saying much, but finally he, too, purchases his Christmas dinner, and the active butcher looks ahead for more customers, and shows his knowledge of human nature by suiting his address to the appearance of each, winking at some of the young women, cracking a joke with the elder ones, now and then raising his hat to a customer above the ordinary level, and as the evening wears on, the goodly array of well-cut legs and shoulders is much diminished, the sides of oxen and joints of ribs and sirloins of beef



have disappeared, the prudent buyers are all served, the bits of Christmas and berries are lying about the shop, boys and men cease awhile from their labours, the very poor and the improvident come last, and what remains will be cut up and sold next morning to others poorer and more improvident than they.

It is a very pretty sight to go through London streets on a Christmas Eve. The toy-shops are so charming and so crowded with children both of small and large growth; the materials for Christmas trees are in profusion, and almost emulate artistic display; the grocers' shops set forth their choicest candies, their best plums, and whitest sugars; gay ribands and tasty arrangements of holly and mistletoe attract the eye. Then there are pictures of Mr. Bull and Mrs. Bull and quite a family of Bulls, with a monster pudding before them, into which Mr. Bull is just about to dig his knife, and for which the children's mouths are watering; but the operation seems suspended for Mr. Bull to address his wife thus:

My dear, every year, our Christmas cheer  
Gets better and better I do declare;  
Now is it the making, or is it the baking,  
Or is it the suet or plums, my dear?

Mrs. Bull responds:

It isn't the making, nor boiling, nor baking,  
It aint in the suet nor yet in the crumbs;  
But the spice is so nice, and the plums have no stones,  
And the candy's so sweet that we buy of friend JONES.

Jones, of course, is the grocer in whose window the pictorial illustration appears, and whose goods are thus commended to the public.

Covent Garden market, too, is a centre of fun, frolic, and business on a Christmas Eve. The goddess of fruit seems to have emptied her horn of plenty just on that spot. There is something from almost every nation, and what nature has not supplied, art has endeavoured to produce. Bananas, pines, and pomegranates speak to one of eastern scenes and cities. Here are the nuts and oranges of Portugal and Spain. Grapes, apples, pears, even strawberries and new potatoes from the forcing houses, are not wanting. Crisp celery, seakale, winter cabbages, turnips, potatoes, vegetables of every kind, are in profusion. The centre arcade is full, too, of cherry lips, and rosy cheeks, and lily hands, and sloe-black eyes. Some have got hold of papa, some of a bachelor uncle, or an elder brother, whose purse will certainly suffer, but whose domestic happiness on the morrow will be wonderfully increased by the ungrudged liberality he is manifesting

this evening. See that group of boys; they have selected the tallest and stoutest of those firs for a Christmas tree. Don't you envy that mild-looking old gentleman who has promised to find the toys and candles to deck it? Won't the Lowther Arcade welcome him presently, and I guess he'll think the fun and pleasure cheap at the price. If he don't, he ought; and I should like to change places with him. Just look at those two fellows with budding upper lips, light boots, knobby canes, and cut away coats, just beginning to have tails: fine specimens are they not, of the hobby-de-hoy? They regard the Christmas trees a little supereiliously; they are a touch above that sort o' thing now. What is it, however, they are looking so sly about, while the girls are talking so earnestly to Uncle John at the flower shop? Oh! I see. They are contriving to insert a druidical branch into the large bundle of laurel and holly that's going home. "Mistletoe be very scarce and dear this year, sir!" "Oh, is it? Hang the expense. What, five shillings for that branch? Never mind, slip it in quick." Cleverly done, boys. But what makes Emily's cheeks so red as she looks your way? As you come back looking so innocently, does it occur to you that she caught sight of what you were about. Perhaps she whispers it to Kate, and Kate tells Fanny, and they giggle not a little, and go home, the sly pussies, all the happier for knowing what they may expect to-morrow.

Alas! that a peach should have other than a sunny side. Let us go further on through those close courts and alleys. Christmas is abroad there, also; the dirty little children are quite alive to the fun of the thing, with their Christmas candles, and oranges, and slice of cook-shop pudding. Oh, blessed gift of God, type of primeval innocence and of that restored nature which is the earnest longing and expectation of all people! Humanity is not lost; home is not utterly degraded; want is not quite unbearable, so long as childhood under such circumstances can retain its smile. In the youth of a nation is it's hope. In the least of these little ones there is the marvellous human frame, the fine intelligence, the immortal spirit; the power which, if quickened and guided, may grasp the ideas of a Newton; the imperishable soul, which shall outlast the sun and look down upon the dying agonies of the world. It was little ones such as these that the Saviour took in his arms and blessed, "Yea, and they shall be blessed." But when, whence, and by whom shall the glad tidings be told to them, which shall save to England so much wasted treasure, and for want of which humanity is robbed of so many joys.

Not from that gay house over the way—that carol won't do :

We won't go home till morning (hiccup) ;  
 We won't go home till morning (hiccup) ;  
 Till daylight does appear (hiccup).

“Come along Sal ; d’ye hear, I say. D—— the goose, d—— you, d—— everybody.” And a poor woman, with dishevelled air, herself half tipsy, comes out of the ginshop leading a besotted fellow with a crushed hat and torn coat ; a father of children, who are this night to witness again his disgrace and to associate Christmas Eve with his his vile talk and brutal conduct. I was struck with the foul imprecation on the goose, but had not to look long for an explanation. The gin-shop was the headquarters of a goose club, the subscribers to which paid so much a week to the landlord, who provided for each a goose and bottle of gin for Christmas Day, thus making good cheer intended for families a decoy for custom. The poor wretches, I found, often sold the goose when they got it, and the bottle of gin, and one over, did not last out till the Christmas morning. Happy are the poor children if, at some ragged school or other, they get from the benevolent care of the charitable, the dinner which the vices of their parents has deprived them of at home.

I was thinking of the sad hindrance which drink and its accompanying degradations are to social improvements, and what a difficult thing it helps to make genuine benevolence, and how often it destroys the best meant efforts to assist the poor, and this train of thought led me to reflect on the mistakes made by good-natured people who don't reflect enough that amendment must come from penitence, and that the choked or sealed fountain of goodness must be opened in each man's own heart. Such thoughts had much to do with the errand on which I was bent ; and they concern the reader also, if he deigns to feel interest in the tale which I am telling. A physician of great repute, connected with one of the large London hospitals, once told me that nine tenths of the cases of illness, omitting surgical cases and accidents, admitted into hospitals were clearly traceable to drink. What a large question, said I to myself. that is, and like all large questions it ramifies itself in so many ways ; water supply, drainage, pure air, decent homes, are all connected with and for the most part dependent on it. How is it to be met, “ for something must be done.”

I was passing at the moment (on my way to the hospital I have referred to), through a low, dark archway leading into.

Lincoln's Inn Fields. The chapel of the Sardinian embassy was close by, and as I said, half aloud, "something must be done," there came forth such a glorious burst of melody that, half forgetting where I was, I could have fancied myself far away upon the plains of Bethlehem, listening to the heavenly choir which announced to the watchful shepherds the epoch of good will to men. I felt my mind attuned to holy thoughts as the grand music of the Catholic Church, rose and fell upon my listening ear; and could not such sounds as these, I said, exorcise the demon? Can the Church do nothing? I must think more about that; and I buttoned my coat closely, and went on. If religion cannot do it, said I, nothing else can; and it is some comfort to know the Church is more alive to her duty, and becoming more and more able to do it.

By this time I had reached the hospital gates, and having a permit was admitted. I am about to spend my Christmas Eve there. Strange place for such a merry night! say you: Not so mournful, perhaps, as you would think it; at all events, if I had not been there, dear reader, you could not have known the tale to which I now ask you to listen.

A tall, stout, good-natured man, with a soldierly bearing, comes out of the porter's lodge, and touches his hat in quite a military fashion. "Mr. Horton is very quiet sir, to-night; but," and here he shook his head with an air of concern, which I believe was quite real, "he be mortal bad though, I fear. Will you please to walk up, sir? You know the way."

Yes, I know the way; it is not the first visit I have paid to the same patient, in the same place. Twenty-five years after my parting from Frank Horton, I had visited him here, waving his hands, not, as when I parted from him on that Christmas Eve described in my first chapter, in the elation of youth, and health, and hope, but in the wild agonies of *delirium tremens*.

As I go upstairs a vision of old Bramber comes before my eyes, and I remember the glee with which we used to chase each other upstairs to our bedrooms, in our old school-house home. Other thoughts, too, come rushing on me faster than they ought, for the sake of the sick man who is awaiting me. For his delirium is over, and I know full well that for the exhaustion of vitality there is no cure. My hand hesitates, as I grasp the handle of the door of the room in which he lies, and I subdue my feelings as best I may. As I enter, the nurse approaches me with noiseless step, and, with that quiet voice by which the attendants of the sick contrive to make themselves audible but to one person at a time, tells me that my friend is asleep. I am glad of that,



and without venturing a glance at him then, I accept a proffered chair, take off my great coat, and sit down by the fire to collect my thoughts.

The spacious chamber holds about a dozen beds. It is part of a noble institution containing many such apartments, the whole forming an adjunct to a neighbouring college of recent date, but rising fame. The founders of that college setting themselves to combat the unspiritual tendencies of the last generation, proposed, in the interests of education, a union between Religion and Science, of which this charity had been the earliest fruit. The wise principles of that foundation pervaded the whole place. A just economy was everywhere apparent; but a niggard hand was no where to be seen. It was a mansion of sorrow and pain; but peace seemed to pervade it. The architect had planned it for a place of healing, and its promoters took care to regard it, not as an institution wherein so many sick people could be maintained at a minimum price, but as a place in which health had to be dispensed, guided by the most perfect science and administered with the heartiest good will.

It has been said of our fathers that their charities were more free; certainly our own are more diffused, yet surely not less noble. The thousands of the rich, and the pence of the poor, have helped, within these few years, to erect the building of which I speak, and it is enabled from day to day to dispense its Christian hospitalities to hundreds of the sick and suffering by the continual contributions of private and unostentatious benevolence. Such places reconcile us to the loss of much that was very beautiful in the old past, for such voluntary associations for charity had no being prior to the statutes of Mortmain. A great statesman of France, very learned in history, said of a kindred English institution that it was "the manifestation of the principle of LIBERTY in charity." It is more, even, than that; it is the solemn recognition of the individual duty of Christians to succour the sick and poor.

The beautiful healthy tone of the whole place spoke out even in its minor arrangements, and, this evening, tasteful hands have placed holly and evergreens round the entire room, giving it a look of more than wonted cheerfulness. Over the mantelpiece, arranged in red berries, was the burden of the angel's song, "Good will to men." Many a wistful eye from each couch of sickness rested on those words, and I thought I discerned that there was a medicine administered through the eye which was exerting its healing power upon many present.

There was a niceness of manner discernible in the nurses which had before to-day excited my curiosity, and I had learned that the impetus just then given by the nursing at Scutari had not quite expended itself upon the battle-field. It was here also, and in full vigour. Ladies superintended each department, and under their guidance and influence were rising a class of women destined to become the hand-maidens of science, and the best assistants of the doctor in the healing art.

I was thinking on these things when a quiet step paused at my chair, and the chief of these ladies, on her evening visit, stood at my side. I rose to pay the reverence that is meet to noble womanhood, and from her I learned that my poor friend was now under the influence of an opiate, and that his next repose would probably be in the sleep of death.

She retired; lower still were the lights reduced; the fire banked up. The nurse sat motionless in her chair, still, but sleepless. Now and then a sudden groan was heard from some sufferer, but for some time an almost perfect stillness reigned.

It was a time for meditation, and I ran over in my mind the incidents of that career which had shattered so many hopes, and brought Horton into a hospital to die. His uncommon capacity had attracted the notice of several well-meaning patrons; and although an orphan and without steady resources of any kind, the assistance of his friends had enabled him to pass through a university career with great distinction.

But in him was manifested the pride of intellect, without the humility of real knowledge. Conscious of great powers he scorned to wait on narrower minds, and haughtily asserted a supremacy which the world is more apt to allow to wealth than learning, but which in reality is not good for either. His high spirits and distinguished parts made him welcome to a class of society, in the expenses of which he was compelled to bear part beyond the limit of his resources, which soon subjected him to the humiliation of debt. This irksome burden urged him on to great but unsteady exertion, and, at a period in his career most important to his interests, an alarming illness overtook him, and his patrons, with unreasonable disappointment, lamented his failure, and changed regret into anger when the truth of his dissipations became known, for his illness was not the result of study only: it was not mathematics, but beer which overcame him.

From that moment the world looked upon him ungraciously, and the temper of his mind was not such as to win back its



regard He resented a remonstrance, and took the bottle for a friend. The treacherous wine seemed for a while to light up again the fires of his intellect, but only to consume it. Still his undoubted powers secured for him a certain measure of respect, and the world is not altogether so ungenerous or distrustful as it is said to be. Opportunity after opportunity was given him to retrieve, and often he made the effort, but each time in a lower grade; till at last, he who had been regarded as an embryo chancellor or a future bishop, became the despised usher of a common school.

It has been well said, "the depth of a man's fall is in proportion to the height from which he falls." When, shortly before the time of which I speak, I had heard of and sought him out, he had just before pawned his "Porson" medal, the treasured distinction of his early college efforts, for a sum of fifteen pounds, and had spent it in some wild, loose debaucheries, which unsettled his reason, and he turned out from a house of infamy, naked and a madman. He was then brought to the place where he now lay, and that time he was cured. One more chance was given him, but the fatal hold of that species of delirium was so strong that he failed terribly yet again, and now he will never in life cross threshold more.

As I sat musing on these things there was motion on the bed where he lay, and I heard, in tones which startled me, they were so like the tones of his boyhood, the sound of my own name. I rose and took my place by his side. The doctor entered about the same time, examined the pupil of his eye and felt his languid pulse, and looked towards me expressively as he passed to the next patient. To my surprise, Horton noticed the Christmas preparations around him, and then reminded me, as he had done before, of our parting on that day so memorable to both of us, to go each a separate road, meeting thus together at last. We had conversed before, in his more lucid intervals, on all his sufferings, errors, and trials. He spoke again now, each sentence fainter than the last, of his sin and sorrow, and most he grieved for the usefulness he might have shown, and as remembrance rose, he spoke with penitent consciousness of his wasted opportunities, and with sorrowful regret of the high health and fine intellect which had been given him in vain. I could not venture to speak my own words of consolation, but I read to him the gracious tidings of reconciliation and pardon to be found in that Book which contains our stay in life, and our hope in death. We spoke together of the assurance of pardon given by Him who knoweth our

infirmities, and judgeth not with man's judgment. How that to the woman taken in adultery who had time for amendment afforded her, there was given the brief, stern answer, "Go and sin no more!" But that unto the dying thief upon the cross, whose hours were numbered, whose time for penitence was over, was vouchsafed, to his supplicating cry, the gracious promise, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Horton touched my arm as I read these words and motioned me to close the book. He rested on that promise and spake no more. Slowly he composed himself, and his hands, which had been raised, fell gradually on the coverlet, but still clasped as in prayer. The cold, grey light of the winter morning dawned upon the room and rested on the features of the dying man. One by one the lines of grief and care went down upon his face. The hectic hue of fever and dissipation was replaced by a pale tint through which the spiritual nature of the man looked forth as though striving to free itself from an ill-assorted union. Once he opened his eyes, and seemed to thank me for the watch which I had kept by his side; but the glance appeared to me less like his later than his earlier aspect, e'er sin had dimmed its purity, and when innocence was at home in his heart. It may be that the departing spirit frees itself from much of the taint of earthliness, and looks through the windows of the soul upon the world it is leaving with something of the assurance of the peace it is approaching, and of that which belonged to it in life's earlier day. I prayed that it might be so; for as the morning bells rang out for the Nativity, the spirit of the scholar passed into the skies.

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## THE CAPE A CENTURY AGO.

VARIOUS works, accessible in the English language, enable the colonist to understand the facts connected with the original occupation of the Cape of Good Hope, with its condition for about fifty years after the settlement, and with its state towards the end of the last century, when the first surrender to British power took place. Riebeeck's journal has been, in part at least, published and re-published. Traduced, on the one hand, as a ruthless and inhuman destroyer of the wretches who owned the land; by the opposite party, with equally mistaken feeling, extolled as an apostle of Christianity and civilization to the benighted heathen; he is now acknowledged to have been merely a faithful and intelligent factor for his commercial principals,

who, by inclination as well as policy, was humane, though his acts led, necessarily, to the ruin and destruction of the native tribes.

Of the progress of the colony in the period immediately after its infancy, the arrival of the French Protestant refugees, during the government of the elder Van der Stell, and the establishment of Petite Roehelle, now called French Hoek, and other places, some general knowledge likewise exists.

The political troubles in the reign of the younger Van der Stell, as related in the ponderous pamphlets known to the student of Cape history as the "Deductie," the "Contra-deductie," and the "Neutrale Gedachten," have received their due share of notice, and have been fully detailed in an earlier number of this *Magazine*. But, from this date, a sudden leap is generally taken. Persons well informed on this period are again, probably, acquainted with the disturbances of Van Plettenberg's government, and are certainly not ignorant of Sluysken's brave words and poor deeds, in 1795, and the fruitless resistance to the English force at Muizenberg, while Swellendam was in a state of rebellion, and Graaff-Reinet at least disaffected to Dutch authority. After this, commencing with Barrow and Liechtenstein, authentic information abounds. But the intermediate period from 1710 to 1780 is, even to those who otherwise claim some knowledge of Cape history, a blank; and a brief notice of the condition of the country, and the relative position of the governors and governed a hundred years ago, when Ryk Tulbagh was at the head of affairs, may not be unwelcome.

Tulbagh was one of the very few of the representatives of the majesty of the Chartered Netherlands East India Company, who left in this colony a name respected by the people over whom he had exercised authority.

The author of "*L'Afrique Hollandaise*," who, in his philippic against the misdeeds of Baron van Plettenberg, has scarcely a word of praise for any one connected with the Dutch government, speaks thus of the estimation in which Tulbagh was held:

Il avait un cœur droit, compatissant et généreux. Ces sortes d'hommes ne devraient jamais mourir, parcequ'ils ne sont presque jamais remplacés. La Colonie du Cap perdit tout, en le perdant: elle le pleura comme son Père, et le successeur de M. Tulbagh a prodigieusement augmenté le regret des colons, qui se souviennent encore avec attendrissement de leur protecteur et de leur ami: ils n'ont pas oublié les dernières paroles de ce bon père: elles sont remarquables. Etendu sur le lit de mort et prêt à rendre son âme pure entre les mains de son Dieu, il dit à ceux qui l'entouraient et qui pleuraient amère-

ment sa mort prochaine : "Mes amis, mes enfans, il n'est pas encore temps de pleurer; vous n'en aurez que trop le sujet, trois ou quatre ans après que je ne serais plus." Cette prophétie ne s'accomplit que trop.

Tulbagh's days were evidently, in the opinion of the older colonists, the golden age of the Cape. The very few ancient dames and decrepit old men yet surviving, who remember the good old times before the arrival of Admiral Elphinstone and General Clarke in Simon's Bay, in 1795, when sheep were purchased for inconvertible cartoon money to the amount of six skillings colonial, equivalent then to three shillings sterling, in their infancy heard their parents discourse of the blessings which Heaven showered on the land in its golden prime during Tulbagh's *régime*. The petitioners of the "Kwynende Burgery door hoogen nood geperst" (the suffering citizens weighed down by utmost need), who implored, from the mighty Council of XVII, relief from the tyranny of Plettenberg and the independent fiscal Boers, point to the days under Tulbagh as the last happy days they had seen. He was their father: they were children, rejoicing in the happiness of the paternal rule. Nurses terrified naughty infants with the grim Governor Noodt, who had been summoned by a wretch doomed to death against law, from the steps of the scaffold to meet him that day before the judgment-seat of God, and who was found dead in his chair by the officers who came to communicate the execution of the sentence, while they taught them to lisp, with affectionate gratitude, the name of the common benefactor, Father Ryk Tulbagh.

How thoroughly, as may be gathered from this endearing appellation, the "burghers" of the colony were, in the middle of last century, helpless children, now fostered with anxious care by a good governor, now scourged, as with a whip of scorpions, by a wicked "edele heer," a glance at their social state, their legal rights, and their physical well-being in these "good old days" will show.

Manners and fashions are, undoubtedly, among the clearest indications of national character. We speak not of to-day, or a temptation might arise to inquire in how far the moral tone of our society is illustrated by the luxurious and extravagant toilettes of ladies who have "nothing to wear;" by the gambling propensities of gentlemen, who, stimulated by champagne, grasp greedily at sovereigns temptingly displayed by the auctioneer, and, in their sober awakening on the morrow, find themselves, in unavailing penitence, lords of valueless land, to be paid for with the savings of



years; by the carriages-and-four, which convey footmen and ladies' maids, or journeymen mechanics and sempstresses, to St. George's Cathedral, there to be joined in the holy estate of matrimony, and carry them thence to the suburbs for a *dejeûner*, at a cost, to commence the household happiness, of a year's wages of bridegroom and bride pawned for the present enjoyment,—the certain prospect of imprisonment for debt within a few months, or an application in insolvency, by no means clouding the horizon. But our business is not with our own vices and virtues, which, perhaps, are too near or too dazzling to be seen in their just proportion, but with the days of Ryk Tulbagh.

Luxury, indeed, of the nature to which we refer could not be safely indulged. A century ago, it was the age of hoops, as, unhappily, it is now; but few, indeed, of the colonial dames were privileged to assume the proportions of an inverted balloon. The combination between a vendor and an adventurous friend, bought for five or ten pounds, to assist in defrauding an honest purchaser into the payment of a price far beyond the value of the article offered for sale,—to the disgrace of the law permitted, and to the disgrace of the moral sense of our community not viewed with disgust,—was reserved for our enlightened age, though it must be added that the Dutch government itself, in its sales, initiated the Cape community into the mysteries of the “strykgeld” system, from which the even more ingenious “bonus” has sprung. The expensive imitation of “High Life below Stairs,” which, beyond the other churches of the place, the St. George's Cathedral on Mondays presents, would have met with condign punishment.

Tulbagh was a reformer, not as the word is at present understood; for liberalism and political economy were wholly excluded from his idea of reform. He had commenced life as a common soldier, in the service of the Dutch company, and had risen, through all the gradations, to the rank of governor. A determined foe to any departure from simplicity of life or manners, he was a strict disciplinarian; and the theory of the model republic of this century, that all (white) men are equal, would have met with extreme disfavour from the devoted servant of the older model republic of the United Provinces. A sumptuary law, introduced into the Indian possessions of the Netherlands by the governor-general, Jacob Mossel, was adapted to the requirements of the Cape of Good Hope by Tulbagh, in 1754. The provisions of this law against the increase of “Praal en Pracht” (ostentation and luxury) show not only that the

governor-general and the local governor were legislators of the school of Zaleucus the Locrian, whose laws of apparel are far more amusing than those which grace the English statute-book through the Tudor and Stuart reigns; but exhibit more clearly than aught else the degrading position which was held by the inhabitants, who rejoiced, a century ago, in the pseudonym of free colonists, in a colony planted and governed by republicans. Ordinance No. 50, passed by General Bourke, was the magna charta of the Hottentots in the colony, emancipating them, though not strictly slaves, from a position of serfdom in the land of their forefathers. In like manner, the conquest of this colony by the British, and its final cession in 1815, may be called the first charter of liberty to all inhabitants of the colony of European descent, who had not high office or high official connection.

It is recorded in the complaints against Van der Stell, in 1708, that an old man, who was unable, from infirmity, to rise in church with the rest of the congregation, to render the homage required by the governor in the house of God, was shipped on board of a vessel bound for Batavia, and was with difficulty saved from deportation for the dire offence. In the days of Tulbagh, men did not pass his house without uncovering; gladly—says a chronicler of the day—from the esteem in which he was universally held. Van der Stell was detested, and Tulbagh beloved; but there seems something less slavish in the salutation to the representative of sovereignty in person, even in the sacred edifice, than in the baring of the head to walls and windows, because the great man may be, or may have been, within the doors. It is plain that there would have been no objection to Gessler's hat at the Cape at that time. Conduct like Tell's would have seemed the culmination of folly.

Naturally, "Mynheer de Secunde," the second in position, sometimes called the "vice-gouverneur," possessed a share of the prerogative; and members of the high court of policy delighted to show their superiority above the common herd. To such a pitch had this "sacred habit of obedience" risen in the latter part of the last century, that, on the authority of an aged person now no more, whose memory of the scenes of her youth was perfect, we are able to state what, without such authority, we should have conceived scarcely credible,—that it was the special occupation of certain dames, wives of men high in office, to sit invisible behind the window-blinds, to take note of passers-by who neglected the obsequious bow to the unseen magnate. On the morrow, the proper proceedings for the *lèse majesté* were taken.



To such a state of society, laws of the following import cannot be said to have been unsuited. They are extracted from the placaat on "Pracht en Praal:"

OF LARGE UMBRELLAS.

Article 6. No one less in rank than a junior merchant, and those among the citizens of equal rank, and the wives and daughters of those only who are, or have been, members of any council, shall venture to use umbrellas!

Article 7. Those who are less in rank than merchants, shall not enter the castle, in fine weather, with an open umbrella.

To understand the limitation here imposed, it must be explained that there were very few "merchants," a title of high rank in the Company's service in the colony. "Mynheer de Secunde," the independent fiscal or attorney-general, and the commandant of the castle, were the only officers, besides the governor, who ranked as "senior merchants" (opper koopmannen). The secretary of the council, the purveyor-general (dispensier), the storekeeper (pakhuis-meester), and the agent for the sale of the company's goods (de winkelier), had the title and emoluments of merchants (koopmannen). The governor and three senior merchants, together with the four merchants, formed the high court of policy, the executive and legislative council of the settlement, and the court of justice, from the latter of which, the governor and vice-governor were ordinarily absent, so that the presidency devolved, as a rule, on the commandant of the fort.

Of those who held the rank of junior merchants (onder koopmannen), such as the secretary to the court of justice, the assistant fiscal, the accountant, the lieutenants, and others, there were, perhaps, in the whole, twelve; but to these should be added, possibly, twelve more, who held certain posts of honour in the "Burgery," as members of the municipal council and commandants of militia. If, with these, be counted the clergymen, who held a high position, and the landdrosts of Stellenbosch and Swellendam, who were on an equality with merchants, we shall find, on the most liberal computation, that in the period, deplored before the British occupation as the halcyon days of the land, such was personal liberty, that of a population amounting to about 45,000, of whom about 12,000 were of European extraction, not fifty men and their wives were entitled, by law, to the privilege of using an umbrella at all, in any weather; and that about twelve men, the members of the council alone, were allowed to protect themselves from the scorching rays

of the summer sun on entering the castle where the governor resided, and the hall of justice and the public offices were situated.

It may have been proper, though the gravity of the legislation excites a smile, that the right of placing a coachman in livery was one fitly restricted to the governor and the members of the court of policy; but we do not quote the article, to find space for one which may remind some of the low vehicles without doors, which were not wholly consigned to oblivion some years ago, but which have now utterly vanished. Their facility of ingress and egress admirably suited the fashion rendered imperative by the law.

#### OF CARRIAGES.

Article 4. Every person, without exception, shall stop his carriage, and get out of it, when he shall see the governor approach, and shall likewise get out of the way, so as to allow a convenient passage to the carriage of any of the members of the court of policy.

The exact ornaments with which owners of vehicles might decorate them, the exact amount of embroidered velvet which gentlemen of different ranks might wear, are accurately defined, but must give place, for the gratification of the curiosity of ladies who would know what were the laws of fashion a hundred years ago, to an extract of the law on that subject—not as enacted by the *modistes* in Paris—but Father Tulbagh and his grave Council in the Castle of Good Hope:—

No women below the wives of junior merchants, or those who among citizens are of the same rank, may wear silk dresses with silk braiding or embroidery, nor any diamonds nor mantelets; and although the wives of the junior merchants may wear these ornaments, they shall not be entitled to allow their daughters to wear them.

All women, married or single, without distinction, are prohibited, whether in mourning or out of mourning, under a penalty of twenty-five rixdollars, to wear dresses with a train.

The number of servants each rank may boast, the number of horses that may be harnessed to carriages, the costume of the functionary within and of the footmen without the carriage, the dresses of brides and their friends at wedding festivals, are all duly enacted; and the placat, conducting those for whom it has so cared in their various relations of life to the grave, ends naturally with the etiquette to be observed on man's exit from the world, establishing under heavy penalties, that for a governor and members of the Court of Policy alone may dust be strewn before the house-door as a sign of bereavement, and inflicting severe fines where more than one undertaker has been employed for the

funeral ceremonies of any beneath the rank of members of the Court of Policy.

But there may have been happiness in the land notwithstanding what we should now deem preposterous interference with private right, and slavish submission. Although the recognised institution of the gallows, as exhibited in all the ancient prints of the place, was the first object that greeted the gaze of the passenger who neared our shores, on the hill in the vicinity of the present Scottish Church, and within the military lines near the Castle,—yet these signs of civilization were rarely, in the days of Tulbagh and his immediate predecessors, burdened with the skeletons in chains, which formed the especial delight of Governor Nooit. Contented and happy, without political rights and scarcely desiring them, the entire population was said, in the late Dutch period and the early English period, to have been then at least prosperous. This prosperity should be examined by the members of Legislative Council and House of Assembly especially, who sighing for some fancied days that are past, and predicting ruin as imminent, are apparently not aware that at no time since the commencement of the century have the ravens ceased to croak that bankruptcy was at hand, and that Tulbagh's was throughout the regretted age.

The entire direct expenditure of the colony was certainly small. With days when the Governor received only about 4,200 guilders, or £350 per annum, probably the imitators of Joseph Hume in our colonial Parliament would declare that they would have been satisfied. An expenditure amounting in the whole to 144,000 florins, or £12,000 per annum, would gratify the unfortunate gentlemen who groan because, their lands having risen to ten times the value which in their wildest dreams they could have imagined, they have to pay an actually far larger, though proportionately far lower, sum in taxation than did their predecessors. The revenue was larger than the expenditure in the days of which we speak,—an example, no doubt, to our present financial department; but was obtained by means of facilities which Mr. Rawson—charmed he never so wisely—could scarcely persuade the representatives of the people to re-introduce.

From the manner in which the revenue was gathered, a statement of it includes necessarily a detailed account of the actual agricultural produce of the colony. A tithe of the crops was at once the property of the Government. Of 25,000 muids of wheat annually required by the Company

—5,000 of which were consumed here and 20,000 sent to Batavia—16,000 were delivered in kind as the Government tithe, which at 8 fls. Cape currency, equal to 6.4 fls. Dutch, amounted to 102,000 guilders, or £8,533 6s. 8d., the most important item in the collection of the revenue. In addition to this, about 15,104 Dutch guilders, or £1,253 was levied in money as wheat tithe. The entire annual production of wheat in the colony was 175,000 muids.

Of barley, the tithes received in kind and in money amounted to £312 13s. 4d.—the tenth of the value of 6,700 muids produced. On 1,250 muids of peas and beans, about £100 was collected as the Government tithe. Oats were not grown in the last century. The entire revenue obtained from agricultural produce of this kind was therefore somewhat more than £10,000, and the value of the crops of the colony, £100,000. With the exception of 20,000 muids sent to Batavia by the Government, no portion of this value of £100,000 was exported. The whole was consumed within the colony.

Wine further formed a source of revenue. But here the tithe was not exacted. The public sale annually of the right to retail wines and spirits was the method by which the Treasury was benefited in respect of the article of production. An auction was yearly held by the Government of the four “pachts.” The pachter or farmer of Cape wine, to whom at the fixed price of twenty-seven rixdollars per leaguer the wine-grower was bound to deliver the quantity desired by him, paid for his privilege about 50,000 Dutch guilders, or £4,250. The other “pachts” were small in comparison. The Stellenbosch “pacht,” that of foreign wines and that of beer together, did not bring into the chest more than £750. Thus £5,000 in the whole was the revenue received from wine—to which should, however, be added about £500 more, being a tax of one guilder annually for every leaguer actually used. Stamps produced about £350; transfer dues, two and a half per cent. at this date, and more lately four per cent, provided somewhat less than that sum; and land-rents, £750.

One other source of revenue, which, from its trifling amount, shows how rarely foreign ships resorted to the Cape about the year 1750, was the anchorage dues, which at the rate of 200 fls., or £16 13s. 4d. per ship, yielded annually for an average number of twelve ships per annum, the sum of £200.

The total revenue of the colony was therefore in the middle of the last century, a hundred years after Riebeeck



had planted the settlement, £17,150. There were no customs' dues, for nothing might be imported in foreign ships; and, as regards Dutch vessels, the sole importing and exporting merchants were the Dutch Company, who were the owners of all the imports and exports.

The entire trade was in the hands of the Company. Private adventure could not exist. Their sale of articles of European manufacture and production reached generally the sum of 100,000 florins per annum, and of Indian imports about the same amount. The imports to the colony were therefore in value about 200,000 florins, or £16,666 13s. 4d.

The exports, in addition to the wheat sent to Batavia, consisted of wine to the amount of 1,500 leaguers, sold to the ships, and 120 leaguers of Constantia sent to Holland by the Company. Rather more than 6,000 leaguers of wine were made annually. With no trade whatever,—no market except such as the Company chose to afford,—no right profitably to exercise any branch of industry, how grievous must have been the position of the colonists during Plettenberg's government, if they pointed to this period as that of their great prosperity.

No roads whatever existed. Bridges were wholly unknown, with the exception of a bridge over the Laurens River, in Stellenbosch, built by a patriotic individual, named Grimpen, who, and whose descendants, were by the Dutch Government exempted from the performance of burgher service; and one which had been erected by Governor van der Stell over the same river, for the purposes of his farms at Hottentots' Holland, but which was suffered to fall into decay when he was removed.

In the farms of the interior, or Overberg, bread was a luxury for months in the year scarcely attainable. The dried flesh of game, or of oxen, often performed the office of wheat and flour. There was no education; three ministers of the Gospel for the entire population; no printing-press; no post-office; no books except those in the possession of men holding official rank, and the Bibles and Prayer-books imported by the Company. But the attachment of the scattered people to their religious observances, was then, and is now, a remarkable feature in their character. The beneficial influence of the simple teachings of their church has prevented the pioneers to the interior from lapsing into utter barbarism. Even now, among those who lead a nomadic life, the religious spirit is most observable. The trekboers, rough and uncouth, salute their Maker at dawn of day with prayer

and praise; and every morning and evening the patriarch of the family reads the accustomed chapter from the cherished family Bible. This is a legacy from the ancient days which is not referred to when men deplore the good old times; though socially, even apart from religious considerations, it is the most valuable possession which the present colony owes to the past.

The subject will be resumed in a future number.

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## SOUTHWARD HO!

### I.—THE DEPARTURE.

ON a chilly spring morning, in the year of grace 1608, the famous old Lincolnshire town of Boston lay wrapped in a state of utter repose. The dirty, narrow, unpaved streets were as bare and desert-like as the city of the dead. Black and gloomy seemed the dull old town amidst the mistiness of that memorable morning. And yet, in one of the narrowest alleys of the shabbiest streets, signs of life might already be seen. Five or six meagre horses, and a cumbrous apparatus with wheels drawn by another meagre horse, were drawn up outside a melancholy house. Out of this depressed-looking tenement there presently issued a tall, spare man, with a fire-lit eye and a furrowed face; following him, came his counterpart, only with less brilliance in his eye, but greater grief or gravity in his mien. Then came more grave men, and after them several weeping women, holding to their breasts weeping infants, and with weeping children clinging fearfully to their skirts. Then the men, with stubborn energy, filled the clumsy vehicle with its freight of lachrymose mortals, and closely packed them in with a few bundles of household baggage. Such of their families as could not find room in the crowded wagon, they hoisted behind them, on the meagre horses, in the pillion fashion of those old days. Thus arranged, the melancholy cavalcade then moved slowly away; away in the grey dawn-light of that cold morning, to the fenny shores of the German Ocean; away from a cruel country, with its cruel hierarchy of priestly hypocrites, to encounter the wild turbulence of that stormy sea, in the coldest season of the year; away to the friendly shores of free Holland, to find there a purer atmosphere, and to found there a free faith.



Well might the countenances of those men be solemnly grave; well might the faces of those women be wet with weeping, for doubtless to their prescient minds the foreshadowings of the wonderful future, and the near prospect of their Transatlantean exile were already perceptible. Brave hearts, animated with a god-like sense of duty. Brave souls, determined to preserve at all hazards that precious possession,—a pure belief. Surely, in these latter days, when Britain's children are peopling the uttermost parts of the earth, and when Britain's name is being perpetuated in every corner of the globe, we ought to recognize with fitting reverence the *first emigrants*, and to award to those heroic men, and still more heroic women, the devoutest veneration which heroism ever claims as its just reward. For remember, my English friend, resting calmly in your British home, and you, my colonial brother, struggling with new-world life in far-off solitudes, bear in mind, that in those olden times the ocean was invested with unimagined terrors, and the strange untrodden lands beyond its billows were the fancied scenes of the direfullest dearth and desolation; and remember, too, that these staunch old pioneers of British colonization were the first travellers on an undefined track, and were encouraged by no friendly brotherhood on the other side hopefully beckoning them on.

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But nearly two centuries and a half later, Boston was the scene of a departure very different to the world-famous expatriation of the Puritan exiles. It was a November morning this time, and more cold and wintry. Snow paved the streets, capped the housetops, festooned the trees, and clung to every point and fissure offering a resting-place. Daylight had not yet flickered into being, and the ghostly lamps, scattered here and there, cast a spectral glare through the snow-sheeted streets. In a window of one of the best houses in the town a feeble light might be seen, while the continual appearance of a human shadow on the unshuttered blind proved that up there at least the drowsiness of early morning had been conquered. Presently, the light vanished, and a man soon emerged from the opened doorway; he was muffled up in warm coats, and carried a travelling blanket over one arm; in the other hand he grasped a carpet-bag. Plainly, he was a traveller, and one who meditated a long journey.

Harry Horton, the person alluded to, *etate*, twenty-four; height, five feet ten; hair, dark; complexion, fresh; eyes, grey and expressive; was about to leave his native place,

bound to one of the South African colonies. Like many another stout young Englishman, he was going to fight his great life-battle in a strange land, and amidst the still stranger scenes of a new settlement. What his thoughts and feelings were on that winter morning many a heart in distant latitudes will well imagine. It is no slight thing to leave aged parents and much-loved relations for years, perhaps for life ; it requires no little exercise of nerve, no small display of fortitude, to say "good-by" to youth's beloved ones, and tear yourself violently away from the dear home circle. So, doubtless, Harry Horton thought, as he gazed back, from the last turning, at the old house, the paternal roof-tree which had so long sheltered him, and then walked bravely on, with a glistening eye, towards his more immediate destination. That goal is at last reached, and he finds himself on the platform of the railway station, waiting the arrival of the early down train. And now, Harry, for a last look at your boyhood's town ; look at the grand old church, with its tall, crooked tower, black with the grimness of accumulated centuries ; look at the river, covered with small craft, round which winter has set his icy fetters ; look at the gaunt old houses, with their gables and dormer-windows, types of an honest homeliness, which is fast flitting from us ; look well at each accustomed object, dear by long familiarity, and hallowed by innumerable associations, for long years will elapse, and great changes transpire, ere your earnest Saxon eyes will again gaze on that pleasant picture.

The day had dawned, and many another watcher occupied the platform before the tardy train made its appearance. Even then, it was only after an hour's delay that the gigantic fabric was set in motion. Shrieking and panting and puffing, it sped on through the whitened fields ; past the flake-strewn hedge-rows, over the snow-heaped lines, moving perpetually across and through the enchanted region of snow-land. Past villages of snow-piled cottages, whose hungry inmates turn out to gaze after the rushing monster ; past lordly mansions, whose sleepy owners are prematurely aroused from aristocratic slumbers by the impetuous snort of the inexorable engine ; past distant towns looming out in the hazy light, where weary men and weak women are slowly awakening to the prospect of a day's hard toil, and where harder hearts are beginning afresh to ponder over new plans for making themselves richer and the poor poorer ; past honest English homes, where the pleasant fire-glow gleams cheerfully through the bright windows, and where happy beings are reciprocating the peaceful amenities of home.

Even Harry Horton, abstracted though he naturally enough is, manages to get occasional glimpses of these passing scenes, knowing well that, for many another year, he will not see the like, and wondering if, in the new land of his adoption, any homes are there. Rushing and raving onward, with never-ceasing speed, the monster train flees through Cambridge, and leaves behind, with the pundits of that famous place, the dimness of morning and the snows of the north. And so morning passes into noon, and noon declines towards evening, and twilight is already shadowing over the freshened face of nature and of all things, when away in the south appear the smoke and substance of the Great City, lying like a black cloud on the horizon. And so, when the darkness has actually fallen, the lights of that huge world-centre begin to dance and disport themselves, until the train is lost in a maze of linked fires, of interminable fabrics, of everything strange, and tumultuous, and unearthly.

But Harry Horton's journey is not over yet. He has delayed departure until the latest possible moment, and is going to take up his ship at Plymouth. So the next morning sees him again whirling onward through the lovely counties of southern England, than which, for pleasantness of scenery and peacefulness of prospect, no land on earth can vie. Past the entombed royalty in Windsor's ancient pile; past the patrician parks, and prosperous homesteads, and secluded villages of "Merrie England;" through Bristol, with its dinginess; through Bath, with its fashionable reminiscences; through the bewitching beauties of Devon, with its orchards, and wooded valleys, and embowered hamlets, and healthful peasantry; through Exeter, with its cathedral, on to the final stage, the emigrant's last stopping-place,—fine old Plymouth.

No time, however, to visit the many interesting scenes of that delightful seaport; no time to linger over the last footsteps on the old land; no time to grow melancholy over the harsh prospect of separation from so much that is near and dear. The ship has made a quick voyage down the Channel, is already in port, and is to leave in a few hours. Calling, therefore, at a few shops to make a few final purchases, Harry rattles over the marble-paved streets and hires a boat at the dock jetty. A few more minutes and he is gliding over the long, low swells of the harbour towards his own vessel,—the *Monarch*, a sturdy old bark of some seven hundred tons, which rides taut and trim at anchor, about a mile away from the beach.

Almost immediately afterwards another boat leaves the

dock-stairs, bound to the same ship, and bearing another party of emigrants for the far-off colony. A middle-aged lady, meek, sad, yet resigned; two fair young girls, grave and serious, though cheerful in aspect, and suspiciously piquant in demeanour; a tall young fellow, dark, haughty, and inflexible; and a bright, blue-eyed child, with long yellow hair, and all the appearance of a domestic pet, formed this group. They, too, had come from the extreme north, from the cathedral town of Durham; they, too, were bearing with them no other resources than their own strong wills and high-born hopes. Mrs. Manby was a widow, left, by the sudden death of her husband, in a position of such extreme poverty that no alternative was left her but voluntary expatriation to some one of England's progressive colonies; unless, indeed, she chose to engage in the incessant hand-to-mouth struggle which falls to the lot of decayed respectability when it attempts, in a "highly-civilized community," to keep its head above water, or, in other words, to maintain appearances.

The two boats rowed alongside each other; their occupants were mute and moveless, for who can be talkative or demonstrative when tearing themselves from the fondest ties of life. The huge black hull is at last reached, and the boats draw up under the suspended chair by which the nervous forms of timorous females are hoisted up into their floating home. Now, of course, a scene of edifying confusion ensues. The mother, who is rather inclined to *embarras*, is first hung in mid-air, and, not without a few misgivings, is drawn up slowly by the facetious sailors, who very indecorously facilitate the operation by vigorously bawling out the nautical symphony, "Haul her high, heavy girl." The maternal freight being safely deposited on deck, the young ladies are informed that their turn is come. Inexpressibly shocked at the appalling prospect, and with sidelong glances at the next boat (ah, woman, the same under all circumstances), they audibly murmur, "Oh, Mary, I never dare do it!" "Now, Ralph, can't they let us in through one of those little back windows?" "However, Winnie, can I hide my ankles?" The dreaded moment inexorably arrives. Harry, in his excess of gallantry, forgets his own sorrows, and magnanimously assists to deposit the tremulous damsel in the chair, which dangles like a baby-jumper from the main yard. After a tolerably protracted glimpse of the fair one's face, he even forgets himself so far as to squeeze the hand which unconsciously has been seeking support in his, and paternally to tell its owner to "look up and not be frightened." Acting



upon this excellent advice, the young lady forthwith begins steadfastly to study the clouds, towards which she is suddenly impelled with extraordinary velocity; for, in this instance, those sad dogs, the sailors, find their burden wonderfully lighter, and whirl it through the air, up, up, until the neat crape bonnet is all but crushed against the block through which the rope runs: the chair then gracefully descends to the music of that inspiring melody—

O she's fair, and she's tight, and she's trim, and she's tidy,  
Is that sweet little craft, spanking Polly Mc'Cridy.

The same operation was repeated in every other case where the "sex" required assistance, while the gentlemen scrambled up the ship's side by the more manly ladder.

And now fairly afloat, and firmly on deck,—his co-arrivals having vanished into the mysterious depths of the cuddy,—Harry takes up a position on the poop, and studies the busy scene presented by that compendium of society—an outward-bound emigrant ship.

Oh, the hubbub, the shoutings, the quarrellings, the exclamations, the lamentations, the execrations, the inextricable confusion, which prevailed! Confusion of tongues, collected from every county and town of England; confusion of property, claimed by everybody, and conceded by none; confusion of class, from the upstart capitalist to the penniless navy; confusion of age, of sex, of kind, of character,—confusion unutterably confounded and perplexed. Baggage piled in pyramidal heaps on every part of the deck; baggage hoisted over the side from a fleet of cargo-boats clamouring to be lightened; baggage being ruthlessly lowered into the hold, irrespective of the painted fact that it was "wanted on the voyage." Sailors stamping, rushing, and swearing; boatmen dramatically gesticulating and wildly asseverating indistinguishable protestations; departing relatives pathetically appealing to invisible friends, and kissing and waving interminable adieux to nobody. Surely, on the face of this wide world, you will not find such a perfect epitome of Babeldom as the inside of an outward-bound.

After his ear had got accustomed to the universal distraction, Harry began to analyze and dissect the elements of all this commotion. Irreverently trespassing on the sacred poop was a group of dirty urchins, who were amusing themselves by making caps of certain tin utensils, in shape very much like a beaver hat with a handle to it. Below, seated on a throne of boxes and baskets, directly in the way of the cuddy door, was a majestic female, stoutly grasping a large



umbrella in one hand, holding a hat-box in the other, and with her feet firmly set on a diminutive hamper. All attempts to dislodge her person and her chattels from their incommodious position she invariably repelled by the same rebuke—"You needn't think to make me quit my property. I'm not a-going to Africa to be a-beggared, and spoiled, and stripped, and tossed, and torn, and left all forlorn, for any man jack of you. I know what you're up to with your dodges, and your excuses, and your cunning ways, and all the time you're wanting to get at the inside of my boxes, and rampage among my best things. Wait till my man comes, and he'll send you to the right-about double quick."

And Mrs. Joffins, for that was the lady's name, did manage to hold her own resolutely, until Mr. Joffins made his appearance, when that gentleman's arts proved more effectual than those of his predecessors.

And there was a parcel of hatless children purloining apples and oranges out of insecure hampers; and there was a melancholy young person, nursing a placid baby, on the poop stairs, from which position she had never stirred during the day; and there was an eager crowd of candidates for boiled potatoes round the cook's galley, fishing out of the subjacent tub their respective nets of the steaming root; and there was a concert in the long-boat among the pigs, who had not yet resigned themselves to that novel substitute for a sty. And all this while there was a vast stir and bustle overhead; shaking out of sails; making ready of ropes; hoisting up of yards, and other preparations for a speedy start. Then down the yawning hatchway there were the Cimmerian regions "between decks." The denizens of those mysterious shades had just dined, and the *débris* of dinner was being gathered up. Piles of potato-skins; heaps of reeking pudding-cloths; half-emptied bouilli-tins; junks of adamantine beef; remnants of festering bacon; masses of steeped biscuits, and a variety of other messes only known on shipboard regaled the intrusive nostrils with unimagined odours. But the scent of that peopled vault was nothing compared to the sounds which arose from its busy depths. The confusion of a hundred gabbling tongues; the cries of injured babyhood, and of hungry juvenility; the clatter of innumerable pots and pans undergoing the process of briny purification; the noise of scrubbing and scraping operations on the lower deck, prior to the anticipated arrival of the lynx-eyed commissioners; with a deep bass accompaniment of stifled groans, rising in hollow reverberations from the berth tiers, and awfully significant of terrible convulsions

and contortions going on therein, were equalled only by the scenes and sounds already described on deck.

As the eventful day passes on, new developments are continually taking place. A clergyman has boarded the vessel with a large consignment of bibles and tracts, for distribution amongst the passengers. Now, he has collected a group of the seriously-disposed around him, under the poop, and is bidding them the "God-speed" of a Christian minister on their long voyage, while he implores the Lord of the Elements to prosper and protect the ship. Then a murmur runs along the deck that the captain has arrived, and a crowd collects round the gangway, to look at the man to whose guardianship they have consigned their lives and property. A tall, dashing, black-haired man steps on deck, and forthwith the whisper goes round,—“that’s him.” No; mistaken; he is only the third mate, a nobody, a mere cipher. When the real captain arrives, popular anticipation is grievously disappointed. The great man is a short, stumpy, hirsute Rufus of a little fellow, without any of the dignity or deportment which a commander is supposed to possess. He bustles through the mob, takes his stand on the poop with the pilot, and proceeds to deliver his oracular commands with unconcerned emphasis, for the brave old ship is off at last; the commissioners have inspected her, and pronounced a favourable verdict; the passengers are all on board, and the stay-at-home relatives have taken their tearful departure. Clank goes the windlass; up comes the anchor; the sails shaken out, taut are the ropes. Now, as men and passengers haul together at the halyards, Harry Horton hears, for the first time, the ocean jingle, heard by him many times afterwards:

Haul it high, cheery, men,  
Make the craft fly, my men.

The ship has now passed the breakwater, and is fairly out at sea; the pilot steps aboard the steam-tug, and the last loiterers drop down the ship’s side; and the emigration agent likewise follows suit. And now, as this little vessel, this latest vestige of the old country returns landward, a cheer, long and lusty, rises from the outward-bound,—a cheer for old English homes, old English faces, old English memories, for old England herself,—a cheer for the strange new land to which all are hieing, and in which all hope to achieve a competence,—a cheer such as could only proceed from the lungs of three hundred honest Britons, giving an audible expression to their love for the mother-land, which none of them can ever forget.

As evening falls, the wind rises, the vessel speeds through the waves, and Albion's cliffs are gradually lost in the hazy darkness. But not till the faintest appearance of land had vanished, nor indeed, for long after, did Harry Horton relax the steadfast gaze with which he peered shoreward. Gaze well, young wanderer, on the fast receding shore, for long years will elapse, great changes transpire, grievous pangs be felt ere you look again on the ancestral land.

## II. CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE OCEAN.

The *Monarch* has been at sea for about three weeks, and is now off the Canary Islands. It is Christmas eve, and vast preparations are going on below for to-morrow's festival. Let us adjourn to the fore-cabin, that nondescript make-shift for the cuddy, that resort of semi-respectability and of aspiring poverty. The berths here are enclosed in little cabins, which open into a long dingy apartment, called by courtesy the saloon, but uncommonly like an elongated dungeon. A long table runs down the centre, with wooden benches on each side. Above this, hang three gloomy lamps, and an interminable shelf, which serves as a common pantry. Several of the denizens of this region have been ashore, and brought back perfect treasures, in the shape of fresh edibles. Mrs. Joffins is in her glory; her husband, a tall, gaunt man, has got her an absolute goose, which she is scientifically stuffing with grated biscuit. Over the way, the Braggses and Kettles, who constitute mess No. 15, are dressing the hind-quarter of a sheep; while Mrs. Braggs, a tall, dashing body, who is always bemoaning the elegancies she has left behind, is uncongenially occupied in drawing a fowl. That curious old couple, the Skoffalls, both fat, both ill-favored, and both dirty, have got hold of a young pig, upon which both are manipulating. Seldom, indeed, is that table garnished with so many good things, and every eye glistens with joy at to-morrow's prospect, while in view of that delicious future, the chronic animosities are, for the time, laid aside. Mrs. Braggs, for instance, and Mrs. Joffins, were continually having cross passages over the table; but on the present occasion, they were united in sisterly agreement. Listen, however:

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Joffins," pensively observed Mrs. Braggs, "who would have thought twelve months ago that I should ever be reduced to *this*. Oh, if my cook Martha was here, how she would open her eyes!"

"Yes, my love, you may well say so. Last Christmas Joffins and I would as soon have thought of flying to the moon as hemigrating. He was in the ready-made clothing line, Joffins was, and we had as good a business as a man need wish to have, till a great Jew fellow came and stuck up opposite, and undersold us. Goodness gracious, what a lovely thing this pig is to be sure."

"Quite so, Mrs. Joffins. Mr. Braggs, you know, was a professional man at home, and we were accustomed to very different society to what we meet here."

"Present company excepted," quoth Mrs. Joffins.

"Quite so, my dear Mrs. Joffins. Really this fowl has got the most magnificent breast I ever saw; but there, we always dined off turkey on Christmas day. O that turkey!"

At these words a perceptible shiver agitated Mrs. Braggs' frame.

"Joffins, old man, you'll have a feast fit for a king off this here pig. Certainly, my dear, the turkey, to be sure."

"Oh, such a turkey, it cost fifteen shillings, and took four hours to roast."

Mrs. Joffins here seemed disposed to change the conversation, and addressed herself to a dandified young fellow, who was stoning raisins, and his companion, a stout, large-eyed, comical-looking personage in spectacles, who was vigorously chopping suet.

"Well, Mr. Spratts, how's the pudding going on?"

"Madam," returned the stout individual thus pointedly appealed to, "this pudding, compounded as it is of every variety of culinary treasures, and manufactured by those distinguished amateur *chefs*, Messrs. Spratts and Swellish, promises to be a prodigy of cookery."

"Well, I never; do keep me a bit," rejoined Mrs. Joffins. "Now don't you mix it too stiff, and on no account boil it in salt water, which is ruination to sweet puddings."

"Madam, your directions are studiously attended to. For the last four hours my mess-mate and myself have been suffering most excruciating pangs of unassuaged thirst, through having reserved our day's water for this purpose."

"Well I do declare, you deserve a good pudding, and bless me if I don't find a bit of this pig to spare for your end of the table.—Why, what's that?"

The whole cabin here turned in the direction of Mrs. Joffins' eyes, which were staring at the ladder. They beheld a startling apparition,—a pair of legs slowly descending,—muttered murmurs, which shaped themselves into "steady now;" then an elongated trunk, and two outstretched arms,



poising a tremendous tin utensil, from which, in the dimness, clouds of steam seemed to rise. Having effected a safe landing, the figure came forward, and assumed the identity of Mr. Joffins. Depositing his mysterious freight on the table opposite his better half, he drew himself up, and oracularly observed:

"My friends, please draw this way," a request which was immediately complied with, and Mr. Joffins found himself the centre of a listening crowd.

"My friends," continued the oracle, "in the part of England from which I come, Christmas is the jolliest, that is the solemnest, night in the year. We indulge not in feasting, but in fasting,—on frummity. Creed wheat, milk, and currants form the dish. While you have been making ready the way for to-morrow's joys, I've been in the cook's galley a-making this. Creed wheat not belonging to the dietary of this 'ere ship, oatmeal takes its place; raisins does for currants, butter does for milk. My friends, let us eat."

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Joffins thrust in a huge iron ladle, and gobbled up the contents. This example was forthwith followed by most of his auditors. A medley of spoons, from a silver "tea" to a wooden stir-about, struggled for mastery in the capacious bowl. Its contents were fast disappearing, amidst the free criticisms on Mr. Joffins' skill.

"I say, Joffins," said Sprats, "I hail you as a fellow-craft. Why have you hidden such an extraordinary talent beneath that voluminous vest?"

"Joffins, you are a philanthropist." "Success to Joffins' patent mixture; groats for shipboard." "Smooth, palatable, and cheering." "He! he! old fellar, you're a brick, and no mistake." "Another spoonful for Mrs. Joffins." "Well, really, this is most unexpected, and reminds me of Uncle Timothy's unexpected present of a plum cake last Easter."

These, and a variety of other exclamations and apostrophes greeted the ears of blushing Joffins, who continued, nevertheless, to play a good spoon. Suddenly, when the fun was merriest, a stentorian voice shouted down the hatchway,—  
"Douse the lights down there." A solemn silence immediately fell. The spoons ceased their labours. Stifled murmurs of "It's really too bad to be turned in at this hour, and on Christmas eve too," were indistinctly heard. Mr. Joffins took advantage of the consternation to withdraw the all but empty bowl into his own cabin. So the attraction



was gone, and the supping wanderers crept back into their respective berths. Half an hour longer, and the lamps were out,—

Sleep and oblivion  
Reigned over all,

except where, on deck, the wind might be heard whistling through the cordage, and the waters playing and bubbling round the bows of the “outward-bound.”

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### THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oft thro' night's darkling hour  
When yields the heart to care,  
A voice of clear sweet power,  
With music fills the air;—  
The nightingale from yonder tree  
Trills out entrancing melody.

Hark! thro' the brooding hush  
She hymns her evening star,  
Now low and sweet,—then what a gush  
Wakes up the woodland far;  
Listening to that celestial strain  
Is blended with bewildering pain.

For while with pleasure rapt  
Yet cowers the heart with fear,  
As if half conscious how unapt  
Such music to our ear;  
Where surely ~~nothing~~ less of earth than heaven  
In each enchanting note is given.

Seems it of hope a song?  
Earth's hopes are like her flowers;  
Seems joy the promise borne along?  
Be nerved, some grief storm lowers.  
Earth mocks us;—but makes sure to bring  
Twin enforc'd gift of suffering.

Yet bird from tuneful throat  
Still pour thy strains awhile  
Some sweetening thoughts around thee float  
Free from or grief or guile;  
Thoughts of calm duty faith and love  
Thoughts of a recompense above.

Yes, He who tuned thy voice  
Has made it thy birthright,  
To win us ever to rejoice  
Tho' lone all round, or night:  
Happy then such who from thy lay  
Gathering a holy strength go bravelier on their way.

E. S. W.

## CALEDON AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

A *Saturday Review* of late date pleasantly observes that "the accounts of agricultural meetings in England are good reading for a Londoner. They act as a corrective of the stimulating fare to which he is accustomed, and come over us like a pleasant breeze, diffusing around a wholesome aroma of turnips and mangel-wurzel." If a like effect could be produced in Cape Town during our summer solstice, great indeed would be the sanitary effect of the balmy gales from Caledon; but the newspapers of the day have already administered all the consolation possible in such a shape, and the *Cape Monthly Magazine* can only aspire to homoeopathic practice in the same line. To speak more plainly, details of the great agricultural exhibition held at Caledon on November 29th and 30th have been already published, and their repetition is unnecessary.

The show, altogether, may be pronounced to have been successful: at least successful so far, that the novelty of the plan and the comprehensiveness of the undertaking, instead of deterring the residents of Caledon from attempting it, only roused their latent energies, and excited in other districts a spirit of generous emulation which will bring forth its fruits in due season. A large amount of first-rate livestock and produce came to the ground, and a considerable number of agriculturists from other districts evinced by their presence the interest generally felt in the issue of this bold experiment.

Caledon has always been distinguished for its sheep-walks; and its energetic flockmasters were determined not to be beaten on this occasion. A finer collection of imported and colonial-bred sheep never met together, and the judges had a very delicate and difficult duty to perform in assigning the various prizes. Another time, it may be as well to give premiums specially for any breeds of large, heavy-bodied sheep, suitable for slaughter purposes, irrespective of their wool-bearing qualifications. We may then see the Cheviots obtaining the distinction they so undeniably merit, and which, to the regret of all, they could not receive at the Caledon show. There are other breeds of sheep which may possibly compete with the Cheviot on his own ground. The Southdowns have thriven on the *zuurveld* of the George district, and the Leicesters are worth trying again. We ought to see the half-bred Cheviots and Leicester wethers weighing from 15 lbs. to 20 lbs. per quarter, instead of being driven, as we are now, to a horrible gnashing of teeth over

the scraggy skeleton of a sapless leg, which is supposed to be mutton, "*pur et simple*," but may be ancient nanny-goat, or Newfoundland dog, for any thing its shape or flavour tells us. Not but that a well-fed merino wether of pure breed is a highly commendable animal, and some choice specimens of that class were exhibited at Caledon.

The wool prizes induced a tolerable competition; but the samples were not quite so numerous or so well got up as might have been expected. The quality of the wool, both short and long, left nothing to be desired.

The show of horses was not large; but in each class some very superior animals were exhibited. The absence of competition for Col. Apperley's prize of £10, for the best span of four, suitable for Indian remounts, created some surprise, and, indeed, some consternation. If the Cape aspires to supply the Indian army with remounts in time to come, the breeders must really make an effort to convince the colonel that he has *not* yet bought up all the good horses of the colony, as he said, at the dinner, he thought he must have done.

Major Bird's English mares sold for £130 and £65 respectively; but the Arab "*Damascus*" (a sad wreck), could not obtain a £10 bid.

In horned cattle, the slaughter oxen, especially those from Worcester, distinguished themselves greatly, and the collection of wines and other colonial produce was both extensive and good. *Worcester* and *Montagu* both sent samples of wines remarkably fine in quality, and such as would meet with ready sale at remunerating prices in any part of the world. On future occasions, the number of the judges selected to taste the wines and spirits might be increased with advantage; as it is obviously impossible for three gentlemen, however competent in their vocation, to preserve their palates clear after tasting ten, or, as at Caledon, from twenty to twenty-five samples of fermented and fermenting liquors. It was rather remarkable that one of the wine casks sent its contents sky high directly the bung was tapped; and three or four half-aums of wine and brandy took flight bodily after the sale, and have not yet been discovered by their respective owners!

Amongst other miscellaneous articles exhibited for prizes and for sale, were two wind-mill pumps, the manufacture of Mr. Kearns, of Cape Town, which met with ready sale. Messrs. Huckins and Holmes brought to Caledon a large assortment of American machinery and agricultural implements, and most of them found purchasers. The Cape-made saddlery

of Messrs. Crighton and Verry reflected the highest credit on their establishment, and most of it changed hands to the mutual satisfaction of both buyer and seller. Swellendam contributed some fine sheep and some excellent wool, which, had it been better washed, might have turned the tables on the Caledon bales. The excuse made for the dirty condition of the wools generally was the scarcity of water all over the country; a difficulty which, in the vicinity of such rivers as the Zonder End, the Breede, and the Buffelsjacht, is scarcely to be comprehended.

The vegetables, and butter, hams, bacon, &c., surpassed expectation; but no cheese was visible.

The unpleasant duty now comes of adverting to that speciality of the exhibition which marred its *tout ensemble*, namely, the trial of implements and machinery. It is useless now to discuss where the blame of a failure so unmitigated is to be laid. Suffice it to observe that the reaping machines could not be worked with any advantageous results from the absence of hands sufficient to attend upon them, and from the want of due arrangements to keep the ground clear and the standing crop from injury. The ploughing match was also wholly inconclusive, as to the merits of the implements or the ploughmen, because the locality was unsuitable for the purpose. The threshing machine which gained the prize was at first in great jeopardy of dislocation and fracture, from its imperfect adjustment and the unsteady motive power applied to it. Hitch after hitch occurred, but it was at last set to rights, and was worked satisfactorily by Mr. R. Hare, and the Messrs. J. and W. Eaton. But, although its rapid execution and thorough clearing of the grain were appreciated by all on the ground conversant with such machinery, the farmers generally were alarmed by the constant stoppages at first, and, consequently, declined investing in what must have appeared to them such complicated and dangerous engines. In short, this department of the exhibition proved a failure; and it was not altogether unexpected by some of us. After any event, it is easy to show how the occasion might have been improved, and how various adverse contingencies might have been avoided; but in this instance a warning voice had been previously raised, as your readers will find by turning to the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for September last (page 131.)

The suggestion was then made that it "might be necessary, not only to show the threshing machine in action, but to enlist the services of some competent person to superintend its transport from place to place, and its satisfactory exhibi-

tion in the back settlements ; so that the farmer may have full leisure to observe how it is adjusted for active operations, and on what conditions its smooth working depends. A little explanation on such points may save a world of disappointment afterwards. Imported implements of all kinds have been condemned not unfrequently, because they have broken down from unfair treatment, or from causes easy of avoidance, because easy of explanation to the most hazy intellect. Many more will be thrown aside, under similar contingencies, unless our country friends are instructed in their use."

This view of the matter was submitted also to the committee of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society, before the Caledon show came off; but it was considered that the exhibitors of machinery would make all adequate arrangements for themselves. They were not called upon for a preliminary test, and whatever may have been the cause, when the hour of trial came, it found most of them unprepared. The consequence was, that a very large concourse of practical agriculturists, many of whom had made up their minds to buy both reaping and threshing machines, had they worked well, went away thoroughly prejudiced against them; and thus the further introduction of machinery in that part of the country has met with a "heavy blow and great discouragement." It was truly a most unfortunate business; but, undoubtedly, the lesson has been instructive, and, perhaps, we shall not go to work in such a helter-skelter, Micawber-like fashion again, depending upon what may "turn up;" and imagining that South African agricultural societies can do everything off-hand at once. Monster tents, and Chinese lanterns, and triumphal arches, and gay streamers, and Turco minstrels, rendering day detestable and "night hideous," may be all very well in their way, and, doubtless, a variety of tastes have to be consulted; but they will not efface from the bucolic mind of Caledon the recollections of that disastrous 30th November. The Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society, at all events, must beware of countenancing any future misadventures of the same kind, or the confidence it ought to enjoy will soon be lost; and, in the meantime, we shall be retarding, instead of promoting, agricultural advancement. On future occasions, no reaping or threshing machine should be allowed to work at any public exhibition, until it has been previously tested there and then by a committee of practical men (both farmers and engineers), who can vouch for its efficiency in all respects. The exhibitors would take care,



then, to adjust them properly, and to be provided with draught cattle and farm labourers accustomed to the work before them. Taking such precautions, we may be justified in encouraging competition in the machinery department; otherwise, we had better discourage it.

The annals of the late agricultural gathering at Caledon would be incomplete without some notice of the dinner, which was well attended, and went off with much *éclat*, the Chief Justice conducting the duties of the chair with great spirit and address. In presenting the silver *épergne* to Mr. Christian Beyers ("Oude Baas"), of Mulder's Vley, on behalf of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society, the chairman made some felicitous allusions to the solid worth of the testimonial and the true metal of the recipient. Mr. Beyers' genuine hospitality to all comers, and the generous assistance he has always afforded to the agricultural societies within his reach fully entitled him to this mark of respect from the members of the parent institution; and all who know him will admit that nature, when she gave him a frame of such grand proportions, did not forget to animate it with a heart of corresponding dimensions.

One or two of the speeches at the dinner unfortunately touched upon topics not the most agreeable to a Caledon audience. The inhabitants of the district, who have known Genadendal all their lives, may be excused for thinking that they are better able to appreciate the *merits* and results of Genadendal training than can any high official who visits that place for a few hours, and sees it duly swept and garnished for his inspection; and they refer all such government functionaries, and all others whom the subject may concern, to the blue-book, containing the evidence taken before a committee of the House of Assembly on the moral and social peculiarities of those immaculate communities. It was a subject ill adapted for the occasion, and the remarks of the honourable member for Worcester, that "Caledon was not a fit place for any civilized being to live in ten years ago," was equally *mal à propos*; though he recovered himself partially by observing that civilization had certainly made rapid strides in that quarter, and that the inhabitants (recently so wild) had produced on that occasion sheep and produce of which the most enlightened district might be proud. The hon. gentleman's remarks were meant to be complimentary rather than otherwise; his intention clearly being to contrast the Caledon of the present day with that of the olden time, before Merino sheep had been so extensively introduced, and before the agricultural spirit,

intelligence, and activity of the district had been fairly awakened. But the expression above alluded to was at best unfortunate.

All hands must certainly admit that they deserve the thanks of their fellow-colonists for their recent exertions; and when the champions of Worcester ring out their challenge on their own ground, let them take heed, lest some of them go down, horse and men, before the "rude barbarians from the Caledonian hills!"

The combat deepens, on ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave,  
Wave, *Munich*, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.\*

B.

## DR. HARVEY'S BOTANY OF SOUTH AFRICA.†

AMONGST the works on South African natural history, recently issued, the present claims particular attention. Its author is well known to be preparing, in conjunction with Dr. Sonder, a new Cape Flora, towards the furtherance of which the Colonial Parliament have most liberally voted a handsome amount, and the first volume of which will soon be ready for publication. The present work, however, is a distinct one, published entirely at the risk of its author. It is framed on the plan of Sir W. Hooker's well-known *Icones Plantarum*, and contains lithographic figures and descriptions of new, unfigured, or little known plants, drawn by the author himself, and selected from the rich Dublin University collection, in Professor Harvey's keeping. The book is designed as a running supplement and illustration of South African plants.

The author, in a short preface, to which, directions for drying botanical specimens are subjoined, informs us that each volume of the "Thesaurus," will contain one hundred plates and descriptions, and will be complete in itself. It is to be issued in quarterly parts, each of twenty-five plates; and though the author does not bind himself to publish more than one volume, yet, *if supported*, this precursor will be followed by several more. The impression, he adds, is

\* Campbell's "Battle of Hohenlinden."

† *Thesaurus Capensis*: or Illustrations of the South African Flora; being Figures and Brief Descriptions of South African Plants: by W. H. Harvey, M.D., etc., vol. i., part i. Dublin and Cape Town: A. S. Robertson. 8vo. Price 5s.

limited to two hundred and fifty copies, of which, one hundred and fifty are reserved for colonial sale. The drawings contained in this first part are not only creditable to the author, but highly valuable to the student as well, inasmuch as they give not only faithful representations of the species described in the text, but also sketches of their internal or anatomical structure. "I hope," says Dr. Harvey, in a private letter, "that this attempt of mine may meet with favour and encouragement; though it may not be all that could be wished, yet I think it will prove useful to the working botanist."

Nearly the half of the plants figured in the first number are natives of Natal, and amongst them is *Greyia Sutherlandi* (named in honor of Sir George Grey, our highly respected Governor), a beautiful shrub, which, with its gorgeous crimson clusters of flowers, would be an ornament to every botanical garden.

South Africa, stretching far from west to east, is very remarkable in point of botanical geography on account of the great diversity of vegetable forms to be met with at the different stages; for while the western flora abounds in natural families and genera peculiar to the old colony, the eastern often assumes tropical types, and reminds one of Indian vegetation. The discovery, amongst others, of a new *Sterculia* (*Sterculia Alexandri*), described and figured in the present part, is an interesting fact in illustration, the genus being hardly met with anywhere else in temperate zones.

The first volume is dedicated to the Hon. Mr. Rawson, in due acknowledgment of his services rendered to South African botany, and the second part, which was to be published in October last, will contain the figure of *Rawsonia lucida*, a Port Natal shrub with glossy leaves, belonging to Bixaceæ: and also that of a new genus of Scrophulariaceæ from the same locality, with the habit of *Halleria*, but ternate leaves, and flowers something like those of a *Calceolaria* in shape. *Bowheria Tryphella* is named in recognition of Mr. Bowker's exertions in aid of the new Cape Flora.

Having said thus much in recommendation of a work which has the illustration of South African vegetation for its object, the general public may well be expected to contribute their mite, and assist in the further publication of so laudable an undertaking. Surely, none of the public libraries in the colony, at least, ought to be without a copy of the work on their shelves.

L. PAPPE.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## NO. XII.

## THE HON. JUSTICE WATERMEYER.

WE present to our readers, this month, a photograph of Mr. Justice Watermeyer.

Charles Phillips begins his book about Curran—the best account we have of that eminent Irishman—by remarking that he was a great ornament to the country in which it was his misfortune to be born. Without asserting that it was a misfortune to Mr. Watermeyer to have been born a Cape colonist, and to have been confined to such a career as the Cape colony affords, we have simply to record the fact. He was born at Cape Town on the 21st August, 1824, and is, consequently, now in his thirty-sixth year.

In 1833, he entered the school of Mr. Canon Judge, in Cape Town, where he remained for about eight years. Mr. Watermeyer is but one amongst a number of sound and accomplished scholars whom the school of Mr. Judge mainly contributed to form. At seventeen, it became necessary to make choice of a profession. It was settled that he should follow the law. Whether he himself chose his profession, or whether it was chosen for him, we do not know. But beyond all doubt the choice was a judicious one.

Mr. Watermeyer left Mr. Judge's school in 1841, and immediately afterwards quitted the colony for Europe. On reaching London he entered his name as a student of the Inner Temple, and then, in the autumn of 1841, passed over to the Continent, for the purpose of studying the civil law in the most renowned of the renowned law-schools of Holland. He remained at Leyden for two years, and at the end of that time took his degree as Doctor of the Civil Law. In December, 1843, he returned to England, to keep his terms for the English bar.

Keeping terms for the English bar formerly meant no more than dining at your inn on a certain number of days during each term, and paying for your dinners. Whether this somewhat strange preparation for the bar was the result of time, and accident, and ancient usage that had lost its meaning, or whether it sprang out of the notion that, as young barristers were sure to starve for some time after they were called, it was but considerate to aliment them tolerably well beforehand, is, we believe, not settled. Mr. Watermeyer, however, did more than eat his dinners. He became a pupil of Mr. Samuel Warren, about whose character as a



Mr. Justice WATERMEYER, LL.D.





poet doubts may be reasonably entertained, but about whose character as a special pleader there is no controversy. In Easter term, 1847, Mr. Watermeyer was called to the English bar.

The splendid prizes presented by the bar of England as the rewards of its successful members are calculated to fill and fire the imaginations of young men conscious of great powers. Even had Mr. Watermeyer been conscious of possessing such powers (and he has never shown the least sign of having made such a discovery), many difficulties must have been overcome before he could have risen into practice in England. At all events, his native colony was large enough for his ambition. He arrived here at the end of 1847, and was admitted an advocate of the Supreme Court.

Of the little business of the Cape bar he almost immediately obtained a considerable share. In Cape Town he divided the business with the senior members of the bar. On circuit, he divided the business with Mr. Ebdon, who had deservedly large practice. It was soon seen that a man with talent enough to succeed without industry, and with industry enough to succeed without talent, had come amongst us, and his professional brethren, whose esteem and affection he attracted from the first, were proud of him, and of the position which he was, from day to day, unostentatiously attaining. He had not been long in the colony when he married. Mrs. Watermeyer is the eldest daughter of the late Rev. Gysbert Reitz.

In 1854 was assembled the first Cape Parliament. More electoral divisions than one were desirous to have Mr. Watermeyer for their member. Worcester was the first to invite him, and he accepted the invitation. There was really no contest, as far as his seat was concerned, and, at the close of a sharp struggle between the other candidates, he headed the poll by a great majority.

In the Assembly he carried great weight. He spoke frequently in the House, but not so often as to tire, and in committees he took his full share of important but unapplauded work. Never rude, never violent, never personal, never dogmatic, but always earnest, acute, and fully master of his subject, he spoke as a gentleman should speak to gentlemen, and he was listened to accordingly. When, in 1856, he resigned his seat, and quitted Parliament, every man anxious for the character and credit of the Assembly looked upon his leaving as a loss to the House.

But the Assembly's loss has been, in another direction, a great public gain. It is not too much to say of Mr. Water-

meyer's conduct as a judge, from the time of his first, and, as it was then considered, merely temporary, appointment, down to the present moment, that he has surpassed all the expectations of the profession and the public. To say that he has done so involves, we are aware, very high commendation. We bestow that commendation, because we believe it to be well-deserved.

We have referred to Mr. Watermeyer's success, both at the bar and in the Parliament. But in neither place was he a speaker of set speeches. His speaking was, as far as diction goes, entirely extemporaneous. He spoke invariably without notes. Some speakers who speak without notes are, of all speakers, the least extemporaneous. They use no notes, because they have got their speech by heart. Mr. Watermeyer was not of these. It was plain to persons, who often watched with interest and pleasure the play of his fine faculties, that he was doing with ease and freedom that very difficult thing, thinking on his legs. From a speaker who spoke in this way, we rarely had much of epigram or antithesis, a laboured exordium or a laboured peroration. But we had what a pure taste prizes more; the simple and unstudied utterances of a man of capacious and cultivated mind,—of a man full of his subject and forgetful of himself, whose sole object was to convey his meaning, and who would not pause to play with prettinesses when there was work before him and business to be done. Many men whom you admire as speakers leave, somehow or other, an impression upon you that their speaking is the best of them, and that, in soul and sentiment and general intelligence, they are lower than their speaking. Other men, on the contrary, impress you, somehow or other, with the conviction that, high as their speaking may be, they are in themselves higher than their speaking. And this is the sort of impression Mr. Watermeyer used to leave.

But speaking is only a part, and by no means the most difficult part, of the functions of an advocate. In the cross-examination of witnesses, the most trying and delicate of a counsel's duties, Mr. Watermeyer was fully equal to his work. He knew what questions to put, and knew also what questions not to put. Nature has given him a memory of such singular tenacity that all the long evidence, which occupied, perhaps, days and days in taking, was, in every particular, accurately remembered. His speech in defence of Andries Botha, tried for high treason, some years since, exhibited in a striking manner the retentiveness of Mr. Watermeyer's memory. Indeed, that speech was, in every respect, a

master-piece, and was only inferior to the manner in which he conducted that protracted and important case from its commencement till its close.

It is right that, in a literary publication, Mr. Watermeyer should be referred to as a literary man. The earlier numbers of this Magazine contain several translations from Schiller, Uhland, and Burger, which were made by Mr. Watermeyer. The writer of this notice knows no German. But no one who knows English, and has any ear for English verse, can doubt that these translations are as faithful as they are spirited, just as we can often tell a good portrait without knowing the original. We have compared, verse by verse, Mr. Watermeyer's translation of "The Song of the Bell" with Sir Bulwer Lytton's version of the same fine poem; both are good, but we greatly prefer Mr. Watermeyer's, and we are satisfied that Schiller, could he be appealed to, would do the same.

The four lectures upon early Cape history, delivered some years since before the Mechanics' Institute of Cape Town, have been printed. They are full of information upon matters about which too many colonists are very ill informed, and are written in the choicest and most idiomatic English. Were it not that to trace Cape history farther down than where the published lectures leave it might involve the treatment of topics not capable, perhaps, of being treated by any writer without offence, the public would be rejoiced to receive from Mr. Watermeyer the continuation of a work of so much ability, diligence, and candour; of a work which, by not a few touches of quiet humour, recalls to mind the celebrated "History of New York." But it is not safe for any one, as Sir Walter Raleigh writes, to keep too close behind the heels of truth; and we feel that a judge ought not, without necessity, to place himself in such a perilous position.

It is hoped, however, that Mr. Watermeyer will not, as a lawyer, forget Bacon's saying that every man owes a debt to his profession. In common with his brother judges, he has earned the thanks of the public by preparing for publication all the local laws and ordinances of the colony, not obsolete or repealed, from the earliest period down to the assembling of the first Parliament. But more than this is looked for at his hands. We want a really good book upon Dutch law, written in the English language. Van Leeuwen's "Dutch Law" is not the best work of that great jurist, and the translation is execrable. Mr. Herbert's translation of De Groot's "Introduction" is far from being faultless, and the

work itself, though of high value, is a little antiquated both in style and learning. The "Institutes" of Van der Linden rarely help the actual practitioner at a pinch, though useful as a sort of index map of our colonial jurisprudence. It is understood that Mr. Watermeyer once meditated a work upon the Roman-Dutch law. We hope he will not abandon the idea. It is not, indeed, a work which will be popular in the sense in which his lectures upon Cape history were popular. It is not a work which will live for ages, for good books upon law, like good books upon every other progressive science, must, in time, become the victims of that noble ingratitude which is the characteristic of all science. But we feel persuaded that, if Mr. Watermeyer shall devote his learning, time, and talents to such a work as that referred to, he will leave something so written that the profession and the public will not willingly let it die.

In the meantime, he is not idle. He shares with his brethren of the bench, the judicial work of the colony, which, taking the circuits into account, is far from light, especially since when, by a spontaneous movement on the part of the judges, for which the public is grateful, the Supreme Court, out of term, sits regularly twice a week, for the dispatch of business. The functions, other than judicial, which a judge can properly undertake, are necessarily limited in number. One of these is, admittedly, the advancement of learning. Mr. Watermeyer, whilst on the bench, was mainly instrumental in establishing the Board of Examiners, and is now its head. This institution is still in the day of small things. But it has within it the power of almost indefinite expansion; and if sustained by the Parliament and the public, as it deserves to be sustained, it may become the means, and that at no very distant day, of carrying home education in South Africa to a pitch far beyond anything that we now regard as possible.

This hasty and imperfect sketch of Mr. Watermeyer's career must here be closed. If, passing from his public character, we turned to his walk and conversation, as a private gentleman, we feel that we might, as acts of his which are within our knowledge, and which have impressed us deeply, came fresh again before us, be led into what we are desirous to avoid,—the use of language which might be thought too eulogistic. Nor, indeed, is it necessary that we should say anything about these things, since he already stands as high in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen and fellow-colonists as any friend of his could wish.



## THE VINE DISEASE.

THIS destructive murrain which made its first appearance only three weeks ago, is rapidly spreading, and is likely to entail most serious losses upon a very considerable number of the winegrowers of the Western Province. We had purposed in this number of the *Magazine* to devote an article to the subject, to set forth the phenomena and symptoms of the disease as they have been observed in the various districts, to ascertain as far as possible the causes proximate or remote which have favoured its development, and the best means for its prevention or cure. Want of space, however, prevents this at present; and it must be postponed until the following number, when the first of a series of articles on the culture of the vine and the manufacture of wine will appear. In the meantime it is gratifying to find that the Colonial Government and the Agricultural Society are exerting themselves to the utmost, in collecting reliable information respecting this particular malady. The former have instructed the Colonial Botanist, Dr. Pappe, to extend his researches into the several districts where the murrain has appeared, and to conduct experiments to test the efficiency of the several remedies proposed for it; and have in addition offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of a thoroughly effective preventative or cure. The Agricultural Society again have, through their Secretary, collected information of an interesting and valuable, though to some extent, contradictory character. At present we can only find room for extracts from the reports furnished respectively by two gentlemen professionally qualified to form opinions on the subject, the Colonial Botanist, and the Superintendent of the Botanical Garden. Dr. Pappe writes:—

“On examination, I found that vines growing on rising ground, and where there was a natural drain, and no clay for immediate subsoil, were little smitten by the disease; while the crops of those which grew in level localities, and upon clay, were nearly altogether destroyed. Vines, also, which were exposed to the influence of the damp north-westerly wind, though sheltered by trees, were greatly affected. However, the malady appeared to have come to a crisis, for the stems and roots were perfectly healthy, and the young shoots, which spring up from all sides, even from much injured plants, were perfectly vigorous.

Having carefully and minutely examined specimens, grown in different places, I could detect in none of them the slightest trace of fungus vegetation; and I ascribe the blight, or rust, as it is called, to the uncommon long-continued heavy rains, which fell during the later months of the year, the damp atmosphere prevailing at that time, and to the nature of the subsoil, which, in most localities, consists of stiff, impervious clay. The vineyards of Constantia, which have a sloping ground, and the soil of which consists of sandy gravel, appear to have escaped the disorder.

Under similar circumstances, the blight attacks other plants as well as the vine; for I found it likewise on peach and mulberry trees. It has been observed, besides, on former occasions, though, perhaps, in a much milder form in our vineyards. The late Honourable M. van Breda,

an experienced and intelligent agriculturist, has left a diary, from which it appears that a similar disease of the vine showed itself in 1819, exactly forty years ago: "Rains had fallen but sparingly in the autumn and during the first winter months, when, from the 21st of July of that year, heavy and repeated rains drenched the ground, and made all springs to overflow; these rains lasting, at intervals, till late in the year. On the 13th of December, he observed the first symptoms of rust, which, during a whole month, spread amongst his vines, and caused great damage to the muscadel and hanepoot grapes, affecting the Steendruif in a slighter degree."

I have since visited most of the vineyards at Hottentot's Holland, where the blight has injured the vines to a fearful extent, by annihilating great portions of the crops. At some farms, all sorts have been smitten, but the muscadel and hanepoot nearly everywhere; the only place which has been spared hitherto being that of Mr. H. Theunissen's, whose vines grow on a slope, and have gravel for their soil.

I am very sorry, however, to have to report, that amongst the lacrima christi grapes, on Mr. P. Myburg's estate, I met with the true vine-mildew, which had been observed there but a few days previous to my arrival, upon a few individual shrubs. The very existence (however limited) of a disease, which is known to spread, at times, with fatal velocity, deserves the utmost vigilance and attention; and the following remarks are results of my microscopical investigations on this important subject:

To the naked eye, the vine-mildew (*Oidium Tuckeri*), presents itself in a form of a byssaceous mould, which covers the stalks, leaves, and grapes, with a white powdery substance, and imparts a disagreeable musty odour to the parts. It is particularly visible on the pedicels, and upon the surface of the fruit; less on both sides of the leaves, and shoots.

When examined under a microscope of high power, very minute whitish-grey spots appear upon the cuticle. At first, these specks are solitary, and scattered here and there over the surface, but they soon become more or less united, and assume a cloudy appearance. They then consist of a conglomeration of very delicate, articulated, white threads, which interlace each other, and spread rapidly in all directions over the surface of the plant. These threads constitute the spawn (*mycelium*), and from them spring the fungi in the shape of minute, erect, fertile, club-shaped filaments. The latter bodies, which are scarcely the eighth part of a line high, are made up of a number of cells, separated by transverse partitions. The lowest of these tapes into a filiform stalk, while the upper ones are gradually thickening towards the top, where they become egg-shaped, and consist of spore cases, which are filled with a great number of extremely small ovate white spores or seeds, swimming as it were, in a limpid, gelatinous juice.

The cells of the parasite and its sporidia are perfectly transparent in their middle, but opaque at the margins. At first, the extreme cell only becomes ovoid, but in the progress of growth those beneath it acquire the same form, and then the entire fungus represents a necklace or chain. Very often, too, and particularly on the pedicels, and at the base of the berries (where the fungi grow more gregariously), additional sporidia spring in the shape of clusters from the site of the intermediate and terminal cells.

At the slightest touch or commotion the sporidia separate from the filaments either singly, or in heaps of three or four, and are carried by the winds to plants hitherto uninfected, or scattered upon the cuticle below, where they commence germinating, by throwing off from one or

both extremities, slender creeping threads, which in their turn become the spawn of fresh parasites.

All portions of the epidemis attacked by the oidium lose their natural aspect; they get discoloured, and through the destruction of the superficial cells or the parenthyma, small lurid specks are produced, which become confluent, and cover part of the cuticle with yellowish-brown irregular spots.

Powdered sulphur, and strong decoctions of tobacco-leaves have been recommended by various authors, but the application of the former on an extensive scale, seems impracticable, while the latter, a vegetable substance, may be liable to fungoid destruction itself. It strikes me, however, that a weak solution of chloride of lime may be of use, and could easily be experimented upon. This preparation, which is well known to counteract decay, is not only cheap, but could be applied by means of watering-pots or garden spouts at little expense, the bleaching power of the chlorine in the combination with lime in a sufficiently diluted state, being hardly to be feared.

And the following we extract from the interesting reports of Mr. McGibbon:—

“At the Paarl, I first met with the mildew. . . . .  
In the vineyard of Mr. John Proctor, I was shown most decided cases of parasitical mildew, the bunches having the appearance of having been dusted with flour; the vines, foliage and stems, appeared perfectly healthy, and in no plant where the grapes were so affected was there a spot of mildew on the leaves or other parts of the plant. There is nothing extraordinary in this partial attack. In hothouse cultivation of the vine in England I have had the bunches infected with mildew, while all other parts were free from it. The same fact is often recorded as having occurred on the Continent during the prevalence of the vine disease. The rust, or murrain, has been very destructive at the Paarl. Nothing further need be feared from it; it has run its course; the loss of the present crop in vines so affected is all we can suffer. This species of infliction is only accidental, and may only occur again, if ever, after a long series of years.

The vines affected with mildew at the Paarl were not confined to one particular part of the plantation, or in rows, but one here, another there, with health plants intervening between infected ones. I conclude, from what I have seen, that shelter of walls, trees, or hedges, have no influence whatever in the attacks of mildew on the vines. The sorts effected are white hanepoot, most severely, water hanepoot, and munscaedel. Since my return to town, a bunch of steendruif has been forwarded to me from the Paarl covered with mildew, and it is reported that numbers in the same vineyard are affected.

Information has been sent me that the disease, mildew, has shown itself at Hottentots' Holland, but I have seen no diseased bunches from there.

No very exact observations have been made upon the attacks of mildew on our vines. It is generally represented as having occurred “in a few hours,” or “during the night.” It is useless to speculate on the causes of mildew—the generally acknowledged one is atmospheric conditions affecting the chemical constitution, and the attendant vital energies of the plant. It is not of great importance, either, whether our disease is called *oidium*, *septoria*, *penicilium*, *cladosporium*, or any other of the many euphonious names given to the numerous parasites which infect the vine plant. It is sufficient that all are of a spreading nature, and that the application of sulphur is the only cure.”

# METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR NOVEMBER, 1859.

*Deduced from five observations daily.*

Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup> 34<sup>m</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup> 34<sup>m</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup> 34<sup>m</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup> 34<sup>m</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup> 34<sup>m</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Nov.	Inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.			inches.	
1	30·071	62·26	57·16	68·8	56·0	52·9	72·4	29·669	3·7	SbE		0·6
2	30·051	63·62	58·54	71·2	59·1	54·4	72·4	29·628	6·0	SbE		0·7
3	29·878	67·48	60·10	75·6	59·7	54·4	63·8	29·453	4·5	S		4·2
4	29·794	65·56	61·60	79·0	61·0	58·4	78·0	29·304	4·7	S½W		3·8
5	29·941	63·72	60·46	70·6	57·8	57·8	81·6	29·462	1·8	SSW		3·4
6	29·970	68·22	63·74	79·0	61·0	60·4	78·0	29·444	0·6	S½W		5·8
7	29·996	64·88	58·96	72·0	60·2	54·2	69·0	29·575	2·4	SbE		7·6
8	29·969	63·36	57·64	68·4	58·2	52·8	69·2	29·566	5·0	S½E		5·2
9	29·939	64·82	61·10	69·3	59·8	58·0	79·0	29·456	6·4	S		6·7
10	29·933	67·88	62·26	72·6	60·8	57·9	71·0	29·452	4·0	S		0·9
11	29·809	68·90	62·40	78·8	59·2	57·5	68·4	29·334	1·4	SWbW		3·6
12	29·799	61·30	58·50	73·0	56·6	56·2	84·0	29·348	1·9	NW½W		8·8
13	29·770	60·64	57·90	67·0	58·0	55·6	84·2	29·327	3·6	NW		9·8
14	29·638	58·84	57·96	60·4	57·7	57·2	94·6	29·169	6·6	NNW	1·360	10·0
15	29·833	58·72	54·34	61·4	54·0	50·4	74·6	29·465	1·7	WNW	0·390	8·2
16	30·036	58·04	53·82	65·0	52·4	50·0	75·2	29·674	1·0	NW	0·132	6·8
17	30·147	58·32	51·58	65·7	49·5	45·6	64·0	29·840	0·9	W½S		4·8
18	30·194	57·22	50·56	63·0	49·8	44·5	63·6	29·900	0·6	SWbW	0·077	5·6
19	30·221	58·12	51·18	62·6	53·0	45·0	62·2	29·922	1·0	S½E		0·7
20	30·067	61·32	55·42	65·0	55·0	50·4	67·8	29·700	2·1	S½E		0·7
21	30·090	62·86	57·80	68·4	56·0	53·6	72·6	29·678	2·0	S½E		3·1
22	30·096	63·90	58·52	72·0	51·3	54·2	71·4	29·675	0·5	NWbW		5·4
23	29·916	66·32	59·70	75·0	57·3	54·5	66·8	29·491	1·0	SbW		1·6
24	29·771	65·64	60·82	71·0	61·2	56·9	74·2	29·307	5·2	S½E		4·5
25	29·854	64·24	60·18	70·6	56·4	56·9	77·4	29·390	2·9	SW		6·2
26	29·906	61·86	59·54	70·0	57·2	57·6	86·4	29·430	1·2	NW		9·7
27	30·044	60·88	55·50	65·6	54·8	50·9	70·4	29·668	0·8	S½E	0·620	7·1
28	30·144	61·14	53·48	67·0	55·2	46·9	59·8	29·822	3·0	SbE		0·9
29	30·038	62·20	55·82	67·0	53·0	50·5	66·4	29·671	3·0	SSW		1·7
30	29·915	67·62	61·44	78·3	55·0	56·7	70·0	29·454	0·8	SbE		1·0
Mean, 29·961		63·00	57·93	69·8	56·5	53·7	72·9	29·542	2·7	SW½S	Sum. 2·579	4·6
MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.												
		A.M. 5h 34m.	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.				
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches		29·956	29·971	29·951	29·948	29·979	30·268	29·547				
„ Press. of dry air, „		29·550	29·543	29·518	29·530	29·566	29·974	29·077				
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees		58·52	65·84	67·75	63·11	59·75	78·3	50·0				
„ Wet bulb. „		55·57	59·28	60·41	58·01	56·40	68·0	47·0				
Humidity of the air. per cent.		82·3	66·8	63·7	72·1	79·9	97·0	50·0				
Dew Point degrees		52·9	54·0	54·6	53·7	53·4	61·4	42·4				

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## SELF-MADE MEN.

LET him who, in the sharp struggle to inform his mind and better his condition, finds the toil-worn spirit is more apt to seek repose than, after the exhaustion of daily toil, to court mental exertion; and who (comparing the scanty stores of his own humble acquirements with the overshadowing knowledge of the world's great men) is chilled into apathy or discouraged into indifference—remember that “God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you can never have them both! Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy he meets, most likely his father's; he gets rest, commodity, and reputation—but (adds Heyne) *he shuts the door of truth.*”

Further, let him, while pondering on this, console himself with the assurance that, between the intellect of the man whose hands are rendered callous by continuous toil, and that of him who, lapped in affluence, has from its first dawning been the subject of the most careful and anxious solicitude, no inherent difference exists; that “the difference is not in wisdom, but in heart”—not in the quality of the germ, but in the husk which surrounds it; and that the same gifted and searching intellect which, with venturous and fearless flight, has winged its way into the remote depth of the heavens and grasped the whole circle of the sciences, is “cribbed, cabined, and confined” within an earthly frame, governed by the same instincts, subject to the same infirmities, and coerced by the same imperious wants, as the man whose unvarying life offers a daily recurrence of exhausting labour and refreshing repose, awakening appetite and periodical indulgences.

It may be asked if this be so, how is it that almost countless millions have sprung into being only to disappear like autumnal leaves, leaving no trace behind them; while only the enshrined memories of a few great names have floated down the stream of time, the sacred objects of the world's idolatry?



Or why does one man, distinguished from all his fellows, display that energy of will and that indomitable perseverance which, in the active business of life, overcomes all obstacles, and achieves success; while another, unsteady of purpose and procrastinating in his habits, begins his career in failure, continues it in misfortune, and ends it too often in bitter disappointment and abject misery?

The answer is found in man's want of faith in his own powers, in the unhappy facility of imitation, in his invincible dislike of labour, and the slight control that a feeble will exercises over the cravings of ungratified instincts. In no instance that I have met with of men who have fought their way, in defiance of adverse circumstances, to affluence and eminence has there been one in which long-continued labour, united to habits of rigid self-denial, was not the governing principle of his virtuous conduct, influencing and guiding every act of his chequered and eventful life.

To be constantly resolving, and never executing, forms the stumbling-block placed on the very threshold of progress, over which halting humanity too often falls helplessly prostrate. Who is there who has not, at some period of his life, laid down a course of educational improvement? If the measure of success were to be tested by the duration of the impulse, what a melancholy record of wasted energy and fruitless effort, of time mis-spent and neglected opportunities, would such a retrospect present! It is consolatory, however, to know that even this almost universal failure has its use. It teaches, as we shall presently see, the value of untiring perseverance and inflexible will. It shows how little man is indebted to the accidents of fortune, and how much to *continuous* exertion, for all that makes the distinction between the shivering savage and the cloth-clad European—the ignorant boer and the cultivated scholar. It illustrates the fact “that talent and industry bear upwards with irresistible force, and demonstrates the proposition that there is no situation in life so hopeless in which eminence may not be gained by well-directed and unceasing labour.”

It is to enforce this truth that the present paper has been compiled. If colonists have a fault, it is mental self-contempt; their bodies are vigorous, but their brains are grossly neglected. They care too much for immediate results and mechanical effects; and wilfully ignore the value of that power which, if properly cultivated, would intensify their strength and redouble their worth. To take, therefore, from the annals of philosophy, science, and literature, some of the great names whose owners have achieved distinction by the

force of their own right hands—who owed little to others and almost everything to themselves—who from the lowest depths of society raised themselves to the clearest heights—who were to themselves a light in the moral gloom by which they were surrounded, self-helping, self-acting, self-denying men—every one of whose lives stands out, a beacon of light on the highway of time—will be attended with at least this advantage, that, while borrowing hope from their endurance and encouragement from their success, we shall be enabled to measure the smallness of the means required for the acquisition of that knowledge which, while it elevates the individual, benefits mankind.

Springing out of this inquiry, and closely connected with its subject, is the remarkable fact of how much the enlargement of the field of human knowledge has been indebted to the accidental observation of a fact of common occurrence by a sensitive and reflecting mind—a fact which, by the process of rapid induction, has been made the first of an important series of subsequent discoveries. The cause of water rising in the barrel of a common pump eluded inquiry for centuries. Mankind, with sluggish deference to authority, were content with the explanations offered by mediæval philosophy, that “nature abhors a vacuum,” and even the great Galileo, whose unrivalled genius had raised him to the highest eminence among the most distinguished philosophers of his age, failed to detect the principle under circumstances the most favourable for its discovery. On being called in by the municipal authorities of Florence to account for the fact that, in a pump of unusual size, constructed for public purposes, the water refused to rise beyond the ordinary heights,—even he condescended to the weakness which employs sounding phrases, innocent of meaning, to conceal our want of knowledge, and with what almost bears the impress of sarcastic pleasantry, suggested that nature’s intense abhorrence of a vacuum was limited to the height of thirty-three feet. The process of inductive reasoning, by which his great pupil Torricelli not only solved the hydraulic problem, but, also in the steps of its proof, led another master mind to carry out the principle, by the invention of the barometer, constitutes a memorable event in the history of science.

It occurred to Torricelli that the water, when it followed the piston in the pump, was not drawn, but was pushed up by the pressure of the atmosphere; and that being so, the column of water in the barrel of the pump, reaching the height of thirty-three feet, was merely a counterbalance to

a column of air of corresponding diameter. While following out the consequences of this newly-discovered principle, and eager to test its universality as applied to fluids, the happy thought flashed upon his mind that a similar effect, varying only in degree, would be produced upon a liquid metal. Imagination may almost realize the pale, thoughtful Italian, when inverting a graduated glass tube filled with mercury into a basin of the same metal. With quickened pulse and sparkling eye he marked the bright and heavy mass descend, until the transparent tube revealed a suspended column of mercury of the required height of twenty-nine inches. What words shall describe the thrill which made his cheek paler and sent the blood bounding to his heart, when, with rapt and breathless attention, he beheld the consummation of an experiment which made his name famous in the bead roll of the benefactors of his species, and placed him among the first of the discoverers of new truths.

Let me, however, before I quit this part of my subject, do justice to the profound genius of Galileo, who, in an age of perverted opinions and bigoted prejudices, grappled with the time-honoured errors of scientific systems with a moral courage which has rendered his name immortal. For twenty centuries the philosophical theories of Aristotle had been implicitly received as the sublimated perfection of all human knowledge. The accidental observation of the vibratory movement of a lamp, suspended from the ceiling of the metropolitan church at Pisa, led Galileo, when scarcely twenty years of age, not only to the discovery of the pendulum, as a measurer of time, but, in its application to the laws of falling bodies, to the detection and public exposure of one of the great Greek master's most striking and singular fallacies. Aristotle, in discussing the law of falling bodies, affirmed that the velocity acquired by any descending body was in the direct proportion of its weight; and that if two bodies of unequal weight commenced their descent from the same height, at the same moment, the heavier would move as many times swifter than the lighter, as its weight exceeded that of the smaller body. The young philosopher, strong in his conviction of the error contained in the proposition, challenged the supporters of the old philosophy to a public demonstration of the falsehood of the proposition. The challenge was accepted, and the leaning tower of Pisa chosen for the place of trial.

On the appointed day, under the beautiful azure of a cloudless Italian summer sky, the disputants and their partisans repaired in tumultuous numbers to the appointed spot.

It was a great crisis in the history of human knowledge. On the one side stood the assembled wisdom of the universities, revered for their age and for their science,—venerable, dignified, united, and commanding. Around them thronged the multitude, and about them were clustered the associations of centuries. On the other, alone, with no retinue of followers—without reputation or influence, was an obscure young man, whose only support was derived from the consciousness of truth, and who, strong in his convictions, felt more powerful than if clothed in mail and supported by the bristling spears of an army.

The hour of trial at length arrives. The balls to be employed in the experiment are anxiously weighed, and severely scrutinized to prevent deception. The parties are satisfied. The one ball is exactly twice the weight of the other. The followers of Aristotle maintain that when the balls are dropped from the top of the tower, the heavy one will reach the ground in one half of the time consumed by the lighter ball. Galileo asserts that the different weight of the balls does not affect their velocities, and that the time occupied in their descent will be equal in each case. And here the disputants join issue. The balls are conveyed to the summit of the lofty tower, the thronging masses crowd around the base, the signal is given, the balls are dropped at the same moment, and swiftly descending, strike the earth together! Again and again is the experiment repeated, with uniform results. Galileo's triumph was complete; not a shadow of doubt remained. But the loss of place and profit, and the bitter mortification of confessing to false teaching, made his enemies cling to their former opinions with the tenacity of despair, and caused them to assail the proud and sensitive champion of truth with all the bitterness of defeated pretension, and with all the energy of humiliated pride.

He fought single-handed, with a determination which the sense of right and the force of genius can alone impart. Driven at last from Pisa by the number and power of his enemies, no suffering or danger could drive from his mind the great truths which his researches by experiments were continually revealing. His spirit was broken, and in retiring from the unequal conflict, he hurled back defiance into the face of his conquered, though, for the moment, triumphant persecutors.

I have dwelt more at length on this part of my subject than the limited space I have at my disposal will perhaps justify. I have done so, however, because of its close connection with the history of the efforts of early genius; it



is useful in showing that the mind which arrives by its own unassisted powers at the knowledge of the cause of an effect is flooded from that moment with intellectual light. Its future determination is then given, and it matters not, as the history of every self-raised man demonstrates, when this may occur, whether in early youth or in mature years, the effect is that produced by the rod of Moses when he struck the rock at Horeb,—the living waters gush forth with impetuous and continuous force.

An instructive illustration of this principle is furnished in the brilliant career of the late Professor Heyne. The greatest classical scholar of his own, perhaps of any other age, reached mid-life only after a fierce and continuous conflict with biting poverty and sharp misery. The son of a poor German weaver, whose utmost exertions too often failed to provide the bread which stayed, but did not satisfy, the pangs of hunger, we find him saying, in his own touching language: "Want was the early companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made upon my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother, when without food for her children. How often have I seen her on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured." At this time, and under circumstances so unpromising, we find him sent to a child's school in a small Saxon town; and it was here that he gave the first indication of that growing desire for knowledge which neither recognized nor permitted an obstacle in its acquisition. Imagine a boy, scarcely ten years of age, so smitten with a desire to learn that he actually paid a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, to read and write. It may well give energy to hope and determination to the desire for knowledge to witness an undaunted intellect battling with difficulty, and converting influences which usually crush and destroy into elements of sustaining power. Having learned all that could be acquired at the humble school at which he was placed, it was at this period he evinced a strong desire to acquire the Latin language. The schoolmaster's son, who had studied at Leipsic, offered to teach young Heyne for the small sum of four pence a week. This, however, to the poor poverty-stricken lad, was impossible. By a happy accident, he was sent to the shop of his godfather, a baker in easy circumstances, for a loaf. Pondering sorrowfully as he went along upon the all-



absorbing object of his wishes, he entered the shop, tears trickling down his pensive face. The good-tempered baker, on hearing the cause of his grief, consented to pay the required fee; on which, Heyne tells us that "he was so intoxicated with joy that he ran dancing, all ragged and bare-foot as he was, through the streets, in the wildness of his delight throwing up into the air the loaf, which at last slipped from his hands and rolled into the dirt. The sharp reprimand he received from his father, who could ill afford the loss, brought the delighted enthusiast to his senses, and taught him the lesson which must be learned by all, sooner or later, that hope and disappointment, joy and grief, alternate through man's existence like the pendulum of a time-piece." In two years from this time, his teacher acknowledged that his pupil had drawn the last bucket from a well probably of not very profound depth; and another crisis occurred in the career of the future literary giant. The poor weaver, "whose soul proud science never taught to stray," was anxious that his son should adopt some handicraft trade. But the bias had been given. Young Heyne felt a burning desire to pursue his literary studies, and at this point of his history we have a powerful illustration of the maxim that "conduct is fate." Efforts so rare in one so young had become widely known, and had reached the ears of another godfather, a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and he agreed to be at the expense of sending him to the principal seminary at the town of Chemnitz. We are told that the bounty of his new patron was doled out with the most scrupulous parsimony, and Heyne, without necessary books of his own, was compelled to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them painfully over for his own use. It is not improbable that this necessity and enforced discipline imparted that vigour of attention and tenacity of memory which subsequently made him famous.

We now trace him to another important epoch of his life, namely, the period, when it became essential to enter the university, or give up the cherished career he had adopted. And now, let any of my youthful readers who is desirous to achieve distinction in whatever walk of life he may find himself, and who suffers his spirit to bow down before the influence of discouraging circumstances, follow the footsteps, and mark the conduct of Heyne, as he reached Leipsic with only four shillings in his pocket—all he had to depend upon, except the small assistance he might receive from his godfather, who had promised to continue his bounty. His supplies, from this source, came with such grudging and reproach,

when, after long intervals, they did come, that destitute both of money and books—he would even have been without bread, too, had it not been for the compassion of the maid-servant of the house at which he lodged,—woman, in this instance, as in all where human suffering calls for her gentle sympathy, fulfilling the mission of a ministering angel. “What sustained my courage,” says he, “under these circumstances, was neither ambition nor presumption, nor the hope of one day taking my place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred me on was the feeling of the humiliation of my condition—the shame with which I shrank from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose on me; above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with Fortune. I was resolved to try whether, although she had thrown me among the dust, I should not be able to rise up by my own efforts.” At this period, our self-devoted student, during his six months, only allowed himself *two* night’s sleep in the week; and it was during this time of unexampled affliction and wondrous industry, that we find his *generous* godfather sending letters to him, addressed: “To Mr. Heyne, Idler, Leipsic.”

Poor, destitute, misery-stricken, but not subdued, he fought his way with unparalleled exertion into literary eminence. His first edition of the works of the Latin poet, Tibullus, placed him in the foremost rank of German critics, and another which followed of the Greek stoic, Epictetus, made Saxony, and subsequently Europe, ring with the fame of the poor friendless weaver’s son. After a sharp and protracted struggle with adverse circumstances, he reached the highest destination among the learned men of the most philosophic people of Europe, by his appointment to the chair of Eloquence in the University of Gottingen, and for fifty years upheld the character of his countrymen for deep and solid learning, astute criticism, and profound research. I have cited this remarkable instance to show that, in a pursuit which, beyond all others, is supposed to require the training and aids that wealth can alone command, the stubborn determination to succeed surmounts the poverty which cramps and the misery which chills the glow of early genius.

In no instance was this sentiment more truthfully illustrated than in the marvellous struggles of Bernard Palissy, the French potter. The records of enthusiasm, rich in examples of self-sacrifice, offer no history more instructive, no self-devotion to art more touching! He *literally* verified in his

own person the maxim of the Italian sculptor, Vasari—that “no man ever becomes distinguished in any art whatsoever who does not early begin to acquire the power of supporting heat, cold, hunger, thirst, and other discomforts;” therefore, as he quaintly says, “those persons deceive themselves altogether who suppose that while taking their ease, and surrounded by the enjoyments of the world, they may still attain to honourable distinction, for it is not by sleeping, but by working, watching, and by labouring continually that proficiency is attained and reputation acquired.” At the period when an accident gave the future bias to his life, he was labouring to support his family by the art of painting, in which he was self-taught. The introduction, in small quantities, of the Raffaele ware, or Italian pottery, led to a specimen being shown to the sensitive artist. “Learn,” says he, in his own language, “that it is more than five and twenty years since there was shown to me an earthen cup, turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass painting was also little patronized, I began to think that if I could discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing, and, therefore, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for enamels as a man gropes in the dark.”

Utterly unacquainted with the materials of which the enamels were composed, he carried out, with unusually inadequate and restricted means, a series of the most elaborate experiments. Blunder followed blunder, failure succeeded failure, years passed away, and with utterly exhausted means, but unstricken in spirit, he, for the moment, and for the moment only, was compelled to relinquish the cherished object of a life. The government of the day had levied a tax in the salt marshes of the neighbourhood in which he resided. The commissaries deputed by the king to establish the gabelle or tax, employed Palissy to map the islands and the country surrounding the salt marshes of the district. This brought him a little money. True to the idea which had taken possession of his mind, he bought three dozen earthen pots, purchased and prepared his chemicals, and covering upwards of two hundred pieces with his compositions, he carried them to a glass-house furnace. All proved failures, and for two

years more he fought on with undaunted energy, but without success. "Eventually," as he himself informs us, "God willed that when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial pieces, there was one among those pieces, which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, which trial turned out white and polished, in a way that caused me such joy as made me think I was become a new creature, and I thought that from that time I had the full perfection of the white enamel."

But even here the cup was dashed from his lips; he had approached, but had not reached the object of his devoted self-sacrifice. It is true that his patient and persevering spirit had been rewarded by the discovery of the long-desired enamel; but a furnace was necessary, and skill required in the construction of earthen vessels, on which the previous material was to be employed. Seven, to him, long and weary months, were occupied in intense labour in preparing earthen vessels. With incredible pains, acting as his own builder, carrying his own bricks, tempering his own mortar, he at length completed his furnace. A month of incessant toil, followed in grinding the materials of which he had made the beautiful enamel at the glass furnace. But no means at his disposal could get up the heat requisite to fuse the material which was to relieve him from the poverty which at this time made his home desolate. "I put," he says, "my vessels into the furnace to bake, and to melt the enamel, which I had spread over them, but it was an unhappy thing for me, for though I spent six days and nights before the said furnace, it was not possible to make the said enamels melt, and I was like a man in a desperation; and although quite stupefied with labour, I counselled with myself, that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and seeing this, I began once more to pound and grind the beforenamed materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool; in this way I had double labour—to pound, grind, and maintain the fire."

Again we find the experiment is made, but the supply of fuel fails, and we find him, in his own graphic language, saying—"I was forced to burn the palings which maintained the boundary of my garden, which being burnt also, I was forced to burn the tables and the flooring of my house, to cause the melting of the second composition. I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace. It was more than a month



since my shirt was dry upon me. Further, to console me, I was the object of mockery; and even those from whom solace was due ran crying through the town that I was burning my floors! Others said that I was labouring to make false money, which was a scandal under which I pined away, and slipped with bowed head through the streets, like a man put to shame. When I had dwelt with my regrets a little, because there was no one who had pity on me, I said to my soul, 'Wherefore art thou saddened, since thou hast found the object of thy search? Labour now, and the defamers will live to be ashamed.' "

And he *did* labor, and his defamers *did* live to be ashamed! Even when another failure, through the rudeness of the materials his necessities compelled him to employ, had struck down his hopes, and still further mortified his wounded spirit, he refused to sell the spoiled productions of his glowing fancy and prodigal genius at a reduced rate; but under the impression that princes were to be his patrons and monarchs his paymasters, he worked on—

Bated not a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bore up, and steered  
Right onward.

No cry of despair escaped from him, and he triumphed as few men have triumphed before. His name became famous throughout France; and the "Palissy ware"—the production of ten years of unrelaxed exertion, severe suffering, and unshrinking perseverance—became at once the subject of princely demand and European admiration.

Such are a few examples, gathered from their history, of great men, who, in spite of the mud from which they were sprung, and in the very teeth of obstacles sufficient to crush out all hope in the breasts of weaker beings, have, nevertheless, in steady pursuit of an object in life, struggled nobly on to the *realization* of their dreams, and have coined their mortal flesh and earthly aspirations into such durable works and practical form as must ever mark the handiwork of all self-made men.

Y. Z.

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## VILLAGE LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

### MURRAYSBURG—A SKETCH.

It may almost be taken for an axiom that a man seldom climbs a hill without being rewarded for his pains: the breeze is fresher than upon the plain below, and then there is the prospect. Thus, now that I am standing upon an



eminence which seems constructed by nature for the express site of a beacon, watch-tower, or other look-out, I see below me a charming little town, its clear white houses glistening in the sun, and the green venetian shutters beside the windows suggestive of shade and coolness. I see fertile water-erven laid out in squares, with streets between, each erf a verdant garden, with its trees yet young, its forage and vegetables, and its little patch of flowers. In the foreground lies a dam, its surface Pre-Raphaelite with a net-work of waterplants, here and there dotted with white blossoms. In the midst of the place, a church, semi-Gothic in architecture and with a turret of antique aspect; while more backward than dam, church, houses, and streets, a silent place, white with new tombstones,—the most quiet portion of this most quiet scene.

So much for the town itself. It stands in a valley surrounded by hills, which swell further out into mountains. Before me, and bounded on either side by “kloofs” or passes is Middelkop, bold, rocky, and irregular, with two farms at its feet, pleasant with well-matured trees and irrigated patches of land. Then, to the left, rocky elevations, which I shall call, *par excellence*, the Murraysburg Mountains; for I may say at once the village is Murraysburg,—a rising place some seventy miles north-westward of Graaff-Reinet. To the right, again, are chains of hills, rising near their most eastern boundary into a remarkable peak, uncommonly like a “tooding,” or Malay hat, and known as Spitzkop. All these elevations, and the valley they enclose, are brown and arid, and covered with patches of dry and thorny vegetation, so that the town and the distant farms seem so many oases, and after the manner of oases, unusually bright and cheerful from the contrast. Then, there is a broad river bed, dry and sandy, save after the rains, when it becomes the home of a torrent.

I was struck, upon first coming here, with the marked eastern tone pervading the place, and could almost fancy that one of Dr. Kitto's books had sprung into life before my eyes. Morning and evening, dark-skinned Rebeccas come to the dam for water, with pitchers or buckets upon their heads,—their garments dull in colour, but arranged after a certain Oriental fashion, loose and flowing of outline. Up on the hills, again, is perched a square white building, much like a prophet's tomb, as seen in pictures of Palestine, but in reality a powder magazine. Then there is the dryness of the country. There are, too, patriarchal boers, possessing vast flocks and herds, with many servants,—men simple in their

manners, and who only want to live in tents and to cultivate duly flowing beards in order to become Isaacs or Jacobs. By-the-by, talking of boers, they are not unlike the older-fashioned farmers of England, men living remote from town, honest and good of heart,—not over-educated, perhaps, but ignorant of much of the spleen, *ennui*, and nerves, the bile, spite, venom, and gall which exist in cities, and, shall we say, more enlightened communities.

Two great events of Murraysburg are the bi-weekly advent of the post cart, and the in-gathering of the district farmers for the religious services of Sunday. Our little town has its share of business men, quidnuncs, and others, to whom the arrival of letters and newspapers is an excitement almost necessary to existence. From the noon of Tuesday, the principal post-day, a variety of expectant eyes are directed along the line of road which comes downward through the Middelkop Kloof, and a variety of ears pricked, as it were, to catch the first sound of the post-boy's horn. By-and-by, over the plain rises a cloud of dust, a little later, a vehicle is distinguished, which later yet is pronounced to be the desired cart. Then what a vigorous onset upon the town, for the hitherto jaded horses are suddenly excited to a rush and a plunge, and gallop furiously along the street, to the intense excitement of the canine population, and the imminent danger of the passengers' necks. Then, after a final demonstration, alarming to a degree, the whole comes to a stand. Postman jumps down and blows his horn, and passengers, haggard of aspect, covered with dust, red as to their eyes and noses, and as often as not swollen with *zinkens*, alight also. Then comes the half-hour for the arranging of letters. Inhabitants congregate, filling the store, which serves also as post-office, and impeding the postmaster,—a mixed crowd. There are boers, for example, who had shaved on Sunday last, and whose beard, like the forage upon their erven, being strong of growth, forms a *chevaux de frise* upon their chins; there are Englishmen—mostly artizans, who never dreaming in their own country of hirsute appendages, now glory in incipient varieties of beard, moustaches, imperials, and the like. There are blacks waiting for their masters' letters, and secretly enjoying too good an opportunity for doing nothing. The group forms a dull motley, silent and expectant, and affording a good example of still life in the crowd. So much for the arrival of the mail, when the village starts, as it were, from sleep for the moment. But on Sunday, the place is perfectly aroused. From Saturday noon, vehicles drawn by many horses come clattering merrily into the streets—

the old-fashioned covered wagon, or a more modern canvas-hooded cart, comparatively luxurious with padded seats, and lined overhead with bright-coloured material, of an orthodox bed-curtain pattern,—the front-seat well adapted for seeing the country, and its cosy back-seat admirable for love-making. I may as well premise that many of the buildings in Murraysburg are town houses of the country farmers, and are shut up, save for short intervals, when their owners stay in the village. These, however, become animated enough now. Cart or wagon having come to a stop, after the usual plunge and hazard to life and limb, Paterfamilias, in broad-brimmed hat, throwing aside his long bamboo-handled whip, alights and proceeds to unlock the door. In an incredibly short space of time fires are kindled by the black domestics; beds are made up in odd places and unusual corners; coffee is prepared; little square loaves of biscuit texture are produced and eaten; daughters, usually in plain, useful dresses, sit round the principal room; sons stroll out; children and grand-children tumble about or get into mischief; friends drop in and drink coffee; and the whole affair shows how exciting and eventful the matter is to the quiet people of the land.

By-and-by the shops begin to fill; huge, muscular men—for the boers are a remarkably fine race—stroll into the various stores, and after a shaking of hands, mention incidentally, and by the way as it were, the errand they have come upon; buxom dames and well-developed girls make their appearance in groups, and effect purchases with much coyness and pleasantry; here and there persons may be seen in the streets; other wagons come in; the minister, the doctor, and the general agent are oftentimes in a state of siege. Evening comes on, and the bell tolls for a service in the Dutch Reformed Church.

On the morrow, before nine o'clock, you would think the place a very city for populousness, when the inhabitants are wending their way, mostly in family groups, to the place of worship, and a very desert for loneliness at ten o'clock, when all are in church. Dinner time I should imagine to be pleasant, for kinsmen meet together, and there are plenty of guests, who have all good, healthy appetites, and enough to eat. After dinner the population sleep, according to custom, in an *al fresco* manner, mostly in beds of an extempore nature, made on the floor. At three, they go to church again. In the evening, there is a service for the blacks, and a social prayer-meeting in the house of one of the elders of the Dutch church,—a meeting which recalls the olden days, for it

has a certain honest simplicity about it which reminds one of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" of Burns.

On Monday morning—often at daybreak—the farmers disperse to their homes. A certain remnant, however, are generally found till ten or eleven o'clock, thronging the stores, again besieging the agent, the minister, and the doctor. In the afternoon, the town is deserted, and seems, by the contrast, quieter than ever.

There are other slighter breaks into the "even tenor" of the way of the Murraysburgians. The court-day, for example, when black men who have stolen sheep, or have complaints against their masters, semi-white men, who seem to have been perpetually effecting transferences of bricks, and as perpetually getting at loggerheads in the process, and white men in various difficulties, mostly of a pecuniary nature, throng the precincts of the ugly square building at present used as a court-room, and listen to the forensic eloquence of the agent or the calm decisions of the magistrate. The greatest event of Murraysburg, as in other boer villages, is undoubtedly the quarterly *Nachtmal*, or administration of the Lord's Supper to the members of the Dutch church. In this place, I would say nothing more than that it is a Sunday with its ingathering of farmers and its other characteristics, all increased to the highest degree. I would rather turn now to some of the institutions of our little town.

There is our library, a clean, well-regulated chamber, with two temporary bookcases at the end, a table well covered with newspapers and periodicals in the midst, the walls decorated with some of the admirable coloured prints of the *Illustrated London News* and with portraits from the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, duly framed, and the remaining space occupied by a secretary's table; some chairs, rather weak as to their legs; and a receptacle for newspapers whose date and interest have alike passed away. It is a little club-room in its way. One can go there and write a letter, for pens and paper are provided, or, if in a literary frame of mind, make notes and quotations, or write a critique. It is a place of meeting, too, and the most pleasant lounge. Now and then you may see subscribers chatting over the merits of the last quarterly, the aspect of affairs in Europe, or the latest *on dit* of the colony. You may see hilarious people, grinning over *Punch*, or men of a graver stamp dipping into *All the Year Round*, peering into *Chambers*, or skimming over *Blackwood*. Indeed, we Murraysburgians rather flatter ourselves concerning our selections of periodicals and books. I conceive that there are



Englishmen who would be not a little astonished to hear that some five hundred miles from Cape Town—far up among the mountains and plains of South Africa—the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, *Fraser's English* and *Putnam's American Magazines*, the *Art Journal* and *Family Herald*, the *Building News* and *Mechanic's Journal*, the *Leisure Hour* and *Illustrated News* form portion of our bill of literary fare. As for our books, we shall shortly number over six hundred volumes, mostly good standard works; the biographies of Roscoe and Boswell; the histories of Allison and Macaulay; the essays of Carlyle and Addison; and the fictions of Thackeray and Scott.

Then there is our Rifle Corps, natty and trim of aspect. I have been pleased to see how soon a little drilling and a suitable dress, will convert a recruit whose appearance is the very reverse of military, into a good average volunteer. At first, swords are apt to trip up their wearers, and other military gear to become inconvenient; but this period, like all other epochs, passes away. Our corps numbers some ten or twelve members, and is now in good working order.

In a place like this, one may be geological or ethnographical, zoological or philological, and have ever before him a capital field for observation. The languages spoken are English and German, Kafir and Dutch; but there is scarcely a limit to the study of race and its intermixture. Our colony hath surely a most heterogeneous population. A remarkable feature is the complete admixture of the French and Dutch descendants, and the utter commergence of the former into the latter. Even now, however, blonde hair and fair complexions tell of German or Frisian forefathers; and black locks and warmer tint of skin speak equally forcibly of Gallic descent. Among the blacks, again, are all tints of colour, from ebon darkness to a hue lighter by many degrees than the average boer complexion. In philosophic and speculative moods, one likes to contemplate the time when all these diverse elements shall have mingled into one strong united race—robust of frame, of Spanish complexion, Anglo-Saxon in tongue, and proud of their country, the great South African nation.

The entomologist has here admirable scope for observation. I do not yet despair of a *dilettante* association in Murraysburg, which shall talk learnedly of coleopteræ and papilionææ, and shall exchange specimens with some other society equally learned and equally *dilettante* in Cape Town or elsewhere. The sand we tread upon, the stones we overturn, the bushes we pass, the houses we build, nay, the



domiciles we inhabit, are teeming with articulated life, mostly of the neutral tint of the dull soil they traverse. The grasshopper and beetle tribe are especially numerous. Then (to change the subject) there is some talk of a choral association, which is to plunge deeply into Hullah, and to execute astonishing glees and anthems. Then, again, a literary society is likely sooner or later to take its rise in connection with our library. The only drawback being the unfortunate distinctions of race and language. At the present time, a lecturer, be his eloquence or erudition what it might, could scarcely calculate upon an audience of more than fifty persons conversant with the English tongue. We hope, too, to have a cricket club, by-and-by. As yet, there has been no talk of a horticultural society, but in this most fertile land of gardens, a little pleasant emulation would be not only advantageous but highly useful, for it would tend to instruct and to develop the yet dormant resources of the land.

There are one or two little circumstances connected with Murraysburg society somewhat worthy of note: one is, the number of eligible men yet unmarried, a fact which has occurred long before the present time among the new settlers of a new village. One is reminded, indeed, of Romulus and Remus, and driven to propose a second edition of the rape of the Sabines,—conducted, of course, upon decorous and enlightened principles. Curiously enough, the three functionaries most connected with marriage—the magistrate, the minister, and the doctor—are among those who are yet in a state of single blessedness. Any one accustomed to European society would immediately picture enterprising mammas busy with all the tactics employed upon such occasions,—pic-nics, dances, evening parties, and the like, and would see the unhappy bachelors of Murraysburg overwhelmed with purses knitted by fair hands and slippers worked by the Phillises and Chloes of the place; would see the unfortunate celibates attacked by Paterfamilias who wanted to know their intentions, or bullied by stalwart brothers for imaginary trifling with the affections of their sisters. There is nothing of the kind, however. Colonial men marry young (it is all the better that they do), and the daughters go off only too quickly; it follows naturally, that the office of “mamma,” considered as a matrimonial agent, is almost unknown and the bachelors anxious for the honour of a benedict are left to shift for themselves.

Another little feature amongst us (it is a feature everywhere) is the existence of certain social cliques or circles.

There is an English clique, which carpets its floors, and burns cheerful wood fires, in the winter days, which indulges in stout and ale, and eats plum-pudding at Christmas, which enrolls itself in the rifle corps, and subscribes to the reading room; there is a Dutch clique which dresses in sober garments and drinks an astounding amount of coffee, which rises at unknown periods in the morning, and takes its quiet siesta at noonday, which irrigates water erven, and patronizes little square wooden footstools; an Irish clique, which yet retains the ubiquitous pig, and revels in the warm-heartedness and the religion of the old cuntry; a half-caste clique, whose women wear abominable turbans in domestic life, and whose men get into trouble, as aforesaid, in the matter of bricks; a Kafir clique, very grand and lazy, residing in huts at some distance from the village; and a Hottentot clique, which dances at night to the sound of the accordion, and whose ladies are the most ardent patronesses of crinoline in the place.

The history of Murraysburg is as short and uneventful as its rise has been rapid and decided. Four years since, some enterprising men who saw the advantages likely to result from the establishment of a town in a wealthy and intelligent district, whose centre was at least fifty miles distant from any other village, purchased a farm which was supplied by a good and never-failing spring of water. In this they were moved by two special considerations,—the advantages of a central business point and a strong desire for the more frequent and accessible ministrations of the Dutch Church, to which they are ardently attached. Fortunately, their operations were guided by a man of unusual intelligence and activity, to whose directions, indeed, much of the after success of the town may be attributed. Erven were laid out, the plan being a main or high street with small dry portions of land for houses on the southern or upper side, and larger enclosures of irrigated land on the northern or lower side. These met with a ready sale. Forthwith tents were pitched; masons and builders flocked to the place. Stories are told me of this primæval epoch; of the rheumatism and catarrh contracted in the frail dwellings; of the scorpions which the children found in holes in the tent floors; of the fires which burnt at night around the encampment; and the wild, desert appearance of the place. By-and-by, buildings of the stable kind sprang up; then boer-houses of old-fashioned plan—a central apartment, with smaller rooms on either side; stores or shops made their appearance; then, in due time, higher architectural efforts, a jail and a church; and the town was

not three years old when a magistrate, a minister, and a schoolmaster added new lustre to its progress.

Now that I write, Murraysburg has just attained its fourth year. Houses of the best class are in course of erection. During the last five months, an additional number of water erven have been added, and are abundantly fertile,—the clear profit per acre being, in some cases, over fifty pounds a year. The old homestead of the farm, which now serves as the common land of the village, stands on the sunny side of an adjacent valley. After serving as temporary church and school-house, it is now left to ruin, its roof and wood-work sold, and its very steep falling into rapid decay. It is shadowed by four fine poplars, and adjacent are a small dam overhung by willow trees, a garden barren and waste, and a vineyard, whose stunted vines still evince symptoms of life. It is undoubtedly the most charming site in the neighbourhood; but peculiar notions relating to the contamination of the adjacent watercourse have induced the Kerkeraad to refuse all overtures of purchase, and to hasten the destruction of the only spot in the precincts of our town which has associations almost ancient connected with it.

In a town so young much, of course, still remains to be done. Our supply of water, satisfactory enough so far as the erven are concerned, is not, as yet, all that can be desired for domestic purposes. The use of cheap, simple filters will doubtless obviate this inconvenience. But the construction of a dam, properly lined with stone,—a practical and inexpensive work, will ensure the greater purity of our water supply. Already a huge trench or canal, for the alteration of the bed of the river, and consequent protection from overflow of the lower portion of the town, is in process of excavation by the inmates of the gaol. I should think it will be, when completed, nearly half a mile in length. Then again, there is some hope of a nice addition to our cultivated land. The water-supply has hitherto been suffered to run to waste during Sunday; but it is proposed to dam it up and irrigate erven on some more legitimate occasion. Again, there is another spring in the river, above the town, and this will probably be led out after due and mature consideration, and we shall have more gardens. At present, too much land is covered with forage for horses, and too little with vegetables for men. Time, and a better knowledge of horticulture will, I trust, remedy this evil. Enterprise has already attempted irrigation of garden ground by means of well and pump. The former, twenty-eight feet deep, yields a copious supply of water, but, unfortunately, the pump is

not yet in working order. There can be no doubt of the success of this experiment, and, if fortunate in a pecuniary sense, which seems not improbable, the example will doubtless be followed by others.

The absence of trees and the irregular fall of rain are here, as, indeed, in all South Africa, the cause of the two great drawbacks to the prosperity of the country. I refer to the absence of wood for building purposes, and to the droughts which at intervals almost ruin the farmers, and at all times render cultivation impossible in the absence of irrigation. Much has been done, however. It is intended to levy a small rate and to plant avenues in the streets of Murraysburg. This is alike desirable, not only for the beauty and the pleasant shade the trees will afford, but also for their future value as timber, and for the rain, which experience and our worthy colonial geologist say they will attract. Talking of rain, the summer is our rainy season. At times, I am told almost every afternoon has its thunder-storm, followed by a cool eventide, redolent with the fragrance of the damp earth and a sunset glorious with purple and gold. It is, as I can well attest, rain in earnest; small dry ditches become impassable torrents, and three long embankments raised since the foundation of our town for protection during these overflows give witness alike to the short-lived fury of the elements and the active industry of our Kerkeraad.

So much for what we have done, and for what we hope to do. To become more matter-of-fact, I will plunge into statistics. The houses of Murraysburg may be conveniently divided into four classes. The first, or best, consisting of an entrance-hall opening into divers roomy chambers, a loft or attic, where forage is stored, and a lean-to kitchen, whose huge fire-place recalls the snug chimney corner of the olden days, in a country where warmth and snugness, however, have lost their value. Thirteen of our houses fall under this denomination, and seven more are in course of erection. Then, as a second class, we have fifteen of the better sort of boer-houses,—a central apartment with divers rooms adjoining. There are twenty-one inferior boer-houses, scraggy-looking places, with small windows,—third-class buildings, in fact. Lastly, come one or two-roomed cottages, inhabited stables, and the like, upwards of fifty in number. Altogether, Murraysburg has more than one hundred dwellings, exclusive of Kafir huts and the similar make-shifts of the Hottentots.

Three of these buildings are warehouses. We have church and reading-room, magistrate's court and gaol.



Twenty-five of the boer houses are uninhabited, save on Sundays and public occasions. Bricks are the materials mostly employed, but we have several good erections of stone. The clay of the place makes a capital cement, and an outer coating of lime plastering renders the whole durable, slightly, and compact. In spite of their heat, iron roofs are most numerous; thatch comes next in order, and I know of but two brick flats in the town.

So much for house accommodation, which will yet bear a little expansion, as decent houses for persons of moderate income are in much request. To turn now to their inhabitants: Murraysburg can muster about five hundred and fifty souls. There are seventy-five adults, members of the Dutch Reformed Church, and one hundred and twenty children, their offspring; three hundred blacks, five Germans, and about fifty English, including children, scarce one of whom is yet in his teens. In speaking of the varied avocations of this population, I may say the three learned professions are fairly represented; that we are sadly in want of a well-educated schoolmaster, who may safely reckon upon a liberal salary and hospitable treatment; that an English clergyman is much to be desired, and would be warmly welcomed; that we have six stores, a fair quota of tradesmen and artizans; and that a much-needed hotel will shortly be opened for the accommodation of travellers. I have not quite done with these statistics: the water erven are seventy-four in number, and cover one hundred acres. Five streets, running north and south, separate the various blocks of land, and seven running east and west. Of course, many of these highways have as yet but a hypothetical and fragmentary existence, and lie unnoticed among solitary houses. Roads to Beaufort, Victoria, Richmond, and Graaff-Reinet pass through the place. Besides the latter, a few miles distant, lies a farm belonging to the founder of our village. A short notice of "Vallei Plaats," and its history, may give some idea of the intelligent perseverance which has now, in the midst of an arid desert, created a town, distinguished for the rapidity of its rise, the general superiority of its buildings, and the public spirit of its denizens.

Well, some years ago, under the shadow of the "tooding-like mountain," I mentioned at the commencement of this article, lay a boer homestead of very old-fashioned type. It had no cultivated land, not even a garden, within its precincts, and the only farm labourers were a few Hottentots. Hard by was spread out a brackish "vallei" or plain, yielding but scanty herbage, while there ran to waste before the door



a stream which the best authorities had declared useless for the purpose of irrigation. Such was the place when the present owner commenced his improvements. Taking care to mature his plans, during the rainy season he led out the waters of the spring and carried them over the barren flat. He improved its soil by trenching and manure, and imported cattle of the best breeds: a stallion from England, another of Arabian descent, and by-and-by merino sheep. He built a new and commodious residence, planted fruit and timber trees, erected stables, such as the neighbourhood had never dreamed of, cottages for his black labourers, and a mill, turned by the very stream which had been declared valueless; and now one sees, as the reward of these labours, a flourishing estate, rich in flocks and herds, with some four score acres of cultivated land, studded with clumps and clusters of poplars, and what with its population of eighty blacks, its homestead, its cottages, and farm-buildings, a little hamlet in itself. The harvest of the present year, the product of the condemned stream and the brackish plain, has yielded six hundred muids of grain.

I begin to feel positively garrulous upon the subject of our little town beyond the Sneeuwberg, and would fain proceed to tell of the path which private enterprise is leading out towards some pleasant cliffs, and a cave-like depression in the rocks,—the first instalment of our public walks; of the dogs, whose excessive numbers is only to be paralleled by the badness of their breed; of a marvellous quack, a recent importation, whose success has positively given an impetus to trade, and the like. But your talkative gentleman is not unfrequently a bore; the patience of the reader is doubtless exhausted; the post is upon the point of closing; and I must conclude, not without reluctance, these simple annals of our northern village.

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### THE FAMILY BACHELOR.

I WAS never married, but am in one sense a family man—one of those unfortunates, who, never bound by any ties of their own, have become hopelessly mixed up with those of their relatives. Thus, I am formally resuscitated on occasions of funereal or nuptial ceremony; my signature is at a premium when briefs, indentures, and the like, are on the *tapis*. I am the confidant of sundry secrets, and the go-between in matters of difficulty and delicacy. Say that Master Harry is fascinated by the uncommonly pretty milliner over the way; Paterfamilias is furious, but it is left

to me to reduce that precocious youth to reason. Or Miss Betty is coyly, but somewhat too warmly, interested in that handsome, but certainly ineligible fellow, whom I see daily prowling in our neighbourhood. The horsewhipping—altogether uncalled for and impracticable—suggested for the man by papa, gives place in due time to certain judicious appeals to the vanity of the young lady—and a new lover—cunningly introduced by myself. Now, between ourselves, I was never able to account for my position in this respect. I am not the leading man of our little clique. My means are so limited that I believe many of my kinsmen would be positively sorry to hear of my decease. Nor do I make a noise in the world—being of a quiet and retiring nature. Indeed, my only claim upon my relatives is the fact that I am the bachelor of the family.

How it came that I—a specimen of this, upon the whole, unwonted and non-Africandrian genus—ever found myself located under the shadow of Table Mountain, and in the bosom, so to speak, of the clan, or a fair portion of it, to which I claim kindred, is really a matter of astonishment to myself. The truth is, three younger brothers and a cousin, finding their olive branches to be increasing beyond all bounds, suddenly discovered that Old England was overpopulated, and having clubbed their means together, determined on migration. I too—although possessing enough to live on, in my own retired way—was inveigled into the scheme, for being of a conchological turn, that young rogue Tom, my enthusiastic nephew, drew brilliant pictures of unknown shells among the rocks and glens of Southern Africa. The bait took. The heart even of an old foggy warms somewhat towards those of his kith and kin; and though I have not found a single shell since I came to this colony, I am well enough contented with my modest cottage and tiny garden, my own family circle, whose relationship seems somehow closer than before, and the little clique of odd old celebrities, whose colonial existence I should never have dreamed of, whom fortune and similarity of character has thrown in my way.

Now, both here and at home,—for am I still inclined to call Old England home,—induced perhaps by fellow feeling, I have made a great many sketches of the unfortunates who occupy a position similar to my own. There was, and indeed is yet, a feeling almost fraternal between myself and some half-dozen shrivelled up, eccentric old fogies, who, never fortunate enough for the smiles of Hymen, are consequently regarded by their married friends with a mysterious

reverence. We form indeed a well-marked genus, and the world in general recognizes us as such, repeating stale jokes about single blessedness before our faces, and ejaculating sarcasms at our expense when we are away. With your permission, kind readers, I will sketch a typical specimen of our fraternity.

He may be seen on occasions of family importance before mentioned, and may be recognized as differing from everyone else. It is he who pays old fashioned compliments at weddings: who makes the original and strikingly novel observations at dinner parties: who on these occasions, unsuspectingly beguiled into an extra potation of the glass which inebriates as well as cheers, details unheard-of anecdotes: who preserves the strictest decorum at funerals, and discusses family politics afterwards. He may also be studied at home, which home is generally a species of old curiosity shop. Indeed, I have often suspected that Milton's "*Limbo of Vanities*" was nothing more than a peep into the house of some unmarried friend.

He is frequently a man of some property. Oftentimes he makes his guinea go as far as two belonging to anyone else. Or he may possess an income which the generality of people might very reasonably starve upon, but which enables him, by reason of deep-laid contrivances, to live much at his ease, and to impress the world with a sense of his warmth of pocket. This is partly to be explained by the fact that his book-keeping is a perfect model of finance, partly that the shifts by which he advertises an imaginary treasury are fine specimens of diplomacy.

His house is a famous receptacle for rarities and nic-nacs. These are his lions, and he is fond of showing them, for they gave him an immense reputation among his acquaintances, on the same principle, perhaps, as that which makes a picture-holder a connoisseur, or the owner of a library a man of letters.

Gardening is, in general, an immense hobby with the Family Bachelor. He is apt to create Paradises, according to his own peculiar notions. For example, garden number one would very reasonably pass for a mason's yard. At every corner a Silenus grins at you; nymphs stand on impossible pedestals; there are innumerable urns; and a fountain, which never by any chance was known to have water in it, stands in the midst.

I might hint, again, at garden number two. Owner number two is a great horticultural genius: his domain is as unpicturesque a one as can be imagined, covered with glass frames, and untidy in the extreme; it seems perpetually in a behind-the-scenes condition. You see all the hideous machinery

which trains, and forces, and conjures up the beautiful flowers, which cause such astonishment and delight at the horticultural exhibitions. In such matters he is a great man, and speaks learnedly—quoting generic terms from the Greek or Latin,—terms that would of a certainty have distracted any Athenian or Roman of olden time—terms, indeed, which were never twice pronounced alike, and which send the old gardeners miles out to sea long before he has finished their articulation.

Then there is owner number three, who astounds you in the depth of winter with his young potatoes. I never enter his garden at mid-winter without being fully prepared to see purple grapes clustering on his vines. I believe he boasts he could support fourteen families on a piece of ground ten yards square.

The Family Bachelor is mostly bashful, and lives in a state of perpetual siege. You must not approach him without a passport, unless some special accident serve to introduce you. Betty, his housemaid, has a life of it, considering the instructions and directions she constantly receives. In cases of emergency they are delivered somewhat in this style: "Oh dear, Betty, there is Mrs. X. Run to the door. Come here, girl,—show her into the study—no, into the drawing-room. Stay—well make haste, whatever you do."

Our friend is very gallant at times; his attentions are peculiar. I have often smiled to see how elated the old boys of my acquaintance become on occasions of politeness to the fair sex. A young girl, with blushes on her cheeks and coy wickedness in her eye, effects fearful confusion in his tactics. Indeed, he seems overwhelmed with the difficulties before him, and sinks into the background, or retires within some metaphorical shell, like a human but allegorical snail. He calls her his child, his petite, his little friend, and sometimes affects patronage. On the other hand, to use his terms, she may be young and silly, inexperienced, and a mere school-girl.

But the woman who causes him the most trepidation in her company is she who, of all others, leaves him in the most boastful, most elated condition afterwards. She belongs to a class whose members have been young and are not yet old, who were once pretty and may still be called handsome; who occupy, in short, one of the most puzzling of neutral grounds. After an hour passed in awkward gallantry, and immense but concealed discomfort, he will come forth in grand style, talk wildly, look rakish, and assume the air of one who knows a thing or two, and has seen life.



He is most in his element with young ladies about his own age, young ladies with incipient wrinkles. There is something very quaint in the flirtation of these old couples; they have all the grotesque and ridiculous of love-craft, without any of its romance and beauty. He will receive such a fair one with tokens of the profoundest respect; will show her his house, his treasures, and his nic-nacs, dilating voluminously on each; will talk of family affairs, and give much advice. On parting he will attempt some jokes and affect pleasantry.

The Family Bachelor, in common with all other bachelors, is said—by himself—to have been in love once. At times, the memory of his old affection rises before him, the dream of his young days. At such moments, he will make you his confidant, ceasing, the while, to seem singular. It is the old, old tale. She was fair, and had a heart right good and right loving. They spent together hours unlike all others,—hours such as never could come back in reality, never pass away from remembrance. Then came death, or estrangement worse than death, or harsh destiny, more cruel than either. And so he is a bachelor, a queer, crusty, old-fashioned fellow. And so, he collects rarities, and possesses the concentrated genius and concentrated absurdities of the family.

The Family Bachelor is almost always an uncle, with a pretty extensive connection in nephews and nieces. At a certain age, one or two of the young gentlemen begin to affect his company, praising his house, admiring his curiosities, and asking his advice; while the majority somewhat despise these, regarding advice, curiosities, and old gentleman with supreme indifference.

There are many varieties and exceptions to this generalization. There is a great class, for example, of *sporting* Family Bachelors—jolly good fellows, whose houses are places of old-fashioned hospitality, men who give dinner parties and keep no contemptible cellars. Supposing you call upon such an one, a dozen dogs run towards you demonstratively; a dozen dogs keep guard in the hall or sleep in the dining-room; a dozen dogs, depicted with utmost skill of the limner's art, hang upon the walls. Exceedingly obvious in his domains are the stables. A peacock spreads his feathers on the lawn. The Bachelor is at home, and relates stories of horses and field-sports. He invites you to a day's shooting, and slaps you on the back. He goes to bed at sunset, if he should be alone, and keeps an eccentric, very ugly housekeeper—a person of a peculiar genus, which is never met with except in the house of some single man, and whose presence is as



indicative of her master as a bee is of a honey-comb or a professed nurse of rum and onions.

There is another kind of Bachelor, who has been investigating the subject of misprints for the last twenty years. He is eccentric, and has notions about astrology and the seventh seal. There is the misanthropic Bachelor. He had a disappointment early in life; it has rankled and festered in his bosom ever since. He sees no good in men. Generosity with him is prodigality; firmness, obstinacy. He dresses strangely, for what cares he for the world's opinion? His advice is axiomatic: "You believe in honesty and virtue, my dear fellow. Do you know that honesty is miserable policy, and virtue the sure road to destruction? You see me. I trust that I was honest, I believe I had my share of virtue, and what has it profited me? Tiggleton cheated his sisters out of their property, drank deeply, and ran thoroughly wild. The result was that all the women worshipped him, all his old aunts remembered him in their wills, he amassed a fortune, and married a handsome heiress. I, on the contrary, never cheated any one, was never in my life intoxicated, and have ever been the most inoffensive of men. You see the result. I am a half-starved, uncared-for, miserable old bachelor, tired of a world which I believe is, in its turn, tired enough of me."

There are mild Bachelors, too, whom we all know; little unassuming men, perpetually in some metaphorical back ground; but universal fac-totums, nevertheless. Useful are they, and indispensable to the family to which they belong. Their genius is involved in all junctures and dilemmas. Such an one does kind offices for all the maiden ladies of his acquaintance—the old maidens of course. If he live in our South African city, he is the town agent of every countryman who knows him. He executes outlandish commissions at outlandish places—such as no one but a rustic genius could have dreamed of. He corresponds with a dozen *dilettante* meteorologists respecting the state of the atmosphere in his district; and has a rare knack at transacting business, his accounts being somewhat marvellous on paper, and his bargains excessively delectable to the parties with whom he deals. If he lives in the country, he collects shells, and furnishes his quotum of fern roots, fresh butter, and rare weeds to a large circle of city friends.

There are such beings as young Family Bachelors. My cousin Beanstalk was a case in point. He was remarked, even as a baby—of course at secret times, and in undertones—as a most singular child. When he grew older, his pro-

pensities developed themselves with great rapidity. At the age of ten, the little girls with whom he associated indulged themselves in very juvenile satire at his expense; called him the old man, and refused to kiss him. He had accumulated at this era a most valuable and unprecedented collection of bad half-pence—was celebrated for his acquaintance with some dozen heraldic terms, and for a general gauntness and lankiness of appearance. At school, he associated chiefly with the ushers; was seen poring over Euclid in play-hours, and obtained the prize for Latin composition. At college, he was known as a collector of lumber—was beguiled into the purchase of all the old irons in the neighbourhood—was the hero of a satirical story, which stated that he never used but one particular side of his pocket-handkerchief. It was said, too, that he chuckled over a series of rare etchings of the fifteenth century, bought at a bargain, which every one knew were only caricatures of himself.

Indeed, it was no difficult task,—that of burlesquing poor Beanstalk. Men raised their eyebrows, and girls giggled, as his lean, angular figure passed them,—for he wore a long dress coat, too small for him, and rather threadbare. His trowsers were also long, tight, and well befitting his spider-like legs. His gown, too, was remarkably spare. Nor did his dress suffer any material alteration when he entered the church. In his capacity of village priest he passed for a very dry, very good man; and was celebrated in the neighbourhood as the intended author of a dissertation on the broken columns of the abbey of St. Mouldybones, in his parish, together with a biographical list of the sacristans of that institution, from the fifth century downwards.

Ah, well-a-day! Beanstalk, poor fellow, has long followed the steps of those abbey sacristans. I am in a land where ruined minsters and antiquarian hobbies are unknown—where even bachelors are rare. As I have observed, we are a non-Africandrian genus.

What say you, gentle reader? Do you see any likenesses among these sketches? Or do you rather regard them as limnings of certain social curiosities appertaining to the mother-country?

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## CHRISTMAS ON BOARD H. M. S. "BOSCAWEN."

I fancy few people ashore have a notion of how Christmas time is kept in Her Majesty's fleet. It is as well to improve our knowledge of men and manners, when we can; so what I saw on board shall be told for the benefit of those who were

not so fortunate. I must confess to viewing a British tar with feelings of peculiar pleasure. Much has been done of late, and I hope much more will be done, to improve his social position; every thing is tried to encourage good behaviour, and the blue jacket is treated and spoken to as if he were a rational creature with a soul to save, not as a mere machine to obey orders, as in the old times. Still there is not much scope for talent even in the present day, or any occasion to think for one's self; but even now a well-conditioned man-o'-war's man is 'the most cheerful, active, obliging creature I know.

I had never seen a ship dressed for this great festival, and was doubtful when the question was propounded whether the pleasure I should derive from such a sight would not be more than counterbalanced by the miseries of my passage off. I am afraid I must suffer it to be divulged that I am an arrant coward in a boat; my sensations when she heels over are almost indescribable; but they most resemble what, I suppose, you would feel if your heart were adrift, and made several ineffectual but violent efforts to jump up your throat. I generally sit in mortal terror with my face over the gunwale to windward, whereby I am pleasantly presented with a full view of the craft's bottom and keel, each time a puff takes her, so that I feel very wretched indeed till I am clear of the sea. The worst is that boat-sailing is so generally regarded as a delightful amusement that one gets no pity. As an uncommonly heavy lurch extracts a subdued groan from the depth of my heart, it is received with shouts of laughter and much jeering from my light-hearted companions. In the height of my terror, I usually make vows, after the manner of Roman Catholics and Lascars in peril,—not exactly that I will present a tiara of gold to Saint Cecilia, or a little silver rudder to my joss, whatever his name may be, but that if I escape safe to land, I will never tempt the seas more. Notwithstanding all this, I discovered myself in tolerably good preservation on the deck of Her Majesty's line-of-battle ship *Boscawen* at the date before mentioned. There was nothing much to be seen from the poop or quarter-deck save that green boughs, collected from "o'er the hills and far away," were fixed on every spare place, trucks, yard-arms, jib, and spanker-boom ends; also in the bows of all the boats. Odours suggestive of every conceivable viand steamed up the hatchways; Jack had been cooking all night and enjoying himself in an atmosphere resembling that of the tropical palm-house in Kew Gardens, but he looked as fresh as a lark for all that. Discipline was

not entirely at an end,—it never is on board ship, even on Christmas Day; but the usual aspect of affairs was absurdly altered. On the poop marched a small grave figure in a quarter-master's jacket and badges, who, turning towards us, showed the rosy little cheeks of a second-class boy, while the immediate owner of the badges, a grised, weather-worn quarter-master, hung about the decks in the capacity of messenger boy; in vulgar parlance, they had swapped characters for the day. Most ludicrous it was to hear the urchin say jeeringly, in his thin treble, with a strong west-country accent, "Now then, old man, stirr yer stumps; muve, won't yer." The creatures enjoyed their temporary power wonderfully, while washing the decks in the morning, as the petty officers and captains of tops chose to be boys and ordinaries for the day. They were roused up well, I promise you! Respectable, grave, elderly men were made to fly for scrapers, brooms, and squeegees, and scrape, sweep, and clean the decks, till their old backs cracked again, and they must have felt a little inclined to rebel.

"Messenger boy," sung out the commander, in sharp, sonorous tones, while his eye twinkled with amusement.

"Sir-r-r," answered that functionary *pro tem.*, starting forward, hat in hand, finally bringing himself up on one leg, while the other seemed ready to start off in any direction that might be required of it.

"See if the lower-deck ports are shut."

"Aye, aye, sir," and away the grey old man dashed as he had done in his youth twenty years before!

At eleven o'clock each visitor was told off to a naval chaperone, and we proceeded below. All the lower-deck ports were closed, which would have rendered the view limited had it not been for the myriads of chandeliers and tapers, bowered in myrtle, with which each mess was lighted. They were tastefully formed of hoops twisted, starred, and festooned, with many colored silver paper. You saw all the good things looming through a vista of green bushes and flags draped, the proud, delighted faces of the tars grinning from behind all. As we passed each mess, two members stood holding plates of their choicest productions: "Please to take a bit o' pudden, sir;" "Please to take a cake, mum." "But," said I, with my mouth crammed full, "I have some, thanks." "Take some more, then, it will *du ye* good." It seemed to be expected that one should accept of each mess's hospitality, so we commenced a course of gorging and cramming that I look back upon with fear and wonder,—mouth, hands, and arms were quite full; still I was



clearly expected to take more "pudden," some of which was painfully wet and sticky, and I was just wishing for Jack the Giant-killer's pouch, with which he managed to stow away as much flummery as the giant, so I borrowed a pocket handkerchief, and bestowed all my gains therein. "Happy Christmas to you, my men," said the commander's cheery voice. "Same to you, sir, and *many* on 'em," emphatically returned the men, whose faces beamed upon the object of their affections, showing me, had I not known it before, how very popular he is; some of them were scarcely able to refrain from patting him on the back, and otherwise testifying their entire approval. A splendid castellated edifice reared itself in the midst of one table, with elaborate battlements, but it was a pudding for all that, and a very good one too, which was more than could be said for them all. To judge from appearances, it had been boiled in a drum, and the elaborate masonic work dabbed on afterwards. I shuddered to think of the amount of thumbing those little checks of pudding must have undergone before they assumed their highly finished architectural appearance. It is to be hoped the designer enjoyed his own handiwork. Roast beef, geese, and little pigs were the substantials, flanked with pickles, cakes, and sweets. Small flags waved from the summit of each pyramid; the stars and stripes pretty frequently, showed that, for that day at least, the San Juan question was amicably arranged, and nothing remained upon their minds save the grateful remembrance of all the sympathy and kindness shown to our wounded and dying at the Peiho by Flag Officer Tatnall and the *Powhattan's* people. Jack tried to be civil and impartial to all nations, for there was every flag that one knows, and even some mysterious bits of bunting, pronounced by the learned to be Hanse Town flags, either Lubeck or Emden. Fixed at the back of one of the booths, so to speak, for it was a good deal like a fair, was a mimic play or "Hopera," as one of the men confidentially informed me when I suggested its being a theatre. The drop curtain was there, foot lights burned, and little puppets were perpetually dancing hornpipes and other nautical evolutions. One mess was decidedly warlike, small brass field-pieces bristling from behind a rampart of cakes and "killjohns." Pictures of the *Boscawen* abounded in every conceivable style, from the superior cartoon by White, a bandsman, to a humble imitation thereof on paper pricked out with pins. At this period I was calculating about when I might be expected to faint, supposing I remained below, and found that the moment was close at hand, so stifling and red-hot was the temperature.



As I mounted the ladder a marine stepped forward, and requested me to accept a beautiful basket of flowers "grown on board." I need not say how graciously I accepted the same, or how much I appreciated such a delicate mark of attention! As soon as all the visitors had enacted the like part, with the exception of the last scene, which was reserved for me only, the band marched round each deck vigorously playing the "Roast Beef," after which they all fell to, and gorged for two hours. One man I noticed, who looked full up to the eyes; we heard him say, with a heavy sigh, as he let out his last reef, "I think I've eat *tu* much, Jem." They washed every thing down with good English ale, which stood in dozens on the main deck. The officers had eaten their Christmas dinner the day before, so there were no festivities in either ward-room or gun-room. As I looked round the comfortably stuffed and elaborately fitted up saloon, bright, light, cool, and airy, appropriated to the gun-room mess, I inwardly contrasted its appearance with that of the space allotted to mids in the old time. Falconer describes the berth of his day (corresponding to the gun-room of ours), as being

A cavern

Where wild disorder holds her wanton reign,  
And careless mortals frolic in her train.

Dining with the captain was also rather a different kind of affair to what one of the highly favoured flag-ship's mids find it. Falconer used to "bow, dine, and bow, then sink below again," without, I dare say, ever lifting his eyes from the plate before him, or opening his mouth, except to put something in. Ye denizens of the *Boscawen*, are these your manners and customs at the present day? I fancy not: therefore I hold that the service is progressing upwards; not the reverse, as alarmists would have you believe.

Having eaten as much as was possible in a sitting posture, some of the blue jackets stood up, whereby they achieved a little more, after the manner of school children at a tea-fight. Then some men went up to the fore-cabin, and brought down two of the admiral's chairs, which were carried to the ward-room door, near which place the commander must have been sitting in fear and trembling, for they had come for him to fulfil an ancient institution, so he was obliged to come out and seat himself in the chair, whereupon several huge-fisted brawny tars hoisted him up, and proceeded aft on the lower deck, gave him three cheers, and carried him past each mess, the band playing triumphantly before him. Meanwhile, a lieutenant, high in favour, had been dealt with likewise, and

many more would have received a similar honour, had it not been fortunately put a stop to, by other and more stirring scenes. I say "fortunately" in one sense of the word only, for the ceremony must be scarcely a degree removed from being ducked and shaved on the line, and sundry other unpleasant but necessary operations. The marines had carried the commander round the deck for the second time, when the signal-man shouted to the officer of the watch, "Boat capsized, sir." As soon as it was seen, sentries or messenger-boys to tell the commander were shouted for. At last the sentry at the fore-cabin door made his way through the din of hundreds of men to the commander, who was half way round the lower deck. By the time he got on deck, dozens of men had leaped out of the ports, and swam to the boats at the booms, and in a few minutes every boat in the ship was on her way to the rescue. The first help that arrived was the tank's dingy, and Rayner's boat under sail. The capsized boat was bottom up, and several poor creatures clinging on to her. A woman was seen to sink and rise several times, and as she went down for the last time, the captain of the fore-castle dived and brought her up, to all appearance dead; her husband was picked up insensible also. Their little child floated close to its mother, on the top of the water: she, in her warm mother's love, had clasped the little thing in her arms, and held it close to her, till she had passed through the green fields and the beautiful scenes that a drowning soul is said to see, and her senses had clouded over with the mists of death; then only did her grasp unfold. One woman was clinging on to a sailor boy, who, though unable to swim, had kept her and himself up by holding fast to the boat's keel. A cluster of sympathizing faces were in the main rigging as the melancholy burthens were carried up the side. First came some blue jackets, bearing Mrs. Douglas, who they never thought would open her eyes again in this world. Her husband was borne up after her, quite insensible; and then a man carrying the little child. It was a pretty delicate little creature, about two years old; its head and arm hung over his shoulder; they knew its life was gone, and a murmur of pity and sorrow ran through the cluster of watchers. The other people were brought on board, more or less in a drowning state. About five minutes after, the admiral signalized to know who was drowned, but no one could tell; first, it was found that a young woman, named Caroline Pane, was missing, then a girl about fourteen, named Georgina Keating. Boats cruized about the place where the accident happened for hours, but never saw the bodies. After ceaseless

endeavours on the part of the good doctor and his assistants, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas revived; but for many hours they hovered between life and death. Towards evening, the mother awoke from her long sleep which had so nearly been that of death, and asked for her child; a woman watching beside her said *it was better*, so she sunk again into a doze. The little creature was far, far better in the unknown and far off land, whither our Father had called it, than it would ever have been in this; so she was right to say "it was better." About midnight she awoke again, and in the dim light her eyes fell upon the table on which was laid something covered with a cloth; she *felt* that was her dead child, so the truth was gently told to her. It is painful to dwell upon such bitter sorrow, and I gladly go back to the ship for awhile.

As soon as the excitement had in a measure subsided, boats were sent ashore crammed with men, all bent upon spending their Christmas jovially.

All day I swept the sea with my glass, thinking perhaps the bodies might be floating away to seaward,—but in vain; the dead seldom rise till the third day, and then they wash on shore, and are found half buried in the sand. All that evening I sat gazing on the sleeping sea, so quiet and still, till the stars came out and disappeared behind the gathering clouds. It seemed so cruel and deceitful, that heaving sea, for there was nothing to tell you that under its still waves two bodies were floating far down in the depths. It looked calm and smiling, as if it had never heard a despairing scream for help and mercy, or the bitter drowning struggles of those two souls, as they were passing from this life into that which is to come.

It is humiliating to be obliged to say that those clever, cheerful, brave sailors, so ready to help in distress, so charming in courtesy and good manners, might have been seen, directly they got on shore, streaming in one great flow in and out of the canteen doors. Many of them lay that night on the cold ground in the heavy sleep of drunkenness; rain fell during the night on many prostrate bodies, who were embarked in the morning, having spent all,—feeling tired, stupid, and cheerless. Oh! sailors, why should this be! Some of you may, perchance, lay in the sea as the drowned of yesterday before another Christmas comes, and then where will you appear? *Not* side by side with that little child, believe me!

All that night and till the morning was far advanced the friends and relations were out in boats, creeping for the bodies. They were found many fathoms down lying close

together: the girl held in her stiff hand a large piece of the woman's dress, which she had clutched in the death struggle. Those who were saved remembered afterwards that first the woman went down with a fearful piercing shriek, which rung in their ears for days afterwards; then the girl went down, and they saw them no more. The poor woman was to have been married in a week, her banns having been twice published; her betrothed was one of those saved. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death!"

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### MORAL HINTS ON HORSE-DEALING.

THE pages of this magazine have more than once been graced by contributions from Mr. T. B. Bayley, Colonel Apperley, and other gentlemen learned in horseflesh. We who write the present paper have neither the qualification nor the pretension to compete with such writers. Our aim is, indeed, entirely different from them; for, while they were occupied with the science of horse-breeding, we are about to deal exclusively with the ethics of dealing in horses.

Somebody has somewhere remarked (we never can recollect names) that, although the horse is a very honest animal himself, he seems to possess the peculiar attribute of making rogues of all who habitually traffic in him. Like all apothegms, this one, certainly, admits of some modifications; but still, from a long experience in buying horses for use, and selling them when no use to us remained for them, we confess that horse-dealers in general have a peculiar code of morality, and one not exactly in accordance with chivalric notions of honour.

But as there may be young men entering on the noble science, who, from inexperience are unacquainted with all the rules which should guide them, we are anxious to supply them with a few maxims to enable them fairly to compete with their elder brethren. To them, especially, therefore, our present observations are addressed.

In the first place, it must be distinctly remembered that no horse in the world (on sale) is above eight or nine years of age. "He has just lost his marks," even if he is the very Methusalah of the equine race. Never mind about long tusks, sunken eyeballs, and half-a-dozen other signs of a venerable antiquity. Common ingenuity (and a horse-dealer must possess uncommon ingenuity) can invent a hundred reasons to account for any one of these signs. So that without "Bishoping," and other low tricks for which the law



provides punishment, a gentlemanlike horse-dealer will see clearly that no horse can be more than about eight or nine years old when he is to be sold.

In this country, draught horses are usually sold in pairs. Need I remind intelligent sellers that one *good* horse will generally pass off one *bad* one with him? You have merely to procure an animal somewhat similar in colour and height to the good horse, and swear that he, the bad one, is much the better one of the pair. The purchaser being satisfied by eyesight and other signs that there is *one* good horse before him, is easily led to believe that the one which his natural judgment distrusts possesses hidden qualities of the most valuable kind,—especially if the judicious seller assures him that it was with great difficulty he procured the match, and that, after all, the match-horse beat the first one “all to sticks.” We trust, therefore, that no one who reads these pages with a view of gathering valuable information from them, will ever act so absurdly as to sell *two* good horses in the same pair. It is really a shameful waste of horseflesh. Are we not all satisfied in this world if we get things only half good and half bad? And shall we expect it to be otherwise with our horses? Can any man be so unreasonable as to grumble if, out of a pair of horses, he finds one bad one?

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we entirely discountenance gross dishonesty, such as selling *two* bad horses in the same pair, after having vowed that both are good. But, on the other hand, as horse-dealers are not angels, we think it unreasonable to expect that they should sell us *two good* horses together: at all events, we have never known them do so yet.

A horse should always be praised for the qualities which are not apparent on looking at him. If, for example, the seller has a long, lanky, weedy-looking animal, he will be careful to praise his wonderful strength and endurance, and his freedom from all those inconvenient maladies to which horses with a small allowance of abdomen are generally liable. On the other hand, if he have a short, stumpy, heavy-looking brute to get rid of, he will be eloquent on his freshness and liveliness, and the necessity of restraining his ardour when travelling with lazy horses. By this judicious course, the seller anticipates the objections of the intending purchaser, who was just going to suggest that perhaps the weedy-looking animal was liable to get “tucked up,” and that the stumpy brute was apt to be slow, and need an unreasonable allowance of whipcord (or *voorslag*) to his own share.



Broken knees are decidedly drawbacks to the sale of a horse. Sometimes they may be partially concealed; but where that is not the case, they may surely be accounted for in this country of rough roads and dangerous drifts and coloured grooms to swear to any assertion of their masters. "Never been down before or since." "Most unfortunate thing." "Asked double the price before, and yet the horse not a halfpenny the worse for it," and so forth. Especially be careful to have the exact locality of the accident ready to point out, and take care that it is sufficiently ugly. By following this course, the most inveterate tumble-down brute in the world may be easily passed off as a sure-footed horse, who has met with an accident (and is parted with as a bargain accordingly) in a country where certainly the best horse is fairly liable to a fall.

Distrust a purchaser who has a quiet, non-observant air; he is very likely to be a *connoisseur*. On the other hand, don't have much fear of one who begins examining your horse's mouth, and feeling his legs in the most knowing style. If he makes some such observation as "a little bit puffed here, I think;" "horse has done work, I see;" "something queer about the fetlock joint, isn't there?" you may generally make up your mind that you have nothing whatever to dread from his knowledge of horseflesh; and by mildly giving a very qualified assent to his assertion, and accompanying the assent with an explanation (no matter what rubbish you talk) you will flatter his vanity, and net your fish. Besides which, you will regard him as very fair game; if he be really knowing, he can protect himself; if he be merely a pretender, vanity is a sin and must pay its penalty.

Every horse to be sold is stable-fed. He has not much flesh, perhaps; but it is good solid stuff—all oats and oat-hay. Or, he is over-fat; he has hardly had work enough, but has been really fed too much; and the forage he has eaten is such splendid stuff, and you never spare it.

Your horse is apt to stick,—praise him for his steadiness. A child may drive him; he never shies or bolts, or makes people nervous. Your horse is a "schelm,"—laud him for his playfulness, and freedom, and good temper. He never stuck at anything in his life; he needs no whip (never mind that no bit in the world can hold him) he is thoroughly "game."

But why go on? Have we not said enough to guide intelligent aspirants? Have we not struck the key-note of the whole gamut of success in horse-dealing? Have we not pointed the high-road to prosperity in the trade, and may

we not safely leave intelligent students to follow it? We will not say that our maxims will *infallibly* lead to the desired result, because we have heard of an occasional failure of those who have most rigidly adhered to them. And that we may not be accused of being one-sided in our advice, we will relate an anecdote which forms the subject of one of the colloquies of Erasmus, and which we must give from memory alone, as we have no copy of that admirable repository of wit, wisdom, and learning at hand.

A man, innocent of much knowledge of horseflesh, went to a horse-dealer to purchase an animal fit to carry him on a journey. The horse-dealer led him into a stable in which were some very good, and many very bad, horses. The customer looked about and saw some that pleased him greatly, but the dealer led him up to the seediest and most unlikely-looking animal in the stable, and said, "Now, sir, if you want a good horse I recommend you to take *that* one."

"That!" exclaimed the customer.

"Ah! I see, sir, you judge by common appearances," said the dealer.

"Well, perhaps so; but do you *really* mean to say that this ugly brute is a good horse?"

"Ugly! Lord bless you, sir," cried the dealer, "that horse is worth all the handsome horses in the stable,—*you can't knock him up*, and that's what you want for a journey, aint it?"

"It certainly is," replied the customer; and so, after a great deal more "palaver," the bargain was struck, and the horse sold for a sum which we will call £30.

A day or two afterwards the customer rode away on his horse, and when he had proceeded about seven miles on his journey, found that he certainly could not knock up his horse, because that very determined animal refused to go any further and objected to be put to any sort of fatigue whatever. Whip and spur were useless,—the purchaser felt that he was "done."

Most men would have hastened back to the dealer, and, in polite phrase, "kicked up a row." But our friend the purchaser was wiser than men in general. He bore his misfortune quietly, postponed his journey for the present, and a few days afterwards he rode the horse back into the dealer's yard.

"Well, my friend," he exclaimed as he alighted and caught the dealer by the hand, "I have to thank you; that horse has surpassed all you said of him; he is a wonder; he would go for ever; I never saw such a horse; he is worth his weight in gold."

The dealer felt astonished, but tried to look otherwise,—muttered something about “I told you so,” but felt puzzled.

“Yes,” said our friend, “you *did* tell me so, but I confess I did not half believe you; but, my dear sir, the horse has exceeded all that you said, and I really thank you for your recommendation; I now leave him a few days in your charge.”

The customer then walked off, leaving the dealer in a state of wonder. The horse was taken into the stable.

A day or two later, a stranger came to purchase a horse. The dealer led him through the stable, expatiating on the virtues of the different cattle therein.

“Stop!” cries the stranger, suddenly, “that horse! I know him,—the best horse I ever saw, he will work for ever; give me *that* horse!”

“My dear sir,” says dealer, “he is not mine.”

“No matter, you can get him for me. I will have him. I will have no other; I will give you £70 for him.”

Dealer thinks for a time. He sold the horse to our friend for £30; he sees the chance of a good bargain.

“Well, sir, I will manage to get him for you for £70, if you will give me a few days.”

“Very well,—say a week.”

The bargain was concluded and the stranger departed.

Two days afterwards our friend the original purchaser returns.

“I have come for my horse,” cries he.

“So soon?” asks the dealer. “Pray, my dear sir, have you any objection to sell him?”

“Sell him! Not for his weight in gold!”

“But, my dear sir, recollect you only gave £30 for him; now, suppose I at once give you £50.”

“I wouldn’t hear of such a thing.”

Dealer looks dreadfully posed; but after a long pause says,—

“The fact is, sir, thinking you would be glad to get such a profit as that *I have sold* your horse for £50.”

“Sold my horse, sir! how dare you?” and a long volley of abuse and threats followed, to the discomfiture of the dealer, who at last modestly offered to pay another £10 out of his own pocket and make the price £60 (the reader will remember that the stranger’s offer was £70). Our friend, at last, softened and accepted the £60, which he pocketed and walked off with, to the dealer’s great delight.

But, alas, for the latter's felicity! The stranger (who was a friend of "our" friend) never returned to claim his bargain, and the dealer was left *minus* £30 cash, and with the horse still on hand "*that you couldn't knock up!*"

We won't draw a moral.

A. W. C.

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## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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### NO. XIII.

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HON. E. M. COLE, ESQ., AUDITOR-GENERAL.

MR. ELDERED MOWBRAY COLE was born the 20th June, 1811. His father was Stephen Thomas Cole, Esq., of Stoke Lyne, county of Oxford, and Twickenham, Middlesex; and his mother, the Lady Elizabeth Hamilton Stanley, sister to the late Earl of Derby, and niece to the Dukes of Hamilton and Argyll.

He was educated at Westminster, and in 1828 entered the army, in the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. He served with his corps in various parts of England and Ireland and in Mauritius, until 1838, when he sold out, and came to the Cape. Here he occupied for a time the post of resident justice at Fort Beaufort; and in 1841, proceeded again to England. His object, then, was to commence farming on a large scale in the Eastern Province, and to accomplish that purpose he next year chartered a vessel for Algoa Bay, in which he brought out a large and valuable stock of horses sheep and cattle of the purest breeds, an extensive assortment of agricultural implements of the most improved character, and a party to work with him, numbering some twenty-seven souls. The greater portion of his goods perished by a destructive fire in Port Elizabeth. Meanwhile, he was appointed civil commissioner of Somerset East, where, in the war of 1846-7, nearly the whole of his half-bred cattle, and all his valuable horses, were swept away by the enemy.

During that war, he served in the field with the Somerset burghers, and in April, 1847, was detached from the Buffalo lines, by Sir H. Pottinger, to Shiloh, as Tambookie commissioner, an appointment which he held until 1849, when the office was abolished. For a few months he continued on



Hon. E. M. COLE, Esq., Auditor-General.





pension, until he received the civil commissionership and resident magistracy of Albert.

In the Kafir war of 1851-2, which soon succeeded, he was called once more to the field, and served there with great efficiency, at the head of the Albert burghers. His gallantry and zeal throughout that period have more than once received honourable mention in the general orders of Sir George Cathcart.

In April, 1858, Mr. Cole was promoted to the magistracy of Caledon; and within another year, received from the Derby Government the still higher and more responsible appointment of colonial Auditor-General.

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## A DAY'S SIGHT-SEEING IN CAPE TOWN.

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### OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

A SHORT time ago, we were made happy by the arrival from Europe of an old acquaintance, between whom and ourselves a warm friendship had existed for a long period. His destination was not Cape Town, and the short stay to which he was forced to limit himself rendered it impossible for him to do more than bestow a very hurried visit to such of the localities in the neighbourhood of Cape Town as are most worthy of being viewed at. This having been duly accomplished, he desired me to point out to him the most remarkable objects in the city itself. To many people who have resided all their lives in Cape Town, or whose recollection of other lands is dimmed by long absence, our streets, buildings, and population, present nothing singular or unusual; but a stranger coming here fresh from Europe cannot fail to be struck with many peculiarities. Nothing is more true than that we do not see ourselves as others see us. We should, therefore, not trust our individual judgment with the duty of self-examination and amendment. Our friend remarked many things which had never appeared to us particularly worthy of observation, praised much that we had looked upon as worthy of blame, and found fault with many things that we had always been religiously taught to consider perfection itself.

Walking up Adderley-street together from the causeway, where my companion's attention had been arrested by various objects, which to me appeared quite common-place but afforded him great amusement, he made a sudden halt before that venerable building, the old prison. "What on earth is that?" he asked, in a tone of unfeigned surprise. "Is it a nunnery in the last stages of unpopularity and bad repair? Or can it be a relic of the first occupation of the country by Father Riebeeck? Or, as I am fond of antiquities, can it possibly be traced still further back to those remote times, when, in the reign of Pharaoh

Necho, as Herodotus tells us, the Phœnicians pushed their galleys round the Cape." These speculations were quickly terminated by my explanation of the real purpose for which the building was used before the new prison was completed. "Look here," said my friend, "I am sorry you have dispelled the hope I entertained that I had made a great antiquarian discovery; but I am not going to be a resident here, or I should give vent to the somewhat strong feelings which I entertain, in a manner not flattering to the "authorities," who suffer such an ugly, unsightly object, as those shapeless walls present, to mar the favourable effect which they ought to be anxious their town, or 'city' (I beg pardon), should produce on the mind of the stranger who comes to seek a home here, and whose first impressions—said to be lasting—might influence his subsequent opinions regarding you. By all means, let something be done immediately to those hideous-looking walls; they are evidently unable to hold together without the buttresses; and if they cannot be pulled down, let their unsightly appearance be modified in some cheap but effectual manner."

But meanwhile, I was keeping my friend standing under a scorching sun, in that dusty, stony, and altogether disagreeable thoroughfare, risking the mutilation of his features by stumbling over the rocks (literally) which beset his path, whilst curiously gazing at the building before him. We walked on: a little higher up, his attention was attracted by several indications of neglect and bad taste, by many natural advantages neglected, and the want of common conveniences found in every decent town in other countries. "Those vehicles drawn up in a line yonder are cabs, I suppose. There are a good many, but then that is the only stand; leading to the conclusion that the merchant princes in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Adderley-street alone use such conveniences. What! no pavement? no side-walks? Oh no; I suppose you have none of those new-fangled notions here. What would become of you if there were no dust to blind you, and destroy clothes, hats, and furniture in summer, and no mud in winter, to try your constitutions and your boots. Why, these things, which you put down as nuisances, are in reality essentials which support trade, and particularly the shops yonder, where I see those young men lounging about—one busily engaged in sucking the head of his cane, and gazing at it at intervals to ascertain how it's getting on, another doing nothing but whistle, and a third doing nothing but spit—and all the loungers so very persevering and energetic in doing nothing that you begin to speculate whether they are customers of the establishments whose doorways they are blocking up, and whether those establishments thrive under the infliction. The young gentlemen, I see, are fond of turning down their shirt-collars and cultivating beards, especially under the chin, but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being, to say the truth, humanity of quite another sort. Stand aside, ye swells of the

desk and counter, and let us respectfully watch the group of ladies now sailing magnificently down the street. I have seen more colours in these ten minutes than I would have seen elsewhere in as many days. What various parasols! what rainbow silks and satins! what tight boots and fluttering of ribbons and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks, with gaudy hoods and linings! Whew! there comes a cloud of dust, eddying round and round, and right among those ladies; the wind playing sad mischief with their dresses, and affording an opportunity for the display of great ingenuity in overcoming the awkward effects of the crinoline, which *will* take all sorts of ungraceful shapes; apparently much to the entertainment of the aforesaid loungers at the street corner, who seem to have at last found something whereon to employ their dormant faculties."

My friend having thus vented what appeared to me his splenetic humour, we proceeded on our way up the street. I informed him that, formerly there were in the middle of this broad street, rows of stately fir-trees, with wide spreading tops, which afforded a grateful shelter to the passer-by, and materially lessened the disagreeable effects of such a south-east wind as was now commencing to blow. "What became of them? Did they decay?" "Oh, no; they were ruthlessly cut down by a collection of individuals termed here 'municipality,' without, I believe, consulting the inhabitants. Certainly, no good reason can be found for such an act of spoliation."

My companion next called my attention to what I had never before noticed, namely, the motley architecture of the houses, set off here and there by a warehouse of showy exterior, but which, on closer examination, he discovered to owe its beauty to plaster and cement rather than to substantial stone or brickwork, whilst a glance at the interior appeared plainly to show him that its extreme shabbiiness and discomfort might furnish a tolerable illustration of the parable of the "whited walls and painted sepulchres." These remarks of my friend I looked upon as very ill-natured; but consider, reader, it was scorchingly hot, it was blowing hard, and the dust was a perfect phenomenou even to me, who was used to it.

"Now, tell me!" he said, "what is that gloomy-looking house, with the heavy wooden shutters outside, and the funereal ornamentation at the top, and whose general appearance denotes excessive seediness?" "That is the residence of the sexton of the Dutch Reformed Church." "Ah! quite right," he replied "I see, he buries the Dutchmen inside, does he not? Come let us get out of this burning sun, and away from the influence of the wind and the choking dust, of which several ounces have already gone down my throat, and no small quantity into my eyes." I led him to a spot whence he could conveniently bestow his attention on that magnificent pile, the Dutch Reformed Church, whose graceful and noble architecture, I donbted not, would call forth his

warmest admiration. But how grievously was I disappointed to hear him abuse it in no measured terms, and institute profane comparisons between it and a gigantic barn, a ship-yard, &c. "Come, come," said I, "I fear the dust in your eyes distorts your vision, and what you have swallowed, your understanding. You will, I suppose, condemn our Cathedral also, whose noble steeple and extreme architectural beauty my friend Brown, who has travelled on the Continent, has told me many a time may stand beside those of Antwerp or Strassbourg, and compared with whose mellifluous chimes, those of Bruges sink into insignificance." "My old and valued friend!" he replied, "let not my fault-finding humour destroy your pleasant illusions. Your friend Brown is, without doubt, right, and if you are pleased, why, I am satisfied. Let us enter through that gateway between those noble firs which guard the entrance to that very fine avenue; there I can again breathe freely." But scarcely had he uttered these words, when suddenly my friend clapped his handkerchief to his nose and ran forward some twenty yards. The reason of this sudden excitement, I learned was a foul odour which I had always remarked at that spot, and had imagined to proceed from causes beyond the control of man or municipality, but which my friend assured me came from a badly constructed and worse kept drain in the neighbourhood.

We passed through the wicket that leads to the museum, and though we found that no admission "except on business" was allowed, a few words of explanation to the curator, who was present, directing the removal and arrangement of the specimens, at once procured us a polite invitation to enter, and inspect the objects arranged round the room, which is of an oblong shape, about 85 feet by 40, with two rows of windows, and a simple panelled ceiling, but which is not painted in the best taste. This is, however, no radical defect, and can be easily remedied by employing a more harmonious association of colours than those which have been adopted. The arrangement for light is exceedingly good, supposing, as we understood would be done, that the side lights will be blocked up, and all the light for the room admitted through the sky-lights only.

The classification and distribution of the objects appeared to be progressing favourably under the excellent management of the curator, who has succeeded in getting together a very creditable and interesting collection of objects under difficulties which would have damped the ardour of most men. It struck us that the fact of there being but one apartment for so many various classes of objects is a disadvantage; but one that will no doubt be overcome by the excellent arrangement adopted in their distribution, so as to make the distinctive classes easily apparent; and by the judicious care with which artistic effect is combined with strict scientific classification.

The intelligible manner in which the objects are labelled renders it



quite easy for the visitor to study them without the aid of a catalogue; though we think that a published description would add greatly to the usefulness and means of instruction afforded by the institution. It is to be hoped that the trustees may soon be enabled, by liberal grants, to do away with the necessity of subscriptions for the support of the establishment, so that it may be opened gratis to the public, on all days and at all convenient hours, instead of, as at present, on certain days only. Experience in England, and in all countries where the advance of civilization has produced a necessity for large collections of objects of nature and art, has proved that, with the simplest arrangement to maintain order, no injury has been done, or annoyance caused, by allowing the public free admission; and we earnestly trust that a liberal and far-sighted policy may influence the legislature to place sufficient means at the disposal of the trustees, to enable them to enlarge the sphere of their usefulness by adding to the collection works of art,—such as paintings and sculpture, reproductions of ancient statuary, architectural models, specimens of decorative art, carvings in wood, objects of vertu, prints, photographs, &c. To make works of mind accessible to the people has always been found a powerful incentive to moral and intellectual improvement. Whatever teaches, ennobles, and an acquaintance with works of art is of immense advantage to the operative, makes him a more skilful workman, by placing before him examples of the highest excellence in the various branches of industry; and, more important still, it furnishes all with a delight independent of position or rank, and calculated to purify and exalt the taste and the understanding. An elegant female writer has somewhere said, that excellence will not become less excellent by being diffused, and that the sense of the true, the beautiful, and the pure will not become less valuable by being rendered as familiar and indispensable to every sentient being as love, light, and air.

These reflections were retailed for my benefit by my companion, whose intimate acquaintance with the great collections and galleries of Europe rendered him capable of forming an opinion on the merits of our Cape museum and its requirements.

We were now again in the vestibule. "This," he said, "is a good place for paintings and statuary, and though its small size and defective light are objections, still you must make a commencement; and you know that Rome was not built in a day." The following were some of the suggestions made by him.

Copies of the most celebrated works of art can be readily procured now-a-days, and I doubt not there are many people here who would gladly give or lend what they have for the purpose of forming a permanent exhibition. Casts from the Elgin marbles, in the British Museum, may be very cheaply obtained from respectable London dealers. In the meantime, if Sir George Grey is not coming back too soon, he might

be induced to procure them. The following objects might be selected, namely, casts of the model of the Parthenon, and of the Metopes or friezes. The *Ilyssus*, among the Elgin marbles, is considered very beautiful: it is the personification of the small stream that flowed through Athens, and, though rather mutilated, is the triumph of artistic skill. Then there is the *Theseus*, which is much admired for its striking beauty, and the accuracy with which the human form has been wrought in stone.

Plutarch tells us, in his life of Pericles, that Phidias was entrusted with the control and superintendence of all the great works undertaken during his administration, and it is not without strong reasons supposed that many of the sculptures constituting the Elgin collection are the production of his mighty genius. "While looking," said my companion, "at the originals now collected in the British Museum, and of which good casts would convey quite a faithful representation, the thought cannot be unaccompanied by emotion that though more than twenty centuries have passed away since the gifted hands that gave being to those transcendent sculptures have crumbled into dust, they are still acknowledged as the purest types of abstract beauty that human skill and ingenuity in succeeding ages have produced; and men bow down before them now as the idols of artistic worship."

Selections might also be made from the Townley collection and the Xanthian marbles, also from the Nimroud sculptures, for which the world is indebted to the researches on the site of ancient Nineveh of the brother of Mr. Layard, the curator of the Cape Museum.

Of large objects, such as the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures, the gigantic proportions of which altogether preclude the possibility of reproductions by means of casts being conveyed hither,—though copies of them exist in all their original dimensions and details in the Palace at Sydenham,—good photographs on a large scale would convey a sufficiently accurate idea. At present, there is no accommodation for all these proposed additions; but we repeat, it concerns the legislature to provide ample means to enable the trustees to extend the building by adding suitable exhibition rooms for the purpose of a permanent gallery of paintings, sculpture, and other works of art.

The arrangements for the library, which opens from a side door in the vestibule, and opposite to that by which the museum is entered, are fast approaching completion. The removal of the books to their new abode will constitute an era in the progress of literature in this colony, and we trust than one of its first fruits may be a complete catalogue. We know not whether we are justified in blaming any body, or upon whom the blame ought to fall, in respect of the want of one hitherto; but we believe the chief cause is the apathy and indifference of the inhabitants in not coming forward with their support, and the inability of the librarian to accomplish single-handed the difficult and laborious

task ; but whatever the cause may be, we trust that an energetic effort may be made to complete the catalogue before the transference of the books to their new shelves, towards the construction of which a gentleman of this town has already contributed the handsome sum of £250; for whose munificent gift we record on behalf of the public its grateful acknowledgment, and whose example we hope others may be induced to follow.

There cannot be a more fitting adjunct to a museum and library than a botanic garden. From the noble portico of the building a most charming view—indeed, one of the most imposing and delightful views we have ever seen—is obtained. After contemplating it for some time with real pleasure, our most natural impulse was to descend the steps and enter the garden, which forms the foreground of this enchanting scenery ; but, lo ! an obstacle presents itself in the shape of an unsightly paling, on which we narrowly escaped being spitted, the sharp ends of which projected a very few inches from the edge of the terrace. Now, we think that this exclusive system is one alike prejudicial to the interests of the institution, to the good sense of the legislature, and the advancement of the people in a useful and elegant branch of study, which deserves greater consideration than is usually bestowed on it. In no other civilized country are botanic gardens ever shut, whether on week-days or Sundays ; and in Cape Town especially, we contend that if opportunities for innocent recreation on the latter days were given to the people, they would be induced to avail themselves of them, rather than the questionable amusements of pipes and beer, and cards, in smuggling houses and hidden dens, that at times escape the vigilance of the police.

Once on a time there existed, not far from the museum, a very creditable zoological establishment. The spot is plainly indicated by the remains of what were once sculptures of great excellence placed over the gateways, but which have been lately *restored* (?) by a Malay, a common stone-mason, in the service of the Civil Engineer's department. Why lions should be represented with a preponderance of jaw, presenting unmistakable symptoms of *Cape Zinkens*, or *Pampoentjes*, or the Government be exposed to the ridicule of strangers, it is difficult to say ; but we venture to think, that if the stuffed lion—now in the museum and which we well remember to have heard roaring in his cage, not far from where his skin now inspires the beholder with terror,—were to resume flesh and bone, and real eyes, in the place of the straw, wire, and coloured glass, with which he is now furnished, and made to confront what once was a likeness of him, he would indignantly scorn the relationship, and avenge the insult to his species. Why should not the menagerie be revived ? No better spot could be found than the space to the left of the main avenue, between the "Paddock" and the Governor's Garden.

With such improvements as we have suggested, this city would indeed present attractions to the stranger; then there would be "sights" to be seen worthy of the name; and Cape Town might be "done," as the slang but most expressive phrase is, with some prospect of reward, be the weather ever so hot, or the south-east wind ever so disagreeable.

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## BABOONIANA.

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NO. II.

IN our last notes on the subject of our friends, the Baviaans, we gave rather a dark and sombre view of the salient peculiarities of the character of Master Jocko. We must now try and throw a gentle dash of light on whatever good and amiable qualities, few, albeit, and far between, nature has endowed the genus "*Cynocephalus*" with.

The monsters of our first chapter were males—brutes in the hey-day of youth and vigour, rampant in all the terrific power of their canine incisors, and tough and sinewy arms and legs; monsters, like the mob of the first French revolution, at one moment tearing the heart out of a poor aristocrat, at another dancing the carmagnole, chaunting the "Ca Ira," or throwing somersets in a booth outside the barrier St. Antoine,—the tiger ape of the last decade of the eighteenth century. We now, however, give our scenery a gentle shake, and turn from the nasty coarse Bavian of the masculine gender, to the more gentle and refined female; and here, when in our former chapter we cautioned our readers about making Count Gulianos of themselves, by forming imprudent attachments to any of the "*Cynocephalus*," race, we must confess that we, ourselves, have been once a victim to the charms of a sweet young creature of the baboon tribe, who held our imagination captive for many months, and who was the cause of more turmoil and confusion in our humble *ménage* than, perhaps, any other member of the *Cynocephalus porcarius* race ever inflicted on a weak-minded member of the genus *mamalia*, order *homo*.

We were one wet day taking a quiet stroll through the not particularly lively, though rural streets, of the city of Uitenhage. Passing by a sequestered cottage, divided from the street by a low hedge, we heard a sort of wow-wow grunt; and, looking over it, we saw seated a most miserable-looking damp specimen of the ape species, chattering at a furious rate, and wrapped up in a piece of a wet blanket. The brute when it saw it attracted our attention, grinned and chattered ten times more vehemently, until at last the blinking of its sea-green eyes, and the rattling of its white incisors, assumed positively an engaging appearance. We entered the enclosure, and the mistress of the house advanced to meet us. We professed ourselves charmed with her "lovely little apc;" and after a half hour's mutual chaff, Mrs. Bett, as she was called, wet sack, chain, and all was ours, for the small sum of



ten bobs. Her mistress was most eloquent in her praises. Barring human nature itself, nothing could equal the good qualities, virtues, fidelity, and modesty of Bett. I, of course, took all these professions *cum grano salis*, and eventually succeeded in getting my dear Bett from her native Uitenhage to my cottage in Graham's Town, where I quickly provided her with a proper and sufficient pole, a box to sleep in, an old sack to wrap herself in, and all other necessary conveniences.

At the time that Bett was thus transferred into my possession, she was a delicate-looking young baboon of the feminine gender, apparently about one year old. Her features were peculiarly pensive and without expression; she was decidedly small for her age, and her temperament appeared to be far more sad than joyous. One eternal howl used to issue from her whenever she was approached, and her timidity appeared to have been confirmed by, perhaps, too stern a course of discipline in her early youth. It was winter when I first got her, and, after spending a week or two chattering and grinning on the kitchen hearth, she was finally transferred to our back yard, and our Kafir groom, who had taken a great fancy to the "oude vrouw," as he used to call her, was commissioned to look after the beast's wants.

For a week or two all went on harmoniously as a marriage bell, until one morning when our Kafir domestic was chopping wood to light the fire, Mrs. Bett, in a fit of the usual baviaanic curiosity, placed her hand under Umsingalo's axe, and the stupid Amakosa forthwith chopped off three fingers from the poor beast's right paw. Of course a terrific scene ensued; Bett screamed and yelled like a demon, and flying at the clumsy Amakosa, mutilated as she was, she fastened her teeth in his seat of honour, so that he yelled in unison with her until we went to ascertain the cause of the rupture, when we had some difficulty in disengaging the combatants. We doctored up the mutilated paw, for several days the animal allowing the bandage to remain on very quietly and appearing much to appreciate our surgical skill, so that the first thing when she saw us of a morning was to hold up her stump, in order that we should give it the necessary dressings. But, if the Kafir who was the cause of her accident ever approached her, the paroxysm of rage with which she would be seized was terrific. Indeed, ever afterwards, she took every occasion to manifest her wrath against the whole race of Amakosa, although to white people her manner was particularly gentle. Bett was uncommonly fond of horses, and when kept in the stable with them, generally spent her day perched on the back of one or other of the two steeds who inhabited it. She soon became a fearless rider, and would gallop a horse to water as well as the groom could. She would take strange pleasure in pulling the horses' ears, tumbling somersets on their backs, and playing tricks with them in various ways. We used often to ride long journeys at that time, with Bett, either perched on a led horse, or clinging behind us seated on a sort of pillion. She would



mouut and dismount at word of command, and, on the whole, behaved while on a journey remarkably well. However, sometimes her equine performances got her master into grief. One evening, in particular, we were driving out in our buggy, accompanied, as all men of well-regulated minds should be, by our wife and baby; the baboon was seated on the horse's back, fastened by a small chain to the saddle, and grimacing and cutting the most comical capers, which engaged our attention so much that we did not perceive a large stone which was lying in the road, but drove the wheel of the buggy right over it. Over went the machine before I could save it, and in one minute, ourselves, wife, and baby, were shot some ten or twelve feet into a wet ditch, and the steed went off, scouring the plain, with the *débris* of the buggy streaming behind him, and the luckless Bett clinging in desperation to his harness; the buggy itself lay shaftless close by, with the bottom cleanly kicked out of it. With difficulty we gathered up ourselves and family, the latter of whom were severely bruised; and being fortunately near home, after getting them there, we proceeded to look after our steed, whom we found about a mile off quietly grazing, with a pair of shafts dangling behind, and the unfortunate ape in a state of asphyxia, suspended from his tail, her long chain twisted round her neck, and she hardly exhibiting a sign of life. However, by the aid of a Hottentot, we caught the horse, and disengaged him from his encumbrances, and in a few minutes Bett began to show symptoms of life. She soon revived sufficiently to inflict a severe bite on her liberator, and to scamper home as fast as she could, thoroughly disgusted with buggy travelling for the future.

On another occasion, we had to visit an encampment situated in that very exposed locality Governor's Kop, about 2,500 feet above the plains of Albany. The weather was cold and boisterous, and being accompanied on the occasion by Bett we secured her, as we thought, all right for the night, in a sort of sylvan shed, which served as a stable. We then went to spend our night under the canvas of a bell tent; and in spite of the roaring of the wind, and peltering of the rain, we speedily went to sleep. About an hour before day we began to get painfully conscious of hearing a certain bouncing and jumping around us and above us, varied by a gentle accompaniment of dog-chain, and we very soon became aware that it was our darling who had got loose, and was endeavouring to force her way into her master's presence. Up we jumped, in our shirt, and opened the tent door; and, oh, heavens! what a gloomy, miserable scene there presented itself,—the whole country covered with dense clouds, with the grey of morning just peeping through them, the winds whistling, and the cold sleet pelting, as it can do, on that exposed locality. The cursed ape, when it saw us, chattered and grinned; but when we attempted to catch its chain, it jumped to one side, and then to another, and we were nearly a

quarter of an hour, attired only in the light costume of a shirt and flannel waistcoat, kept running round a bell tent, on the summit of Governor's Kop, in the wind and rain of a winter's morning, before we could secure the brute. As soon as we got into our tent, and prepared to turn in again, the first move of the wet and cold animal was slap in between the blankets of our bed, from which we were not able, without considerable difficulty, to dislodge it. At last, we managed to manacle it, in some degree, tight against the tent pole, and changing our wet shirt, got between the warm blankets once more, and fell asleep, and had been so, we suppose, about an hour, when we again became aware that Madam Bett was once more at liberty. This time, however, she appeared to divert herself by prying round the tent, examining the clothes and boots lying about, taking the candles out of the candlesticks, and devouring them, wicks and all,—in fact, pulling anything she could lay her hands on to pieces. We leaped up, and putting out our hands to secure our spectacles, we found indeed the frames, but the glasses had vanished! We again seized on the brute, and on examination, feeling a hard matter in her cheek pouches, we forced her mouth open, and actually rescued our "concaves," quite unhurt, from the recesses of her jaws,—the brute having poked them out of the frames, and crammed them, with other superfluous matter, where we found them. After this, to try to sleep would be useless, so we dressed, gave the animal an admonitory thrashing, and the weather clearing up, got under weigh for home, mentally resolving that this would be our last trip with a baboon as our after-rider.

Poor Bett's end was a melancholy one; after keeping her two or three years, she began to get very troublesome, no chain, however strong, would hold her. She would hammer the whole day long with a big stone on a link, until she weakened it so much that she could snap it in two, and then lump would she go on the house-tops, tattering the thatch all to pieces. Many and many a morning have we been awoke by that too well-known thud and bounce over our heads, and the cursed tinkling of the broken chain, and our dear partner would start, horrified from her slumbers, exclaiming, "Oh, Alphonso, my love, that horrid baboon of yours is loose again." She also began to be very capricious in her likings and dislikings, had strangled several young kittens, whom she sometimes cherished exceedingly, frightened one or two old ladies nearly to death by suddenly jumping on their backs; and one morning in particular when loose, and our wife attempted to catch her, although always apparently attached and fond of her, the ungrateful baggage took a bite out of her shoulder. Of course, then we and Bett had to part. We led her quietly to the top of a high hill near Graham's Town, and taking off her chain we slung her down a deep ravine into a dense bush, wishing her all luck and enjoyment of her liberty, and then turned our steps homeward. We had not, however, proceeded very far, when we

heard a well-known wow-wow behind us, and to our great horror found Madam Bett following us at a civil distance, yet evading every attempt we made to catch her; and thus went we on till we entered the town. But it chanced the very first house we passed was covered with a luxuriant vine full of grapes. In an instant was Bett scrambling over the roof and into the vine trellis, cramming her capacious jaws with ripe bunches. The proprietor, a crusty old fife, hearing the noise, sallied forth and beheld Bett engaged in the game of destruction. He rushed back and returned with a double-barrelled gun and blazed away at the brute, who regularly dodged him for a quarter of an hour or so by hopping behind the chimneys. At last every thing appearing quiet, she popped her head to see what was going on, when an unlucky bullet pierced her brain, and so were we relieved of our darling.

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## THE VINE DISEASES.

WHILST there can be no doubt that the diseases, rust and mildew, which have attacked the vines have made considerable ravages throughout the vineyards, chiefly those of the Paarl, Stellenbosch, and in the vicinity of the Constantias and Cape Town, little is known of the extent of damage to the fruit, or of the causes to which these diseases are attributable. The rust, according to the best evidence we have, was first *seen* in the vineyards which lie immediately under the foot of Table Mountain; but whether these were the first attacked it is impossible to say, for many vineyards were subject to the disease long before the proprietors suspected it; and, until the Agricultural Society commenced making its inquiries public, few had thought of looking for any disease at all. It is impossible to say where this disease first broke out. The rust has done the chief part of the damage so far, but that is at an end; whilst accounts reach Cape Town every day of the spreading of that peculiar and more dreaded disease which the Colonial Botanist states is the *Oidium Tuckeri*. At the present moment, there is not a vine-growing district in the whole of the Western Province but has suffered, and is still suffering, from one or other of these diseases. Of course, the question which all are most anxious to solve is, to what extent we are to suffer this year. Opinion is much divided upon this point. There have been, within the last three or four years, an immense number of new vineyards planted, and some assert that the loss by disease will not be greater than the additional quantity which the young vines will bring in. Others, again, say that there will be one third less of wine made than there was last year. All these statements are *ex parte*, and they differ in exact accordance with the views, wishes, hopes, designs, or ignorance of the true state of affairs on the part of those who make them. In a country like this, where there are no reliable statistics to go upon, where no one's personal visits to farms have been sufficiently extensive to

give him any idea of the whole, and where so many are interested in altering the prices, it is hopeless to expect that anything approaching accuracy can be arrived at.

The Government, approving of the zeal evinced in the matter by the Agricultural Society, appointed a commission to inquire into the real character and extent of the disease (*the disease means the so-called Oidium Tuckeri*). Several members of the commission are now in the country districts inspecting the vines; local committees have been appointed to inquire into it and report, and a circular containing the following questions to be answered has been forwarded to nearly all the wine-growers of both the Eastern and the Western Provinces:

1. When did you first observe the mildew in your plantation?
2. On what kind of grapes did you see it first?
3. On what part of the vine did it appear first?
4. How does it appear?
5. How does it spread?
6. What are its stages?
7. Have the roots, stems, or branches been attacked, and if so, what is their appearance?
8. How are your vineyards situated; are they sheltered by walls, trees, or hills, or are they exposed to a free current of air?
9. Are your vines growing on sloping ground, or in level localities?
10. What is your mode of cultivating vines? How do you manure and water them, and what is the distance between the individual plants?
11. What kind of manure do you employ?
12. Have you made any observations concerning the weather?
13. Have you tried any remedy for the purpose of arresting the spreading of the disease, and if so, with what effect?
14. What is the number of your stocks, and of what description are they?
15. How many leaguers of wine, or muids of raisins, did they produce on an average?

This is briefly how matters stand at present. We shall not attempt, to add to the speculations which have been made upon the character and extent of the disease, but wait till some better information is obtained. Little can be done this year, with any degree of certainty, either to check the progress of the disease or to ascertain the cause. Bunches of grapes and stalks of the vines, with the mildew upon them, have been sent to England, in order to ascertain beyond question whether the disease is the identical one which produced such dreadful results in Europe; and when answer has been received, we shall know better what we have to expect.

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## LITERARY REVIEW.

VARIOUS circumstances, chiefly the want of space, have prevented us for the last two or three months from presenting rapid and cursory notices of the principal publications received at the Cape. It were hopeless to try now and recover arrears, and we must therefore abandon the attempt. We shall confine ourselves, instead, to a few random notes on the books received by the *Norman* last month, and to still fewer extracts



illustrative of their character. They comprise a goodly list, as follows : Mansell's Bampton Lectures ; Strickland's Queens of Scotland ; Ellett's Women Artists in all ages ; Kingsley's Miscellanies ; the Niger Expedition, by Crowther and Taylor ; Trollope's West Indies and the Spanish Main ; Redding's Reminiscences of Thomas Campbell ; the Great Pyramid, by Taylor ; Paleski's Life and Works of Schiller ; Humboldt's Life and Travels ; Ruskin's Elements of Perspective ; Bisset's Strength of Nations ; Thornbury's Life in Spain ; Horne's Australian Facts ; Montalembert's Pio Nono et France ; Robertson's District Duties during the Indian Revolt ; Against Wind and Tide, by Holm Lee ; Lowell's Biglow Papers ; Trollope's The Kellys and the O'Kellys ; and Nut-brown Maids, a Story of the Time of Queen Elizabeth. Of these, some are light and entertaining, others are ponderous and instructive, and a few are ponderous enough, without being either instructive or entertaining. First, we may notice two or three of the works of Travels.

*The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, by Mr. Anthony Trollope, may rank foremost among these ; and though generally written in a light, humorous, amusing vein, the book abounds with information alike interesting and important. Take the few following extracts as samples of the style. Here is a picture of a swarthy boots, in a West Indian hotel, subsequent of course to the date of emancipation :

"Halloo, old fellow ! how about that bath ?" I said one morning to a lad who had been commissioned to see a bath filled for me. He was cleaning boots at the time, and went on with his employment, sedulously, as though he had not heard a word. But he was over-sedulous, and I saw that he heard me.—"I say, how about that bath ?" I continued. But he did not move a muscle. "Put down those boots, sir," I said, going up to him ; "and go and do as I bid you." "Who you call fellow ? You speak to a gen'lman gen'lmanly, and den he fill de bath." "James," said I, "might I trouble you to leave those boots, and see the bath filled for me ?" and I bowed to him. "'Ees, sir," he answered, returning my bow ; "go at once." And so he did, perfectly satisfied. Had he imagined, however, that I was quizzing him, in all probability he would not have gone at all.

We may take, next, a view of the Jamaica Parliament. Does not the picture look amazingly like that of our own South African legislature ?

The house itself in which the forty-seven members sit is comfortable enough, and not badly adapted for its purposes. The speaker sits at one end all in full fig, with a clerk at the table below ; opposite to him, two-thirds down the room, a low bar, about four feet high, runs across it. As far as this the public are always admitted ; and when any subject of special interest is under discussion twelve or fifteen persons may be seen there assembled. Then there is a side room opening from the house, into which members take their friends. Indeed it is, I believe, generally open to any one wearing a decent coat. There is the Bellamy of the establishment, in which honourable members take such refreshment as the warmth of the debate may render necessary. Their



tastes seemed to me to be simple, and to addict themselves chiefly to rum and water. I was throwing away my cigar as I entered the precincts of the house. "Oh, you can smoke," said my friend to me; "only when you stand at the doorway, don't let the speaker's eye catch the light; but it won't much matter." So I walked on, and stood at the side door, smoking my cigar indeed, but conscious that I was desecrating the place. I saw five or six coloured gentlemen in the house, and two negroes—sitting in the house as members.

And then comes a scene, which seems quite an imitation of the memorable one enacted at the Cape, in the great humbugging burgher bill debate, five years ago. In Jamaica, as in Cape Town, the proud minority stood stern, defiant, and victorious to the last:

It was clear that the conquered majority of—say thirty—was very angry. For some reason, appertaining probably to the tactics of the house, these thirty were exceedingly anxious to have some special point carried and put out of the way that night, but the three were inexorable. Two of the three spoke continually, and ended every speech with a motion for adjournment. And then there was a disagreement among the thirty. Some declared all this to be "bosh," proposed to leave the house without any adjournment, play whist, and let the three victors enjoy their barren triumph. Others, made of sterner stuff, would not thus give way. One after another they made impetuous little speeches, then two at a time, and at last three. They thumped the table, and called each other pretty names, walked about furiously, and devoted the three victors to the infernal gods. And then one of the black gentlemen arose, and made a calm, deliberate little oration, The words he spoke were about the wisest which were spoken that night, and yet they were not very wise. He offered to the house a few platitudes on the general benefit of railways, which would have applied to any railway under the sun, saying that eggs and fowls would be taken to market; and then he sat down.

MR. GEORGE THORNBURY'S *Life in Spain* is a still more lively and pictnresque a book than Mr. Trollope's. It is so in some instances to the extent of affectation. It was written originally for *Household Words*, appeared in that periodical, and throughout it there is an observable and therefore offensive effort at imitating the peculiar style of the Dickens' school. But still the sketches of life and character, and scenery, are singularly vivid and real; and the reader is conducted through the quaintest hannts and recesses of Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, and "old Gib," in the companionship of one who is manifestly the type of good fellowship.

MR. HORNE'S *Australian Facts and Prospects* is less a book of travels than a series of interesting sketches, descriptive of that country in its political, literary, and social relations. The work is not a large one, and it is often light, if not flimsy, in texture. But it is manifestly honest, truthful, and straightforward; and the reader of it will acquire better and more vivid ideas on the various subjects discussed than he might gather from many other books of higher pretensions. Mr. Horne, in England, was a literary man of considerable experience, in connection with the *Daily News* and *Household Words*; and emigrated to Australia,

to become a gold digger, commander of the gold escort, cattle-breeder, and commissioner of the Yan Yean water supply. In selecting a specimen of his style, we must omit any reference to the gold question, the land question, the labour question, and many other questions, which are all discussed in a more or less interesting and satisfactory style; and take the following, illustrative of some of the phases of social life and habits:

The social circles of Sydney have long since been a settled matter, and more delightful circles than some of them are declared not to be found by all those travellers who have had opportunities of mixing in the best circles in other parts of the world. The same may be said, in a limited degree, of Melbourne, which is at present in a crude and unsettled state of society, and where the circles are also of a more prominently diversified kind. In Melbourne, there is an attempt at the nucleus of a "court circle;" and if the Home Government think proper to make a few more Australian knights and baronets, there may be good hopes for the enlargement of the enchanted hoop. There is, at the same time, a more successful effort to form an aristocratic, or rather a conservative circle, which is in some respects amusing, and yet necessary, on account of the curious mixture we have out here. The Melbourne "Almack's" is to be complimented for the moral courage with which its directors have resisted the claims for admission of some of the wealthy unwashed and other unsuitables. Money is not quite everything, even in Melbourne. It only covers a multitude of sins, without the help of charity; but it cannot thrust its soiled hands, illiterate dialect, log-hut manners, and foul breath, into the society of gentlemen and ladies—to its utter astonishment!

And again:

The foreign reader should always be cautioned not to confound Sydney with Melbourne, either in matters of taste or ounces of gold. . . . It may be the fact, in many cases, that Melbourne is the best paymaster, but Sydney is a truer patron of literature and the fine arts. They are better understood there, and the estimation of any superior talent is not of the fitful and equivocal kind which has so often been experienced by lecturers, actresses, vocalists, instrumentalists, and, in fact, by all artists in Melbourne.

It is probable that Miss Catherine Hayes made more money in Melbourne than in Sydney; but the appreciation was of a different kind. In Sydney, Miss Hayes was regarded as a fine artist and an elegant and amiable lady; in Melbourne, she was received as a vocalist of extensive reputation, gained in other places, and everybody went to see what they could make of it. True and refined appreciators there were among them, no doubt; the mass only is here spoken of,—the rich vulgar, whether in the dress circle or other parts of the house. In Sydney, Miss Hayes was at once taken as a guest to the residences of the bishop, the attorney-general, and other persons in high position; and when she came to Melbourne, she was accompanied by admiring ladies and their husbands, who went with her to the same "hotel." When Tom Barry, the clown, arrived in Melbourne, a deputation waited upon him, before he landed, with a complimentary address. Mr. T. Barry received the deputation and the address with great urbanity, and returned a suitable reply. He was subsequently escorted into Melbourne. It is more than likely that all this was got up as a theatrical "puff preliminary." That is not the question; it was done, and few people

seemed struck with its matchless absurdity. So when Anderson, the conjuror, came here, he arrived in Hobson's Bay, with a private secretary, an agent, and "a retinue of servants." The happy thought of "a chaplain" had not occurred to him. All this trash, with the factitious addition of so many "tons of paraphernalia," was greedily swallowed by the mass; and the vulgar influence went further than that.

As a set-off against these errors, let me mention it as honourable to Melbourne, that a due reception and right appreciation were awarded to Dr. Scoresby. His lectures on magnetic science, the submarine telegraph, &c., were attended by a "fit audience," and not "a few." The Rev. Mr. Binney was also received with a due estimation of his earnest eloquence. But, as a general rule, the attendance at all lectures is very meagre. . . . The author of *Southern Lights and Shadows* tells us that he made £100 per night by extemporaneous lectures in Sydney. If he did, he did; but if he had made the same venture in Melbourne, unless for some public charity, it would, assuredly, have cost him the price of the room and its caudles. As for the anonymous enclosures of bank-notes which followed his "orations," nobody in Sydney is at all aware of the circumstance.

The non-appreciation and neglect, by the Melbourne public, of Count Dembinski (son of the patriot Polish general), who was recently found dead in Dr. Bleasdale's chemical laboratory, apparently self-poisoned, is excusable, from the recondite nature of his attainments; but the obstinate neglect maintained with regard to him by the ministry of that day, and even in the face of a recommendatory letter from his Excellency Sir Henry Barkly, is one of those official perversities which seems quite inexplicable. The attainments of Count Dembinski as an experimental chemist were undeniable; and he applied these to the immediate mining and metallic requirements and interests of the colony. A *post-mortem* examination being ordered, the only discovery the best chemists and surgeons could make, was that "his body was reduced almost to a skeleton." I do not mean to infer that he died from starvation, but of a broken heart, made sick by hope long deferred; and the breaking assisted, as I think, by some subtle essence or odour, which he knew would leave no trace behind, after it had done its work. Many regretted, when it was too late, that his "case" had not been better understood.

THE excitement which lately pervaded the British empire at the prospect of a possible invasion by the Emperor of the French, has produced, of course, an abundant crop of books pamphlets, and tracts on the defences of the country. Foremost among these, must be ranked Sir Howard Douglas' new and remodelled edition of his *Observations on Modern Systems of Fortification*, to which is appended a most elaborate and calmly-reasoned tract, on "the naval, littoral, and internal defence of England." No man living is better qualified or more entitled to pronounce an authoritative opinion on a subject of this sort. The conclusions at which he arrives are summarily the following:

To put England in a state of perfect security, in the manner stated in this paper, there must be first, a standing navy fully adequate to the protection of her colonies and her commerce in every region of the earth, and moreover to maintain a decided superiority in the British Channel. Secondly, there must be an efficient army at home, subject to reduction on a peace establishment in proportion as the naval resources of the country are developed, that development extending to the full of

what may be required in a state of war. Thirdly, the militia must be completely enrolled by resort to the ballot, all trained by rotation of regiments during peace, and be ready for embodiment. Fourthly, the irregular forces of the country all enrolled and complete on paper, and exercised in their peculiar duties, must be ready to spring into active existence by proclamation. Fifthly, the naval arsenals, harbours, and roadsteads must be well fortified, equipped, and garrisoned. The capital covered and protected from insult, in the best manner that military experience can suggest, consistently with the means at our disposal, and with the general defence and safety of the whole country. Sixthly, the military arsenal or arsenals must be established in the most convenient point or points in the interior of the country. Coast-roads and railways must be constructed along the shores most accessible to an enemy, and the movable batteries of ordnance must be stored in stations close to the lines, by which those batteries may be rapidly moved to threatened points. Seventhly, forts and fixed batteries must be constructed for the defence of all the great commercial cities and communities throughout the kingdom—particularly on the Mersey, the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Forth. These must be laid out by skilful engineers, and armed with the powerful ordnance of the present day; they must be manned by volunteer gunners, raised by the public spirit of those commercial communities, and their exercises for instruction must continue without intermission even in time of peace; there will thus be left available for the defence of the naval arsenals, harbours, and roadsteads, and for service of the army in the field, all the well-trained artillerymen, of whom, but for such aid, the country could not furnish a sufficient number. Thus prepared in all respects, the coast of Britain will be unapproachable, her shores inexpugnable, the interior of the country impenetrable by a foe; and England be made invincible.

MR. KINGSLEY'S two volumes of *Miscellanies* constitute the most pleasant reading of all this month's batch. All the articles have appeared elsewhere, mainly in the *North British Review* and in *Fraser's Magazine*, and were recognized at the time by nearly every student of Kingsley's broad, brilliant, and trenchant style. Some of the papers are of permanent and historic value, as, for instance, his admirable sketch of the career of Raleigh, which appeared first soon after the publication of *Westward Ho!* and the article on Plays and Puritans, which was published nearly at the same time. The most interesting, and most beautiful of the whole, however, is an exquisite picture of still English country life, under the title of *My Winter Garden*.

OF the periodicals for this month, the most attractive is *Blackwood*, and the most exciting article in it is, beyond comparison, the vivid description of the "Fight on the Peiho." It is evidently from the pen of an eyewitness, and most probably a partaker in the fray. It is one of the most interesting battle-pieces to be met with anywhere, full of mingled fire, spirit, pathos, and humour, and minutely accurate and graphic, and life-like in all its details. A more brilliant record of British heroism does not exist. From the brave, dashing, and generous commanding Admiral Hope, beloved rather than honoured by every man under his command, down to the humblest soldier, marine, or seaman, there was but one determination to achieve a victory, or die in the



attempt to prove themselves worthy of it. And no one can fail to respond to the writer's indignant reprobation of the treatment these heroes have met with at the hands of the British government :

Nelson's repulse at Teneriffe was not more glorious, or less bloody. Yet be it remembered, and our cheeks ought to burn with shame at the recital, that for this most gallant feat of arms, so replete with chivalrous bravery and devotion to Great Britain, not a single honour has been publicly awarded ; and that act of cold neglect, and indeed indirect censure, has been perpetrated by those especially delegated to watch over the royal navy of England, to keep alive its spirit, and who are supposed to encourage the men and youth of this nation to enter on board her men-of-war. Shame on ye ! Shame on ye ! Not a thousand medals wrung from you at a later day can heal the wounded honour of the men thus unjustly treated.

Our readers are already aware from the newspapers of the leading events of this disastrous, but in many respects most glorious fight ; how, of eleven vessels engaged, three were sunk, four were disabled, and four seriously damaged ; and how, of one thousand one hundred men who joined the conflict, eighty-nine were killed and no fewer than three hundred and forty-five were wounded.

But of the most brilliant incidents of the day, illustrative of the cool daring and gallantry of the men engaged, few have, until this article appeared, been anywhere made public. We must make room for a few deeply interesting extracts :

When the *Cormorant's* bow-gun did the good service of silencing in four shots the centre *cavalier*, the admiral, lying on his cot (still on deck though seriously wounded), was so struck with the accuracy of the aim that he immediately sent an aide-de-camp forward to obtain the name of the captain of the gun. The messenger found worthy Corporal Giles at the full extent of his trigger line, the gun loaded and run out ; his whole mind was intent upon one object, hitting his enemy. "Muzzle right," said the honest marine. "Who fired those shots ?" interposed the messenger ; "the admiral wants to know." "Well !" shouted the man to his crew, adding, "I did sir," (to the officer). "Elevate." "What's your name ?" rejoined the messenger. "John Giles," said the marine, leaning back, shutting one eye and looking along the sights of the gun, his left hand going up mechanically to the salute: "John Giles, corporal." "Well !" (this to the crew)—"Second company" (to the officer). "Ready—Woolwich division ! Fire ! Spunge and load ! I beg your pardon sir—No. 1275." We need not add that the worthy corporal was far more intent upon his work than mindful of the kind compliment his admiral was paying him ; and his best reward was the hurrah of his gun-mates as they watched the shot plunge into the enemy's embrasure.

"*Opossum* a-hoy !" hails a brother gun-boat captain ; "do you know your stern-frame is all on fire ?"—for smoke and flame were playing round from one end of the little craft, whilst from the other she was spitefully firing upon the foe. "Bother the fire," was the rejoinder ; "I am not going to knock off pitching into these blackguards for our burning stern-posts. No men to spare, old boy."

"Werry hard hit, sir !" remarked the boatswain of the *Lee* to her gallant commander ; "the ship is making a deal of water and won't float much longer ; the donkey engines and pumps don't deliver one bucket of water for ten as comes into her." "Cannot do more than we are



doing," replies the commander, "it is impossible to get at the shot-holes from the inside, and I will not order the men to dive outside with shot-plugs in this strong tide-way, and whilst I am compelled to keep the propeller revolving."

"There's no other way to keep the ship afloat, sir," urged Mr. Woods, "and if you please, sir, I'd like to go about that 'ere job myself."

"As you volunteer, I'll not object, Woods," said the commander, "but remember it is almost desperate work; you see how the tide is running, and that I must keep screwing a head to maintain station. You have the chance of being drowned, and if caught by the screw you are a dead man."

"Well, sir," said Woods, looking as bashful as if suing for some great favour, "I know all that, and as far as chances of death go, why it's much of a muchness everywhere just now; and if you will keep an eye on me, I'll try what can be done."

Woods accordingly brought up a bag of seaman's clothes, tore it open, wrapped frocks and trousers round wooden shot plugs, and dived under the bottom of the *Lee* to stop up the shot holes. Again and again the gallant fellow went down, escaping from the stroke of the screw as if by a miracle; for he often came up astern, at the full length of his line, having been swept there by the tide. His exertions, however, were not successful, although he stopped as many as twenty-eight shot holes, and the noble little *Lee* was soon found to be in a sinking condition. The *Kestrel*, with colours flying, and still fighting under the gallant lieutenant-commander, Bevern, went down on her station at 4.50 p.m., and affairs began to look serious; yet the last thing thought of was defeat. One gun-boat swings end on to a raking battery, and a shot immediately sweeps away all the men from one side of her bow-gun, as if a scythe had passed through them. "This is what they call a 'ratification,' Billy, ain't it?" remarks the captain of the gun to one of the survivors, and raising his right arm, red with the blood of his slaughtered comrades, he cursed in coarse but honest phrase the folly and false humanity which, in the previous year, had allowed these Mandarins to march off almost unscathed, "whilst we were a looting brass guns for the Tooleries (Tuileries)." "Phirr!" came along a bar shot, and a mass of woodwork and splinters knocked over, and almost buried, a commander and master of one of the gun-boats. The remaining officer, a warrant officer, rushes up, and pulls them out from under the wreck. Though severely bruised, neither was, happily, killed. "All right, I hope, sir," rubbing them down—"legs all sound, sir? Oh, you will get your wind directly, but you must keep moving, sir! If you don't, they're sure to hit you. I was just telling the chaps forward the same thing—shot never hits a lively man, sir! and dear me, don't they work our bow gun beautifully! That's right lads! that's right!" urged the enthusiastic gunner. "Keep her going! Lor'! if old Hastings could have seen that shot, Jim, he'd have given you nothing to do at the *Admiralty* for all the rest of your born days."

Thus manfully went the fight, until all hope was lost of silencing the forts, by the guns of the fast-sinking steamers. Then succeeded that gallant effort at assault and storm, the weary trudging through the deceitful river mud, the murderous fire of the battery guns above, and finally, the inevitable, though nobly honourable retreat. And then, continues the writer whom we have already quoted:

We could fill a volume with anecdotes of calm endurance and heroism, which were almost child-like in their simplicity,—of the poor

fore-topman, who, mortally wounded, was laid by his kind commander upon his sofa in his cabin, and as his life-blood oozed away, modestly expressed his regret at "doing so much injury to such pretty cushions!" Of the old quarter-master, whose whole shoulder and ribs had been swept away by a round shot, and during the few hours prior to death, expressed it as his opinion that "them Chinameu hit hardish," and had only one anxiety—"whether the Admiralty would pay his wife for the loss of his kit."

On that day all had become imbued with the heroic spirit of their chief, and the infection had even spread to the American boats' crews:

An American boat visited one of our vessels, and on wishing to leave her, the officers found all the men had got out of the boat. After some delay they were found, looking very hot, smoke-begrimed, and *fightish*. "Holloa, sirs," said the officer, with assumed severity, "don't you know we are neutrals? What have you been doing?" "Begs pardon," said the gallant fellows, looking very bashful; "they were very short-handed at the bow-gun, sir, and so we gived them a help for fellowship sake;" they had been hard at it for an hour. Gallant Americans! you and your Admiral (Tatnall) did more that day to bind England and the United States together, than all your lawyers and pettifogging politicians have ever done to part us."

ONE of the most remarkable developments of English literature within the last few months is the strong impulse given to periodical publications. A few years ago *Chambers' Journal* reigned supreme and unchallenged among the cheap, high-class monthlies. Next came *Household Words*, which maintained a prosperous career, until last year when it split into the rival sections of *All the Year Round* and *Once a Week*. Now, at the commencement of the present year, we find, besides a host of minor ones, two other cheap magazines started under the highest auspices and conducted by men of the most distinguished eminence. *Macmillan's Magazine* is under the editorship of Professor Masson, and boasts on its staff the whole fraternity of the Cambridge school of Kingsley, Tennyson, and Maurice; and the *Cornhill Magazine* claims no less illustrious a chief than Mr. Thackeray himself. It is certainly a noteworthy sign of the times to find the highest talent of the country thus devoted to works which must necessarily be of an evanescent character. It must inevitably be unfavourable to hard, continuous thought of the purest and the loftiest order; it cannot tend greatly to enrich the permanent literature of the country; but it shows unmistakably the wide diffusion of intelligence now among all classes of the community, and that even the humblest mechanic appreciates the first-class writings of first-class men not less thoroughly than did, in years gone by, the connoisseurs and *dilettantes* of the clubs. In the obituary of the past month we regret to notice the names of two of the most distinguished literary men this age has produced. Thomas de Quincey and Washington Irving in their respective departments were surpassed by none of their contemporaries. Irving, whether in his humorous satires of "Salmagundi" and "Knickerbocker," in his exquisite pictures of the "Sketch-book" and "Bracebridge Hall,"

or in his graceful biographies and histories from "Mahomet" to "Washington," presented perfect models of English composition, and reminded one at every page of Goldsmith. His own memoir of Goldsmith is one of the most delightful pieces of writing in the language, and shows how thoroughly he was baptized into Goldsmith's spirit. De Quincey was a genius of a loftier order. Of profound erudition, of keen metaphysical acuteness, of deep spiritual insight and sympathies, gifted with a more complete command over the English language than any of his contemporaries, but tragically paralysed in energy and will, his varied writings recently collected by himself into about a dozen volumes, are but the *disjecta membra* of what should have been one of the greatest works of the age. In De Quincey the country has lost the last remaining representative of the illustrious leaders of literature at the commencement of the present century. Scott, Jeffrey, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Wilson, and de Quincey,—all now are gone.

Of South African publications recently issued, there is one which claims a fuller notice than we can find space for now. This is the Rev. Lewis Grout's *Grammar of the Zulu Language*. It is a book of immense labour and research, and in all respects a worthy companion to Mr. Dohne's dictionary, published two years ago. It is important, primarily, of course, to students of the Zulu language; but it is of high interest and value, besides, to every student of comparative philology. Next month, we shall refer to it in fuller detail.

#### REPORT OF THE S. A. MUSEUM FOR JANUARY, 1860.

"CIRCUMSTANCES over which I have had no control," have prevented the fulfilment of my earnest desire to throw open the Museum on the first day of a new year. Those who have had any dealings with carpenters and masons will know that *they* are not to blame! Not in the least! Ask the carpenter and he will say, "It's not me, sir, it's the mason, I assure you, sir; I only wait for him." Ask the mason, and he says, "It's not me, sir, it's the carpenter, I assure you, sir; I only wait for him." So as each protests he is not to blame, we must be charitable and suppose he is not. I regret, however, to say, that in one instance, the blame rests on a single pair of shoulders, and cannot be got rid of. It is the carpenter this time. The contractors when sending to England for glass for the windows of the building, gave a wrong size for a considerable portion thereof, and as the measure was unfortunately *too small*, the lower windows of the Library and Museum cannot be glazed. Though a fresh supply was sent for by last mail, it cannot arrive for three, if not four, months. This will delay the progress of the Library, and defeat the object the committee and trustees had in view,—namely, that of opening the two rooms on the same day. Another cause of delay has arisen, but will, in the end prove a source of gratification. When the best part of the ornithological collection was arranged, I.

was surprised by the arrival of beautiful cases of birds and animals from M. Edouard Verreaux.

This well-known zoologist still cherishes the liveliest recollections of the place of his long sojourn, and with the true heart of a naturalist, rejoices in being able to contribute to the museum which has risen from the tomb of that with which he was so long associated.

His present donation, for I really can hardly look on it in any other light, when I compare it with the insufficiency of our return, consists of one hundred and seventy birds and eight animals, mounted in his usual life-like style; a large collection of birds' eggs; a statuette of the renowned gorilla ape, with a cast of its head; casts of the head, foot, and a bone, of the dodo; and casts of the eggs and some bones of the *epyornis*, a huge extinct bird which formerly inhabited the island of Madagascar.

The size of these eggs may be imagined, when I say that a bucket would just about make an egg-cup for one of them.

In consequence of the arrival of these most interesting additions to our collection, I at once determined to re-arrange the whole, and am happy to say that this day witnessed the reception of the valuable series of birds in their new abode.

The major part of the arrangement is thus completed; the animals will not take long; and with the kind assistance of Messrs. Fairbridge, Bell, and Tasker Smith, who have promised their aid in the mineralogical and ethnographical collection, we may reasonably expect to see the Museum, at least, open before the end of another month,—that is, if the carpenter who has contracted to make the large door of the room will finish it in time.

Among the donors who have enriched our collection since the last notice in this periodical, I must not omit to name Captain Tinley, Dr. Graf, Messrs. Arnott, Jackson, Smith, and Bishop. To all our best thanks are due, and it will be a satisfaction for these gentlemen and many other kind friends to remember that their exertions enabled us to open the relations with Mr. Verreaux, which produced such substantial returns; with the Museums of the Royal Asiatic Society of Calcutta and of Sydney, which have responded to us, and to whom we yet owe a return; and, within the last few days, through the kind offers of Mr. T. Smith and Captain Harald Rothe, with the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg, and the museum of Copenhagen. To Capt. Drew, of Simon's Town, we are likewise indebted for three fine Birds of Paradise—*Paradisia Apoda*, *P. Rubia*, and *P. Regia*. These, together with a second specimen of *P. Apoda*, presented by Capt. Sampson, I shall dispatch to Europe, for the purpose of being mounted.

I can only reiterate my oft-repeated request, that all the common muishondes, meerkatjes, naadrojacks, buckskins, that are not wanted, and *trash* of this sort be sent to the Museum. They are common *here*, no doubt, but they are not found in Russia or Australia.

Those countries, will in return, send us their *trash*, such as a beast, at which a Russian would turn up his nose, and call "only a common bear."

Boxes are being got ready for Sydney, and I trust that our friends and well-wishers who are out with their guns will not forget us.

E. L. LAYARD.



## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR DECEMBER, 1859.

*Deduced from five observations daily.*Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time  
Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° Far.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat. = 100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Dec.	inches	°	°	°	°	°		inches.			inches.	
1	29.986	65.38	59.92	72.3	59.0	55.6	71.6	29.543	1.3	SbE	0.057	6.4
2	30.062	64.46	56.84	69.0	55.0	50.6	61.2	29.692	1.8	SSW		2.6
3	29.927	65.26	58.10	76.8	55.8	52.5	65.6	29.530	1.3	SW		1.9
4	29.979	64.74	59.04	69.6	57.8	54.5	70.4	29.553	1.4	WSW	0.068	6.4
5	29.923	65.16	58.48	73.2	55.0	53.1	66.4	29.518	0.9	SWbW		6.4
6	29.979	63.12	56.28	71.3	57.7	50.6	64.4	29.607	1.8	SWbS		3.5
7	29.933	66.14	59.22	72.7	55.0	53.7	65.2	29.519	2.0	S½W		0.8
8	30.008	67.14	58.90	72.0	60.0	52.4	60.0	29.612	2.3	S		0.2
9	29.896	69.42	62.18	75.5	63.0	56.7	64.6	29.436	2.7	SSW		1.3
10	29.858	70.50	62.66	87.8	55.0	57.1	67.0	29.388	0.7	WbS		2.9
11	29.945	66.54	60.28	72.6	59.8	55.3	67.4	29.506	1.4	SSW		6.8
12	29.944	68.32	60.70	73.0	59.2	54.9	63.2	29.513	2.5	SSW		1.0
13	29.990	71.26	63.12	84.5	63.0	57.2	63.8	29.520	2.6	SSW		0.6
14	29.926	69.50	64.36	76.2	64.2	60.5	74.0	29.399	4.0	S		1.6
15	30.001	67.84	60.16	76.6	60.2	54.1	61.8	29.579	2.4	S½E		2.0
16	30.009	64.78	57.20	72.6	55.0	51.0	62.0	29.634	1.5	SW		4.0
17	29.945	66.32	59.40	72.3	57.6	54.0	65.8	29.527	1.0	NWbN		3.4
18	29.846	64.78	57.50	74.0	58.6	51.6	63.8	29.460	1.5	NbW		4.7
19	30.001	65.04	58.70	72.2	51.3	53.7	68.4	29.587	1.0	WbN		0.8
20	29.978	68.90	59.04	76.3	58.7	51.6	56.6	29.594	0.7	SWbW		0.0
21	29.884	71.24	61.72	79.3	65.0	54.7	57.4	29.454	3.6	SbE		0.6
22	29.836	70.68	62.28	77.0	64.6	56.0	60.8	29.387	4.0	S		0.3
23	29.790	68.98	61.76	78.0	60.0	56.3	66.2	29.333	4.2	SW		0.8
24	29.974	66.90	59.62	77.7	56.7	54.0	65.2	29.555	1.6	WbN	0.030	5.4
25	30.000	65.28	58.14	73.3	55.0	52.5	65.4	29.602	1.3	WbS		1.3
26	29.997	66.08	60.40	73.0	56.0	55.8	69.6	29.548	1.3	W½N		4.8
27	30.068	68.00	59.30	74.0	61.2	52.5	58.6	29.670	1.6	S		1.2
28	29.977	71.62	64.24	78.4	65.0	58.8	65.4	29.481	3.0	S½E		0.9
29	29.978	68.16	62.28	78.0	58.8	57.8	71.8	29.495	1.0	SWbW		1.5
30	30.123	64.14	54.00	72.0	55.0	45.6	51.6	29.816	2.0	SbE	0.058	4.8
31	30.062	65.00	55.88	69.0	58.6	48.5	56.0	29.719	2.2	S½E		1.2
Mean,	29.962	67.12	59.73	74.8	58.6	54.0	64.2	29.541	2.0	SW	Sum 0.213	2.6

Total amount of rain during the year 1859 = 36.720 in.

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A.M. 5h 34m	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°	inches	29.957	29.976	29.952	29.947	29.980	30.158	29.747
„ Press. of dry air,	„	29.542	29.544	29.530	29.530	29.560	29.855	29.233
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	60.82	70.27	73.49	68.42	62.61	87.3	54.0
„ Wet bulb.	„	56.96	61.45	62.23	60.13	57.89	67.2	50.7
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	77.8	58.6	51.5	59.7	73.6	93.0	30.0
Dew Point.	degrees	53.6	54.7	54.0	53.6	53.9	62.4	43.3

Errata in summary for November, 1859. Dry Thermometer, November 14, for 58.84, read 58.82 deg.  
 Mean pressure of dry air, at 9.34 a.m., for 29.543, read 29.548.

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.



# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.

HUMANITY is prone to extremes. Its highest endeavour is to attain to truth. This is generally placed between, or composed of, opposites, being considered to be ultimate, elementary, indivisible: but on more careful examination, found to be resolvable into two elements of opposite, not contrary, character.

Truth combines the beautiful with the real, involving a mutual necessity, of which students of science are too apt to lose sight. They neglect the beautiful, directing their attention merely to the real—that is, to fact.

Two purposes of creation present themselves to the intelligent inquirer—the exoteric and the esoteric; the study of nature as she is and that of tracing ultimate purpose and the Divine idea. Transcendentalism comprises both these heads. He who studies science solely under the former misses its noblest and truest aim. In no department of knowledge is the want of clear perception of the above stated principle more remarkable than among students of physics and metaphysics. We here note two classes of observers.

The first, comprehending men of ardent imagination and great powers of generalization, who, paying insufficient attention to details and accurate observation of phenomena, on gaining possession of a few facts proceed to build up an edifice of theory, which, possibly established by the divine art of poetry, but wanting depth of foundation, will not endure the searching criticism of opponents. Of this class are many old Greek, and some modern philosophers; whilst often involved in deeper error, they approach higher truth than the members of the second class.

The second is composed of those whose mode of pursuing science is that of adhering closely to ascertained fact. Those are the men whose patient labour and deep research are the

wonder of mankind. Confining themselves to the accumulation of detail,—allowing no deduction until the truth is self-evident,—they reject all assistance from imagination, regarding speculation as vain. By their patient discoveries of fact, they furnish materials for the abstractions of the theorist, their division of labour being more mechanical. There is a hardness about them—too often extending to materialism—even whilst their's is a slower but surer road to science than the other; so that, always occupied raking upon earth, they are unable to look up to the glories of physics and metaphysics around them. Such are the men who, treating of such dry subjects as botany, anatomy, &c., content themselves with the dry narration of facts: and their differentia is, their entire freedom from any expression of the beautiful, the sublime. This class comprehends a large number of the scientific men of our own day.

With that period immediately succeeding Bacon, this was the case to a greater extent, and was, in fact, what we should naturally expect. Men had, during long ages, fought among shadows,—they were not yet from the vain discussions of the schoolmen. The error had laid on the side of the former division of our subject. Then arose Bacon, and pointed out the failings of previous philosophers. He explained the true method of investigating nature. The peculiarity of his mode was the abandoning of theories, the substitution of practical analysis and synthesis, comparison of facts, and severe inductive reasoning. This was a grand blow to the mass of theories and hypotheses, about which, with few exceptions, the learned and ingenious of all ages had wearied their minds. The “*Novum Organum*” resembled a two-edged sword penetrating into the net of finely entangled confusion in which men had lost themselves, and opening a way of escape along the true path in which they might safely walk. As we might expect in such a case, Bacon's followers ran into the opposite extreme of their predecessors. Busy with their crucibles and balances, they threw away all the *idola specus*, the theories, and time-honoured intricacies. They could believe nothing that did not admit of exact demonstration. Thus, starting in one error, they were led into the true road, but ran into another by-path on the opposite side. Hence arose POSITIVISM. It must be confessed that, in our own day, men's minds are possessed by the same line of thought, modified and altered certainly into Scotch, common-sense philosophy. The history of humanity has furnished so many examples of the evils of the purely theoretical road, and *that* is beset with so many

inconsistencies, that few men are bold enough to theorize freely; the rest prefer the safer though slower path of induction from the evidences of sense. These are proverbially matter-of-fact days; an age in which, in religion, philosophy, and science, all imagination is kept out of view. Is not this the cause of the hardness and closeness of men's minds? How painful it is to see the idea of the beautiful excluded from our academical systems of education. The useful is all-engrossing—the beautiful is ignored. *Cui bono?* is the universal cry. Everything, to please the taste of the age (if we may transfer the analogy from literature to science, where it is equally applicable), must, as Bulwer justly remarks, be natural. "They admire Shakespeare because he is so real." At the same time, it is worth noticing that many of the greatest discoveries have been made by generalizing rather than by experimental minds; or rather, by those combining both faculties, the generalizing one being chiefly called into action.

What a sign of degeneracy is the above! The noblest and highest aims of knowledge are overlooked to satisfy this oppressive utilitarianism. Men study, for instance, the *art* rather than the *science* of healing, with the sole and immediate view of arresting disease and warding off death. The latter is certainly the direct object of such studies, and a great and noble one it is. But yet we know of a loftier,—namely, that in their studies of man, psychically and physically, they should endeavour to trace out the loftiest ideas of the Divine mind within their reach. Here is the noblest aim of all knowledge—to regard nature as the embodiment of so many wonderful manifestations of part of the great scheme which it is man's highest honour to be permitted to contemplate.

The above remarks will serve to show the idea, which it is our object to develop, namely, that in our inquiries into the real, we are not to lose sight of the beautiful, nor study science with a sole view to ultimate purpose; but to bear in mind that the highest and truest view of science is that which regards it as a *development of Divine ideas*.

It appears to us that if, in our inquiries, we keep the above stated principle constantly in mind, many phenomena will be easily comprehended, the true nature of which can never otherwise be clearly understood. How else can we form any conception of the purpose of the prodigality of the animal creation, more particularly among the lower orders? This thought will probably have struck any of our readers who have paid attention to the wonders of marine zoology. The thought naturally occurs to us, "What can be the end

or purpose of this vast field of creation?" We know that millions of the loveliest forms pass their little lives without the consciousness of man.

"How many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!"

Geology has revealed to us that for ages before the advent of man some most wondrous forms existed, and that the series of creation was characterized by its progressiveness. In our own day, Professor Owen, the greatest of England's most gifted and intellectual giants, has discovered the idea of the Archetype skeleton, certainly one of the most marvellous and awe-inspiring that has ever been submitted to the scrutiny of the human mind. It would be instructive in the highest degree to sketch out the main points of this idea, but space will not permit; and such as are interested in the matter cannot do better than take up Professor Owen's work on the "Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton" for themselves.

A similar and not less striking fact has also been recently discovered—that of homologous series in chemistry. It is, perhaps, the greatest that has been brought to light in the whole range of that science, which is only bounded by the limits of matter itself. These two examples are valuable in studying the metaphysical subject of the existence or non-existence of universals. They appear to us to bear strong evidence that universals do exist as such, as ideas in the Divine mind, to allow us to urge much in contradiction of the opinion of the Scotch school of philosophy, that universals are merely the sum of individuals. But we will not pursue this subject further on the present occasion. To the grand thought of an Archetype or abstract model, in accordance with which the various genera and species of organized life are developed, an analogy may be traced in our speculations on the subject of the plurality of inhabited worlds. Even if these orbs be not inhabited, and much more, if they are (as we believe to be the case), we may, by this idea, regard them in a far higher sense, as parts of one great whole, than if we view them as such merely in their astronomical bearings. What a soul-elevating thought is this perception, and now being developed according to fixed laws! Thus we understand NECESSITY.

Dugald Stewart has reasoned well on the influence of association of ideas, and on the effect of habitual modes of thought, particularly in prejudices imbibed in our early days. Numerous are the examples of the bias which minds acquire



by custom and education. For example: it is known by experience that certain substances, composed of the same elements as our bodies, simple powders or liquids in appearance, if received into the living organization by some peculiar and unknown power, will hurl man from his mental throne, reducing him to a state of wild mania or hopeless imbecility. Others will cause the conscious and voluntary powers to enter into a state of suspension, as in sleep, whilst others rack the frame with agonizing pain; and by very many the separation of the soul from the body may even be caused, and in a violent and sudden manner. In the face of facts so remarkable,—and which would be considered universally so, if we did not constantly see examples,—if any one were to assert that he possessed a material, by the application of which to the living organism, the destruction, waste, and ossification of the tissues would from time to time be removed, the rumour would be treated in the enlightened manner in which, even in the nineteenth century, any wonderful discovery is treated.

Among subjects long neglected, but which are now beginning to receive more attention than they have hitherto enjoyed, are the faint ideas we have of those ancient Theurgic brotherhoods, whose existence has been credited, ridiculed, and questioned for many centuries, and of whom so little is really known. There is little doubt that in all ages there have been men possessed of knowledge far above that enjoyed or comprehensible by the multitude. It is natural that the wisdom of such men would prevent them from publishing to the world wonders that it could not comprehend. If they had arrived at a high mystic stage, they would clothe their ideas in dim and obscure language, such as only minds expanded to a certain degree would be able to comprehend. If a mind has not been attuned into correspondence with a certain chord, it can evolve no harmony with it.

How many do we find ridiculing the idea of the Sylph and Salamander of Isis and other forms of old religions? Such men can look no further than the sign, they cannot apprehend the thing signified. And is not the veiling of high and noble ideas in mystic language,—parables and dark sayings of old, so that those for whom the word is not intended, seeing may see but not perceive, and hearing may hear but not understand,—one of the loftiest glories of prophecy, and that to which it is very closely allied—the highest art in its widest sense? Is it not certain that a vast portion of the deepest knowledge in the possession of man



is incomprehensible to the majority of mankind? And if the facts were in their possession, would not even the knowledge of them be with equal probability applied to evil as to good acts?

Is it not a proof of wisdom of a high order that the neophyte, the seeker of knowledge hidden from his fellows from the beginning, was not admitted into those brotherhoods till a severe ordeal had been passed, and the man, purified as far as human infirmity will allow, was then permitted to pass, with the eye of faith clear and serene, and the ear purified for the reception of truth, into the sanctuary of nature. We know little of the history of these things; but this much appears certain, at any rate, there is a deep symbolism under all this, which it is hoped may be understood. Even if such were not the fact, it will be conceded that the idea was sublime and beautiful. Bulwer's "*Zanoni*" is a noble work—the embodiment of those old ideas. It is, in our opinion, no mere novel, but a work of high art, full of deep meaning.

To return from this digression. The reason we make so little progress is, that nearly the whole of our life-time is spent in weeding the ground; and as soon as the flowers have sprung up, and the trees begun to produce fruit, the owner of the land dies, or the gardener is removed. The deduction here is the necessity of preventing thistledown from falling on the fresh bed; and whilst nurturing wholesome and fair plants, of preventing the introduction of tares.

Truth for us is comparative and progressive, not absolute. There is, we think, no subject in our grasp that can be considered as a perfect and finite truth. Even our ideas of a first cause, and of ourselves, are only so as regards present time and place. Truth is infinite, and therefore progressive,—reaching to God Himself, and forming one of His attributes. In connection with this point, we would note one of the failings into which philosophers are liable to be led, particularly those whom we have assigned to our second class. They are too prone, as Kingsley has remarked, speaking of students of natural science, to regard truth as finite; that a bound may be discovered for it by their own researches; and that when they have developed what they call a grand law, they have unveiled an ultimate truth. Without the least disparagement of those wonderful discoveries, which stamp the names of those who brought them to light, through all ages, as princes, and with deep humility before those great intellects, we would ask, "What are those laws?" They are what the greatest of their discoverers ever held them to be.

simply the expression of the courses of development of phenomena in an apparently invariable order. Thus, from our ignorance of the essences of things (we trust not to be misunderstood), we can deduce with certainty no effects from causes.

There are two kinds of scepticism into which each of the above-mentioned classes of philosophers may respectively fall. They may, like the separate modes of study, singly lead to error; but, as in that instance, are, when combined, valuable in our search after truth. The idealist, engaged in lofty abstractions and generalizations, views with somewhat of contempt the surging of the ocean of practical life; he wonders, as he walks the streets of any great city, what there can be to engross the attention and deepest thoughts of the greater part of his fellow-citizens. In the language of Dugald Stewart, "he is apt to smile at the ardour with which the active part of mankind pursue what appear to him to be mere shadows." He is sceptical of the importance of the work that is done under the sun, greatly underrating it; probably regarding life as a pilgrimage, in which we should tend towards the ultimate goal, regardless of the meaner matters of sense. The practical man, on the other hand, doubts, or rather disbelieves in the high-flown thoughts and vagaries of the idealist. His creed is, that

"Life is real, life is earnest;"

or even if he does not think the concerns of this present life the *summum bonum*, he considers that, being in the world, he must make the best of his position. Accordingly, he seeks after the most direct means of so doing, while the half-starved face of his idealistic brother shows that to maintain a man something more than abstract speculation is necessary.

The most important circumstance connected with those two opposed views of philosophers is, that their followers, as a rule (instead of considering that each has one side of the truth, that their aims would best succeed by co-operation, and that they are labouring in two closely allied departments), despise one another; the one regarding the other as a dull, matter-of-fact materialist; *vice versa*, the other as a dreamy, vague speculator, inhabiting cloudland, and useless as a member of society: or, in the words of Allan Butler, as a being, who is

"A master of the theoretical,  
The high ideal and the pure æsthetical,  
The imaginary, mystic, and didactical;  
In short, of everything except the practical!  
Whose aims are glorious and whose thoughts intense,—  
And wanting nothing, except common sense;  
Could plan new worlds, without the least misgiving,  
But in this planet couldn't make a living!"

We trust that it will be borne in mind throughout that the two opposites are regarded as extremes. It is only with this understanding that the purpose of it will fairly be perceived; for, in practice, men's characters are composed of such varying lights and shadows, that it is very difficult to classify any one under a particular head. It is necessary to assume arbitrary types, and seize the prominent part of the subject under review.

It is greatly to be deplored that something like Freemasonry does not exist among the votaries of science; that, instead of the angry paper wars constantly before our eyes, all might regard one another as brethren worshipping Deity, in exploring His works in various chapels of the one great cathedral (if we may be allowed thus to employ Longfellow's simile), instead of each man assuming his own method to be the true one, and despising others.

It is impossible, indeed, that every man, or any but an occasional student, should seize the happy medium in his researches. Our object is, while working in our several departments, so to unite in our ultimate aims that the result, published as a whole, may present the nearest approach to truth within our reach.

Education is the grand, the difficult problem of our age. All have their peculiar ideas on this point, many of them being doubtless excellent; but the difficulty is to select one that can be applied in a catholic and systematic manner. Education, till our own day—and the darkness is still perceptible—was carried on apparently under the idea that it is a necessary evil, which, like nauseous medicine, must be endured, on account of the subsequent good results, which, it was inferred, would be acknowledged when the patient should arrive at years of discretion.

What can be a greater mistake than that of presenting the noblest acquisition of humanity in the least inviting form? Physical rather than moral force was, till lately, inseparable from all large schools, gentler influences being totally ignored. Boyhood is the age of impulse, that which is most easily led, when feeling, rather than principle, is the ruling force. Is it not a great mistake to divest education of all allurements for its own sake, and to drive into the young a certain quantity of Latin, Greek, and arithmetic, without furnishing them with the proper key to their enjoyment as mental attributes? Surely suitable instruction might be so conveyed that its own beauty and utility might be made apparent, and that thus a boy may be made to feel the poetry and heart of a classical writer, as much in Virgil and Horace as in Milton or Pope. What is true is necessarily beautiful, so

that education, as well as all science, is not wholly truth if the beautiful be separated; and no one will deny that truth, in the purest form that they can comprehend, should ever be presented to the young. Would it not be a great improvement in our systems of education if better measures were taken to inspire a love for natural beauty? Neglect of the element of beauty is one cause why so many of the best years of life are wasted; the head is so often cultivated at the expense of the heart. Beauty is so closely allied to love; one who can find it in all nature—more particularly its higher and more spiritual part—will hardly be one of those who, like Bulwer's ably-drawn character, "Randal Leslie," present the image of a satanic incarnation, or of those dull materialists who can conceive nothing higher than a scientific demonstration. There are, then, two forces that keep men in the course of abstract good: "the idea of fixed right and that of love." Practically, there may be difference of opinion, which, if there is, the higher we think the latter; and, moreover, that the idea of fixed right will be found to have its origin in that of love.

We would urge, however, one bearing of the study of knowledge most strongly upon all, particularly those whose walk is in the practical department. It is, that they abandon not, nor neglect, the poetry of science. The spirit of poetry, in a greater or less degree, exists in all of us; and how much pleasure and satisfaction do we not lose by ignoring it? Does not experience show us how usual it is on entering manhood, and the life of the great world, to abandon for ever all poetic feeling with the day-dreams of youth? We know that we must fight our way, step by step, and therefore we are ready to believe the teaching of many of our judicious instructors, that imagination is a prolific source of weakness, and should be laid aside. Unbridled imagination, we allow, may be a curse, and nothing can injure us more in our course than a sickly sentimentality. But because the abuse of it is evil, shall we cast from us the "arch beautifier of life,"—the flowers that a kind and provident nature has strewn along our mental road? It has been wisely said that poetry can lend a charm to the most irksome and distasteful labour; and in this weary pilgrimage we have little cause to reject such assistance. Can we imagine, in the late war with Russia, that a soldier marching to battle, nicely weighing in his mind the various rights of the powers engaged, would pass on with the zeal and enthusiasm of another full of the spirit of old chivalry? No! it cannot be. The one will be a machine, the other a hero. In nothing to such an extent



as in the study of science is this blindness so evident: the idealist and the positivist are both, though in unequal degree, liable to this error. It is certainly more difficult for the idealist to banish all poetry from the mind, yet we find that it occurs among some of the most abstract thinkers. Imagine an old German philosopher, absorbed in contemplation of the chief good and the essences of things, or the existence of universals, really, ideally, or *conceptually*. In such a man's mind, there may be as little poetry as in that of a student of minute anatomy, whose ideas on dissecting a liver extend as far as the comparative arrangement of arteries, veins, and ducts.

The idea of the beautiful, the advantages of which in study we have endeavoured to develop in this essay, is one of those most deeply implanted in the mind of man, probably one of its essentials. Why, then, should we, in the investigation of those works in which beauty of design, of form, and harmony of arrangement, are most apparent, commit such an outrage against the laws of our being, as to take wilfully so one-sided a view of them, by permitting one of the noblest points from they can be viewed to remain disregarded.

Powerful is the temptation to a glance at creation, in respect of its transcendental beauty, ascending "from the little green moss and tiny fishes" to the wonders of the starry worlds. We are tempted to a discussion of man and his attributes, and to a consideration of the microcosm in the macrocosm till intellect can go no further; but the pages at our command are already filled up. The bounds of science for present humanity being reached, its eye (far-seeing as it is) can discern nothing but a dense haze, which another faculty of our higher being will pierce; and so moving onwards, let us raise our thoughts to that which is present throughout all space, filling the vast universe, and giving its strength to aught that has the breath of life.

M. D.

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### CAPE TOWN BESIEGED AND TAKEN.

LITTLE did we imagine that we should ever have to record the taking of Cape Town by the forces of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French. Yet such is the fact. The town has surrendered at discretion. We are entirely in the hands of the *grande armée*: we have yielded without struggle. The very Rifles (our own dear Rifles) have neither



drawn a sword nor fired a shot. The Fleet at Simon's Bay has remained at anchor, and blue coats and red coats have smoked the pipe of peace in quiet and silence.

And yet we are perfectly contented with our lot, for our gallant conquerors have only subdued us by good nature, good humour, good music, and good dancing. The British ensign still floats at the Castle—General Wynyard still commands the forces—her Majesty's sway is still undisputed—and the only victory gained has been a social one, when the conquered have been as well pleased as the victors, and not a national one with bloodshed and rapine. In short, Cape Town has held on almost every day during the last month as many Frenchmen as have probably set foot in the colony during the previous half century. And they have been received with open arms, and been *fêted*, and stared at, and laughed at, and admired to their hearts' content.

In truth, the sight of Cape Town, with every street swarming with French soldiers, has been an amusing one. Kafirs in St. Petersburg would not be more rare animals than they before the recent irruption. Their close-cropped heads, long coats, exaggerated style of unmentionables, eternal gesticulations, and desperate attempts at fraternization with all classes (especially the respectable race of coolies), have made them the most entertaining set of animals that could have been imported.

"Do they wear crinoline?" has been the question of many of the fair sex, unable to conceive by what other contrivance the gallant soldiers could attain to that extreme ballooning of the upper part of their nether garments.

"They *must* wear stays," other fair ladies have whispered to each other, as they noticed the wasp-like waists of the *sous-lieutenants*, looking even more conspicuous by contrast with the evidently developed garments immediately below them.

"Why do they cut their hair so short?" other damsels have demanded, glancing at the shaven polls of *vieux sabreurs*.

"How fast they talk!" exclaims every one, but especially those who have learnt French at select academies, and consequently know—nothing about it.

And the dark ladies of the metropolitan city! It would be difficult to say whether they have been more delighted or frightened; for, while they are gratified at the gallant attentions paid them, they are alarmed at the manner in which they are sometimes evinced. Many a dusky cheek has been surprised by twenty different salutes before the owner of it could cry "Oh!" Many a laundress, waddling

under a huge bundle of linen, has been placed in the awkward dilemma of having to submit to an unsought kiss, or drop her burthen, and run away without it. We have not heard of the latter alternative ever having been adopted.

Tradition has imputed intense sobriety to the French: but tradition, from the days of Troy downwards, has always been telling fibs, and has not closely adhered to truth in this instance. Of course, we don't speak of the officers; but their men appear to have found Cape wine stronger, if not pleasanter, than French, and the effects have been striking. Especially it must be remarked that a drunken Frenchman is scarcely ever ill-tempered. If *in vino veritas* be a true adage, this fact speaks well for French character.

But the *vivandieres* and *cantinieres* have borne off the palm in exciting astonishment. With their military coats and hats and jaunty feathers, their fully-developed busts and tight waists, their extensive trowsers, gaiters, and boots, their little canteens slung on their backs, and, often enough, medals and ribbons decorating their breasts, and bearing witness to their bravery and devotion on the tented field,—these dames of the army, these daughters of the regiments, have surprised and delighted all beholders. The first one who landed was so completely mobbed by enthusiastic Malays that her friends and comrades had at last to rally round her, and regularly charge the crowd to bear her off in safety. The first Bloomer in Hyde Park (and we remember her well) did not create half the excitement. But in England, excitement is worn out—used up. Here we can manage to be enthusiastic, in spite of the thermometer.

And talking of enthusiasm, what could give us a better dose of it than listening to the strains of a French military band? Who ever heard music in the open air performed with more accuracy, taste, and skill than by the splendid band of the 102nd regiment? Let us honestly confess it; the French *do* beat us in some things—military bands amongst others. We ourselves once heard the music of a French regiment of the line playing on Havre pier. Two days afterwards, we were in Kensington Gardens, listening to the strains of the Coldstream Guards. The comparison would seem to be an unfair one for the Frenchmen, but they had no reason to fear it, for the music of their line regiment beat that of our crack Household Brigade one “all to smithereens,” as Cousin Jonathan would express it.

But we are wandering to Havre and Hyde Park when we ought to be in Cape Town. Music reminds us of dancing. Most of the Frenchmen dance well. A few seem to have

studied at the Jardin Mabille, and approach to the *cancan* style, which is more energetic than graceful; but these are the exceptions. The rest display great good taste in waltzing, polkaing, and galopading. We are quite sure the ladies thought so, for Englishmen have been at a discount at the late balls. Our gallant allies have borne off all the honours. Our sisters, wives, and daughters have been whirled about by more Frenchmen than they ever saw before, and by the expression of their countenances, we should say they liked it very well. Indeed, we know of one young lady—we won't hint at her name, because she is unmarried, and we would not mar her fair prospects—who registered a vow never to dance with an Englishman so long as she could get a Frenchman for a partner, which is likely to be for a long time hence, as more are daily expected, and the young lady speaks enough French to swear by and with an accent not so very redolent of Whitechapel. Other young ladies have had proposals of marriage—serious downright proposals, and are supposed to be looking forward with great anxiety to the speedy termination of that “nasty, stupid Chinese war,” so that dear Alphonse, or the charming Jules, or the fascinating Edmond may return to redeem his promise. It is true that the proposals have been made under difficulties—not pecuniary difficulties, but the troublesome impediment of not speaking half a dozen words of each other's language. It must be confessed that this drawback is a bore. We once heard a Danish gentleman, entranced by a young lady's eyes, address her as “My loaf,” which was sufficiently near the mark to enable her to guess that he meant “My love.” What the Frenchmen say we don't know, and would not tell if we did; but we have witnessed some amusing attempts at conversation lately, and heard one young lady volunteer to speak Dutch, if her partner would find that sweet language more comprehensible than English; but the offer was politely declined, and, we fancied, with a slight shudder too. The general plan seems to be for the gentleman to talk French and the lady English, by which each understands about one tenth of what the other says, and guesses at the other nine tenths, or makes it out by nods and smiles, shrugging of shoulders, and the polite and inevitable *si*. With others, the language is wholly French,—that is to say, real French on the gentleman's side, and imaginary French on the lady's. We have, indeed, often been reminded lately of the anecdote of Brummel's French.

“How did he speak it?” asked one of his friends of another who had just visited the exiled *beau* in Calais.

"With the utmost audacity," was the reply.

Frenchmen are never very great in letter-writing, because very few know how to spell, except among the highly-educated, which few of the army pretend to be. And yet we have heard of more than one *billet* being addressed by the brave *militaires* here to blooming damsels who have stolen their hearts. It is even whispered that if post office secrets could be revealed, we should hear of a few stray epistles in French hands finding their way into the letter-box on Valentine's Day, addressed to "Mademoiselle ——." We would not reveal a name for any reward on earth.

We have been talking of French soldiers all this time, and quite forgetting the sailors. This is wrong, and we offer the *amende* at once. We want to pay them a compliment, and we will do so in a thoroughly John Bull fashion, that is, by telling the truth, and showing our national vanity at the same time. The officers of the French navy look more like Englishmen than any foreigners we have ever seen. Certainly, we believe, they imitate the dress and style of our own sea service; and they are quite right, for they could not take a better or manlier set of fellows for their models. But they don't imitate them servilely, or only in externals, because they have also all the freedom, frankness, and true good-breeding of our own "triumphant sons of truest blue." As for their men—their jack tars—they are certainly dressed wonderfully like our own; but they cannot attain to the peculiar rakeishness and inimitable free-and-easy swagger of a British salt.

Well, we have entertained our gallant friends as well as we can. We have given them dinners and balls, and murdered their language, and they have shown themselves delighted with all our attempts, eating the dinners, dancing their legs off at our balls, and never laughing at our bad French. Indeed, their politeness is inimitable. The other day, we saw an officer looking inquiringly at one of the wretched plastered caricatures of lions at the entrance to the Paddock.

"*Voilà, Monsieur,*" said we, "*le lion Britannique !*"

"*Ah ! c'est très bien,*" replied the polite Frenchman, without changing a muscle of his face, as he had not perceived that we were speaking ironically. We explained matters, and he laughed heartily with us at the absurd figures which the taste of the "powers that be" allows to remain in the Government Gardens.

Now we heartily wish we could get the candid opinion of our good friends touching our town, our people, our ways



and manners. We firmly believe they could give us some excellent hints, and teach us some lessons worth learning. As it is, they are too polite to find fault when they meet with allies and friends so cordial and so anxious to please them. We will venture to give, however, a few hints that have been dropped by them.

First, there is the want of a *café*—a good, handsome *café*. There never was a climate or a country better suited for one; and such an institution (for it would deserve no worse a name) would greatly improve the comforts and the morals of a number of people. Who ever saw drunkenness in a *café*? Not a *cabaret* or an *estaminet*, be it remembered, but a house where drinking coffee and sherbets, eating ices, reading the papers, and perhaps smoking a quiet cigar, may be enjoyed in decent company.

Secondly, an open air *café chantant* in the Government Gardens, where the above luxuries, together with good music, may be enjoyed in the pale moonlight or starlight of our glorious nights, at small expense and with great comfort.

Thirdly, a good theatre, to which respectable ladies can go without being elbowed by those who are *not* respectable, and where the acting shall not be ridiculous, nor the singing atrocious.

It must be remembered that these are Frenchmen's suggestions, not our own; but are they unworthy of listening to?

But we will bring this paper to an end, lest we wear out our readers' patience, as we have already worn out our own pen.

A. W. C.

## A SEAMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.\*

LORD COCHRANE.

OF the books received at the Public Library last month, the best is the Earl of Dundonald's Autobiography of a Seaman. It is the production of an octogenarian, and is written with all the epigrammatic force of a practised *littérateur* of forty. But an interest attaches to it of a far more captivating character than any that mere literary graces would induce. Lord Dundonald has been the hero of the hundred fights he paints so well; and we are carried on from page to page

\* The Autobiography of a Seaman. By Thomas, Tenth Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., Admiral of the Red, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, &c. Vol. I. Bentley.



with the impression rather that we read of the exploits of a Raleigh, Drake, or Blake, than of a modern peer whose leonine and rugged features may still be met with on the pavement of Pall Mall.

The present volume narrates Earl Dundonald's (then Lord Cochrane's) brilliant naval services in the British navy from his entrance into it on to the action in Aix Roads in 1809. The result of that action, namely, the court-martial on Lord Gambier—virtually a prosecution of himself; his non-employment thenceforward in the navy; the unscrupulous plot—since proved to have been a plot—by which he was driven from the service; his restoration to rank by King William IV, and to the honours which accompanied that rank by Queen Victoria, are to form the themes of a second volume, to which the public will look forward with all the more anxiety, from the fact that the gallant veteran is already on the brink of the grave, and that at any moment his illustrious career may be precipitated to a close. The atrociously cruel and unjust treatment he met with from his keenly-embittered political foes has cast a dark and gloomy shadow over the whole of his otherwise brilliant career. His temper has been severely soured by it, and in every chapter we meet with oburgatory denunciations of the “sinister influences,” the “deliberately malignant” plots and conspiracies which his excited and jaundiced imagination naturally detects where they are altogether invisible by ordinary and unbiassed observers. In the preface to the present work, however, he makes several affecting and graceful references to the friends who ever stood faithfully by his side, and specially to the wife who won back for him his long-lost honours. Among the former, he quotes Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. Hume. Of the latter, he says :

Last, though foremost in estimation, is another friend, found where man will seldom look for a friend in vain,—at home. The Countess of Dundonald, my wife, knowing the opinion of her sovereign with regard to the persecution which had entailed on me so many years of misery, and equally well aware that, in the first years of his Majesty's reign, the non-reversal of that unjust sentence was owing to the influence of some in his Majesty's councils, whose political animosity, sixteen years before, had no small share in its infliction,—that ardent and heroic lady determined to penetrate to the foot of the throne, and learn from the lips of the sovereign himself whether it was consistent with the dignity of his crown that its attribute of mercy should be the sport of an almost extinct political faction. The step was a bold one; but the ardour which had conceived it to be necessary lacked not the energy to carry out its resolve. In spite of the coolness of some about the court, and the positive rudeness of others, whose names it is not worth while to resuscitate, this devoted lady gained an interview with her sovereign

and, with the greatest respect, besought his Majesty not to permit the benevolence of his disposition and his own belief in the innocence of her unjustly maligned husband to be thwarted by those whose office it was to advise, but not to control his better judgment. His Majesty graciously listened, and his reply was kingly,—that he would no longer allow the reparation, which was her husband's due, to be withheld.

The book opens with an introductory history of the Dundonald family, and with a sketch of the author's father, the ninth Earl of Dundonald, who enriched his country and impoverished himself, by a series of costly experiments and discoveries in agricultural and manufacturing chemistry, which should have rendered his name more widely celebrated than it is. Young Lord Cochrane commenced the world as heir apparent to a barren earldom, and possessor of a gold watch. He was first destined for the army; but at his own earnest entreaty, was transferred to the sister service. The Earl of Hopetoun generously advanced £100 for the purchase of his outfit; and in 1793, at the age of seventeen years and a half, he entered as midshipman on board his uncle's frigate, the *Hind*, then ordered on cruising service to the coast of Norway. The first lieutenant of the *Hind* was a character, and of the old school—Lieutenant Larmour, more familiarly known in the service as Jack Larmour:

On my introduction, Jack was dressed in the garb of a seaman, with marlinspike slung round his neck, and a lump of grease in his hand, and was busily employed in setting up the rigging. His reception of me was anything but gracious. Indeed, a tall fellow over six feet high, the nephew of his captain, and a lord to boot, were not very promising recommendations for a midshipman. . . . . After a little constrained civility . . . he ordered me to get my traps below. Scarcely was the order complied with, and myself introduced to the midshipmen's berth, than I overheard Jack grumbling at the magnitude of my equipments. "This Lord Cochrane's chest? Does Lord Cochrane think he is going to bring a cabin aboard? The service is going to the devil! Get it upon the main deck?" The order being promptly obeyed, amidst a running fire of similar objurgations, the key of the chest was sent for, and shortly afterwards, the sound of sawing became audible. It was now high time to follow my property, which, to my astonishment, had been turned out on the deck,—Jack superintending the process of sawing off one end of the chest just beyond the keyhole, and accompanying the operation by sundry uncomplimentary observations on midshipmen in general, and on myself in particular.

Jack Larmour and Lord Cochrane soon learned to know each other better, and became the fastest friends; and, as the result of Jack's rough but effective training, within eighteen months the midshipman of the *Hind* became third lieutenant of the *Thetis*. For five years subsequently, he served in several other vessels on the North American station. Thence, under Lord Keith's patronage and command, he joined the fleet in the Mediterranean, and the chapter which

describes his subaltern career there presents the most valuable elucidations of the naval history of the time. It was then that once, and once only, he met with Lord Nelson. During a stay at Palermo, he had opportunities of personal conversation with him; and, says Dundonald, "from one of his frequent injunctions, 'Never mind manœuvres, always go at them,' I subsequently had reason to consider myself indebted for successful attacks under apparently difficult circumstances."

On his return from the Mediterranean, Lord Cochrane received his first independent command in the brig *Speedy*. She was little more than a caricature of a vessel of war even sixty years ago. She was about the size of an average coasting brig, her burden being 158 tons. She was crowded, rather than manned, with a crew of eighty-four men and six officers; and her armament consisted of fourteen four-pounders. One day, by way of burlesque on this equipment, he walked the quarter-deck with a whole broadside of shot in his coat pockets. He applied for, and obtained, a couple of twelve-pounders, intending them as bow and stern chasers, but was compelled to return them to the ordnance wharf, there not being room on deck to work them. The cabin had not so much room as for a chair, the floor being entirely occupied by a small table, surrounded with lockers, answering the double purpose of store chests and seats. The difficulty was to get seated, the ceiling being only five feet high. The most singular discomfort, however—adds our graphic author—was that "my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight, and putting my head through to make a toilette table of the quarter deck!"

In command of this little craft, Lord Cochrane sped proudly on to the Mediterranean, and there rendered services which made his name popular and heroic throughout the whole of Britain. Along the French and Spanish coast, now by dexterous stratagem, now by hard, daring, gallant battle, the *Speedy* became a dreaded foe, known by all the French and Spanish fleet. In May, 1801, was accomplished Lord Cochrane's most brilliant, though not his first exploit. A large Spanish frigate, the *El Gamo*, was descried close in shore; and, on the morning of the 6th May, orders were given to pipe all hands, and prepare for action. The rest of the description, which is as vivid a battle-piece as any contained in the records of our naval history, is taken from the volume before us:

We made towards the frigate, which was now coming down under steering sails. At 9:30 a.m., she fired a gun, and hoisted Spanish colours, which the *Speedy* acknowledged by hoisting American colours,

our object being, as we were now exposed to her full broadside, to puzzle her till we got on the other tack, when we ran up the English ensign, and immediately afterwards encountered her broadside without damage. Shortly afterwards, she gave us another broadside, also without effect. My orders were not to fire a gun till we were close to her; when, running under her lee, we locked our yards amongst her rigging, and in this position returned our broadside, such as it was. To have fired our popgun four-pounders at a distance would have been to throw away the ammunition; but the guns being doubly, and, as I afterwards learned, trebly shotted, and being elevated, they told admirably upon her main deck; the first discharge, as was subsequently ascertained, killing the Spanish captain and the boatswain. My reason for locking our small craft in the enemy's rigging was the one upon which I mainly relied for victory, namely, that from the height of the frigate out of the water, the whole of her shot must necessarily go over our heads, whilst our guns being elevated, would blow up her main deck. The Spaniards speedily found out the disadvantage under which they were fighting, and gave the order to board the *Speedy*; but as this order was as distinctly heard by us as by them, we avoided it at the moment of execution by sheering off sufficiently to prevent the movement, giving them a volley of musketry and a broadside before they could recover themselves. Twice was this manœuvre repeated, and twice thus averted. The Spaniards, finding that they were only punishing themselves, gave up further attempts to board, and stood to their guns, which were cutting up our rigging from stem to stern, but doing little farther damage; for after the lapse of an hour, the loss to the *Speedy* was only two men killed and four wounded. This kind of combat, however, could not last. Our rigging being cut up, and the *Speedy's* sails riddled with shot, I told the men that they must either take the frigate, or be themselves taken, in which case the Spaniards would give no quarter—whilst a few minutes energetically employed on their part would decide the matter in their own favour. The doctor, Mr. Guthrie, who, I am happy to say, is still living to peruse this record of his gallantry, volunteered to take the helm. Leaving him therefore for the time both commander and crew of the *Speedy*, the order was given to board, and in a few seconds every man was on the enemy's deck,—a feat rendered the more easy, as the doctor placed the *Speedy* close alongside with admirable skill. For a moment, the Spaniards seemed taken by surprise, as though unwilling to believe that so small a crew would have the audacity to board them; but soon recovering themselves, they made a rush to the waist of the frigate, where the fight was for some minutes gallantly carried on. Observing the enemy's colours still flying, I directed one of our men immediately to haul them down, when the Spanish crew, without pausing to consider by whose orders the colours had been struck, and naturally believing it the act of their own officers, gave in, and we were in possession of the *Gamo* frigate of thirty-two heavy guns and 319 men, who an hour and a half before had looked upon us as a certain if not an easy prey. Our loss in boarding was Lieutenant Parker, severely wounded in several places, one seaman killed, and three wounded, which, with those previously killed and wounded, gave a total of three seamen killed, and one officer and seventeen men wounded. The *Gamo's* loss was Captain de Torres, the boatswain, and thirteen seamen killed, together with forty-one wounded,—her casualties thus exceeding the whole number of officers and crew then on board the *Speedy*.

Some time after the surrender of the *Gamo*, and when we were in quiet possession, the officer who had succeeded the deceased captain,



Don Francisco de Torres, not in command but in rank, applied to me for a certificate that he had done his duty during the action! Whereupon, he received from me a certificate that "he had conducted himself like a true Spaniard," with which document he appeared highly gratified, and I had afterwards the satisfaction of learning that it procured him further promotion in the Spanish service!

Shortly before boarding, an incident occurred, which, by those who have never been placed in similar circumstances, may be thought too absurd for notice. Knowing that the final struggle would be a desperate one, and calculating on the superstitious wonder which forms an element in the Spanish character, a portion of our crew were ordered to blacken their faces; and what with this, and the excitement of the combat, more ferocious looking objects could scarcely be imagined. The fellows, thus disguised, were directed to board by the head, and the effect produced was precisely that calculated on. The greater portion of the Spaniard's crew was prepared to repel boarders in that direction, but stood for a few moments transfixed to the deck, by the apparition of so many diabolical-looking fellows emerging from the white smoke of the bow guns, whilst our other men, who boarded by the waist, rushed on them from behind, before they could recover from their surprise at the unexpected phenomenon.

Soon after this, the *Speedy* was trapped herself, and fell a prize to three French line-of-battle ships; but not before she had, within the brief term of eighteen months, taken and retaken 50 vessels, 122 guns, and 534 prisoners. Lord Cochrane became prisoner, in turn, to Captain Palliere, of the *Dessaix*, by whom he was treated, however, with the most frank civility. "On going aboard the *Dessaix*, and presenting my sword to the captain, Christie Palliere, he politely declined taking it, with the complimentary remark that he would not accept the sword of an officer who had for so many hours struggled against impossibility." For a few weeks, he continued on board the *Dessaix*, until exchanged, near Gibraltar, by Admiral Sir J. Saumarez. Then Lord Cochrane returned to England, in confident expectation of promotion to post rank. His uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane, and his old Whig father, Lord Dundonald, dunned the Admiralty with remonstrances in favour of the youthful hero, but for long in vain. Lord Cochrane, too, had been incessant in his appeals for promotion, not for himself, but for his brave, though poor lieutenant in the *Speedy*, Mr. Parker. In his letters, he ventured with characteristic impetuosity, if not imprudence, to argue with the first lord, and reminded Earl St. Vincent, in reply to his charge that only three men were killed on board the *Speedy*, that he had himself secured an earldom for a fight in which only one man was killed on board a line-of-battle ship. Lord Cochrane's importunity seemed to be at last successful, and his friend, Lieutenant Parker, was ordered to join the *Rainbow*, sloop, represented to be in the West Indies. He

proceeded to Barbadoes, and reported himself to Sir Alex. Cochrane; but as the vessel could not be found, Sir Alexander furnished him with a passage to look for her at the Bermudas, where he supposed she might be fitting out for sea. Not finding her there, Lieutenant Parker returned to Barbadoes, *when it became evident that no such vessel was on the North American station!* On ascertaining this, poor Parker returned to England a ruined man.

Lord Cochrane had, in the meantime, been appointed to post rank; but a mark was attached to his name, and there was but the slightest chance of his appointment to any ship. In the interval of dreary suspense, he betook himself to Edinburgh, and entered himself a scholar of the university at a time when Dugald Stewart and Playfair were professors there, and Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were students. His first appointment after this was to a miserable crank ex-collier, the *Arab*, which "sailed like a haystack," and in her he was doomed to twelve months' exile, guarding the fisheries of the Orkney coast, on which then not one fishing smack existed. "To me it was literally naval exile in a tub, regardless of expense to the nation,—a period of despair and useless inactivity." Lord St. Vincent, soon after this, retired from the Admiralty, and his successor, Lord Melville, appointed Cochrane to a worthier ship, the frigate *Pallas*. His services in her, and afterwards in the *Imperieuse*, though brilliant enough, we must reluctantly pass by without notice. Previous to this, however, he canvassed, albeit unsuccessfully, the rotten borough of Honiton, for a seat in Parliament; and his tactics there were of a characteristically *outré* description. He sternly refused to bribe, and was left, of course, in a minority:

To be beaten even at an election is one thing; to turn a beating to account is another. Having had decisive proof as to the nature of Honiton politics, I made up my mind that the next time there was a vacancy in the borough, the seat should be mine without bribery. Accordingly, immediately after my defeat, I sent the bell man round the town, having first provided him with an appropriate speech, intimating that "all who had voted for me might repair to my agent, J. Townsend, Esq., and receive *ten pounds ten*," which had been double the current price of votes purchased by the successful candidate.

The sensation produced by this was great, as may be imagined, and was sufficiently lasting to secure Lord Cochrane's triumphant return at the next election. The expectations entertained of securing a similar *ex post facto* meed of ten pounds ten again was, of course, disappointed, to the intense amazement and disgust of the free and independent burgesses of Honiton. Lord Cochrane continued for

a time in his seat for Honiton, and afterwards for Westminster, until, ultimately, his radical proceedings in the House for the reform of the naval administration generally, drew forth an authoritative command which transferred his public services to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

His successes there, under the general command of the gallant and generous Lord Collingwood, must also be passed over in this brief notice, to make room for a rapid account of his daring exploits against the French fleet in the roads of Aix. Lord Gambier had been appointed to blockade the French fleet at Brest, but the service was imperfectly discharged, and it was only by the aid of Stopford they were prevented from making their way to the West Indies, and playing sad havoc with British commerce there. As it was, they effected a union with the Rochefort squadron, and were snugly moored in the roads of Aix. There they were protected by a huge boom of unprecedented strength and magnitude, and jealously watched outside by Stopford and Gambier combined. The Admiralty at home, presided over now by Lord Mulgrave, were desirous of adopting some decisive, even if a desperate, expedient, for the complete destruction of the enemy's fleet; and, in their extremity, they resorted to the dashing Cochrane, who had now, in 1809, just returned to England. He was ready at once with a plan of desperate daring. He proposed to fit up, first, explosion vessels or floating mines, which, in the darkness of night, would be directed against the obstructive boom, and which would be followed, as that boom was destroyed, by a subsidiary force of fire-ships. The project was approved, and the execution of it was entrusted to the inventor. He accordingly proceeded to the scene of action, but encountered there the most vehement opposition from the jealousy of his senior officers in the blockading squadron :

Every captain was my senior, and the moment my plans were made known, all regarded me as an interloper, sent to take the credit from those to whom it was now considered legitimately to belong. "Why could we not have done this as well as Lord Cochrane?" was the general cry of the fleet, and the question was reasonable; for the means once devised, there could be no difficulty in carrying them out. Others asked, "Why did not Lord Gambier permit us to do this before?" the second query taking much of the sting from the first, as regarded myself, by laying the blame on the commander-in-chief. The ill-humour of the fleet found an exponent in the person of Admiral Harvey, a brave Trafalgar officer, whose abuse of Lord Gambier to his face was such as I had never before witnessed from a subordinate. I should even now hesitate to record it as incredible, were it not officially known by the minutes of the court-martial in which it some time afterwards resulted.

In addition to this, Lord Gambier himself was timid and undecided, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Cochrane obtained permission to execute his plan. At last, on the 11th of April, the deed was done. Lord Cochrane left his own ship, and embarked in command of the first explosion vessel :

The night was dark, and as the wind was fair, though blowing hard, we soon neared the estimated position of the advanced French ships, for it was too dark to discern them. Judging our distance, therefore, as well as we could, with regard to the time the fuse was calculated to burn, the crew of four men entered the gig, under the direction of Lieutenant Bissel, whilst I kindled the port fires; and then, descending into the boat, urged the men to pull for their lives, which they did with a will, though, as wind and sea were strong against us, without making the progress calculated. To our consternation, the fuses which had been constricted to burn fifteen minutes, lasted little more than half that time, when the vessel blew up, filling the air with shells, grenades, and rockets; whilst the downward and lateral force of the explosion raised a solitary mountain of water, from the breaking of which in all directions our little boat narrowly escaped being swamped. In one respect, it was, perhaps, fortunate for us that the fuses did not burn the time calculated, as, from the little way we had made against the strong head-wind and tide, the rockets and shells from the exploded vessel went over us. Had we been in the line of their descent, at the moment of explosion, our destruction, from the shower of broken shells and other missiles, would have been inevitable. The explosion vessel did her work well, the effect constituting one of the grandest artificial spectacles imaginable. For a moment, the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of 1,500 barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel; whilst the water was strewn with spars, shaken out of the enormous boom, on which, according to the subsequent testimony of Captain Proteau, whose frigate lay just within the boom, the vessel had brought up, before she exploded. The sea was convulsed as by an earthquake, rising, as has been said, in a huge wave, on whose crest our boat was lifted like a cork, and as suddenly dropped into a vast trough, out of which, as it closed upon us with a rush of a whirlpool, none expected to emerge. The skill of the boat's crew, however, overcame the threatened danger which passed away as suddenly as it had arisen, and in a few minutes nothing but a heavy rolling sea had to be encountered, all having again become silence and darkness.

The fire-ships behind were ill managed by their respective commanders, for, of twenty-five, only four reached the position in which alone they could prove of service. But the object in view was accomplished. The enemy were panic-stricken, slipped their cables in disastrous confusion, and drifted ashore. Lord Cochrane, in high triumph, at early dawn made signal to Lord Gambier that the French fleet was in his power, but the momentous intelligence was disregarded :

At 7 a.m. we signalled again, "*All the enemy's ships, except two, are on shore,*"—this signal, as well as the former one, being merely acknowledged



by the answering pennant; but, to our surprise, no movement was visible in any part of the fleet indicating an intention to take advantage of the success gained. Reflecting that, from the distance of the British force from the stranded enemy's ships, namely, from twelve to fourteen miles, the commander-in-chief could not clearly be acquainted with their helpless condition, I directed the signal to be run up, "*The enemy's ships can be destroyed*,"—this also meeting with the same cool acknowledgment of the answering pennant. Not knowing what to make of such a reply, another signal was hoisted, "*Half the fleet can destroy the enemy*." This signal was again acknowledged by the answering pennant, the whole fleet still remaining motionless as before. On this I made several telegraph signals, one of which was probably regarded as impertinent, namely, "*The frigates alone can destroy the enemy*," though it was true enough, their ships aground being perfectly helpless. To my astonishment, the answering pennant was still the only reply vouchsafed!

Yet one other signal was attempted, "The enemy is preparing to heave off," but with the same ill success as before. The indecision of Lord Gambier, and the jealousy of the other leaders of the fleet, seemed combined to render Cochrane's exploit fruitless. At last, in desperation, he determined to let his own ship, the *Imperieuse*, drift in stern foremost, with the signal flying gallantly, "Enemy superior to chasing-ship, but inferior to the fleet," expecting thus to coerce the tardy admiral to a combined and necessarily successful action. Even this proved ineffective; and finally the signal was run up, "In want of assistance," which, on board the fleet, was construed into a token of distress. Six vessels were then, and only then, dispatched to Cochrane's aid, while he meanwhile engaged the line-of-battle ship *Calcutta*, and compelled her speedily to strike. Afterwards, with the aid supplied, some half dozen more ships were overpowered and taken, while the great body of the French fleet quietly escaped. Had Cochrane's first dashing exploit with the explosion vessels and the fire-ships been followed up by the admiral with the same daring and skill with which it was initiated, even Bonaparte himself declared that every French ship then in the roadstead must have become a prize to the British fleet. Lord Cochrane returned to England dispirited and disgusted; and when it was proposed to pass a vote of thanks from the Imperial Parliament to Lord Gambier for his services on this occasion, Cochrane announced his determination to oppose it from his place in the House of Commons. This announcement resulted in a formal court-martial on Lord Gambier, in which the virtual defendant was not Lord Gambier but Lord Cochrane, and in which the judges were prepared from the outset with a foregone conclusion. From that moment, Lord Cochrane ceased to be employed in the naval service of his country; and four

years after, he fell a victim to the plot conspired against him by his embittered foes. Then he was disgraced from his rank, and stripped of his honours, and compelled, in bitterness and desperation of soul, which may well account for the acerbity of so many of his subsequent public writings, to enter the Chilian navy. His victories achieved there surpass, in brilliancy and romantic daring, even those recorded in the pages we have at present under review. The best account of them extant is to be found in the graphic volume on the subject published by himself two years ago.

It is satisfactory now, towards the close of his astonishing career, to find that the old hero has fully vindicated his fair fame, that he has been restored to his rank and all its honours, and that he still survives to remind the British seamen of our modern times of the deeds of daring done, and the gallant conquests achieved, by their predecessors half a century ago. The story he has told in the volume which we have here imperfectly noticed is one of such surpassing interest and attraction that we cannot feel that any apology is necessary for having occupied so much space with it in the pages of even a remote colonial magazine.

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## THE SOUTH AFRICAN INSTITUTION.

### ITS FRUITS IN PAST YEARS.

SOME years touching on 1829 and 1830 are to be remarked as being fruitful in intellectual movements in the southern hemisphere. The Cape, Mauritius, and subsequently Australia, were then forming or compacting institutions to advance and to diffuse scientific knowledge. In this city, the South African Scientific Institution, united with the Literary Society of an earlier date, aimed at these two great ends, by meetings, discourses, and publications. Andrew Smith, Sir J. F. W. Herschell, Thomas Maclear, and others, contributed their help. The first-named rendered the *South African Quarterly Journal* a work of primary value in regard to the natural history of this region.

The efforts of the association were not barren of results. Independent of contributions, illustrative of the physical and organic condition and relations of external nature; of the ethnology, languages, and social condition of this colony and the surrounding regions; and, independent also of the local intellectual influences exercised or promoted by them, the

proceedings of the institution originated some noteworthy movements of extensive and permanent scope and effect,—the results of which have been, or will be, of value to the world. For example:

(*a.*) The quarterly term observations on meteorology to be made hourly, during thirty-six consecutive hours, over all the world; the results of which, as far as the idea was carried out, have been published. It may perhaps, however, be surmised that the magnificent import of these results had not come fairly into view, and it is obvious that stations for observation are not yet sufficiently numerous, nor sufficiently dispersed, to secure them effectively. Part of the contemplated effect has been attained by Lieutenant Maury, of Washington, through his independent researches into the atmospheric condition of the Atlantic, leading to a probable determination of the direction of the wind at any point on any day over its vast expanse, so as to afford, as far as our knowledge at present extends, a guide to the course of every ship at all times. The intention of the recommendations embodied by the institution in the reports and instructions published in 1834 and preceding years, was that, ultimately, we should procure, by observations at sea and on shore, a map of the direction and character of atmospheric movements at given instants for every part of the earth's surface. It aimed to do for the air what individual observers do for an individual river, such as the Loire or the Rhone, so that we might comprise, within definite statements, or formulæ of notation or of thought, the vast elements and complexities of substance, quantity, and force, constituting that wondrous envelope in which our world lies.

(*b.*) The expedition into the interior of South Africa, conducted by Andrew Smith in 1834. One portion of the results of this effort is found in the magnificent work by the director of the expedition, entitled "*Illustrations of South African Zoology*," to the expense of publishing which the Imperial Government contributed the sum of fifteen hundred pounds. The collections made on that occasion, which were disposed of in London, assisted to complete our national repositories, and to extend an interest in this region, its condition and prospects. It is greatly to be regretted that exhaustion of health on the part of the director delayed, till it became too late to make it a safe speculation, the publication of the personal narrative which he had begun to prepare.

(*c.*) The Botanic Garden. Movements with the view of establishing this institution on the ground now occupied by

it were commenced by proposals and correspondence in 1830, under the government of the late Sir G. L. Cole, patron of the South African Scientific Institution; and the pledge then given, that the ground should be devoted to this purpose, was generously acceded to by every succeeding governor. It was, however, only at the death of the late Baron von Ludwig, in 1848, that effective steps could be taken to carry out this proposal. He had employed much time, attention, and expense in importing splendid or useful productions; and as the public interest became awakened to the advantage of preventing his collection from being utterly dispersed, measures were, with the aid and countenance of Sir Harry Smith, then holding the Government, taken to occupy the ground, and furnish there a repository for whatever might be useful for scientific or œconomic purposes.

In leaving this colony in 1850, the writer of these notices conceived himself to be virtually instructed by the members of the commission to propose to similar institutions wherever he might find them, that there should be a regular interchange of seeds and living plants, between our institution and those of other countries. This proposal met, as might be supposed, with a cordial welcome in Great Britain. There was, subsequently, transmitted to me a collection of our seeds and bulbs to be employed, with a similar view, in the United States. I found, however, that the public institutions there had not yet reached a development admitting generally the adoption of this kind of intercourse. The very limited and greatly-overcrowded accommodation under the charge of Dr. Asa Gray, as a botanic garden at Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, appeared to be the only repository in which they could be placed with a prospect of our purpose being answered. Dr. A. Gray accepted the proposal cordially, though with regret that scantiness of room might prevent full justice being done to it. He transmitted, in return, specimens of trees and of seeds, some of which may permanently extend the number of our naturalized species. In continuing this intercourse with the United States, there will be a difference in results to the two regions. With the exception of those plants of which the foliage requires to be nursed and fed by an envelopment of moist spongy air, almost anything we can get from the hilly seaboard, the Mississippi plains, the arid slopes and mountains of the west, or the valleys of the Pacific shore, is likely to succeed here; while, exclusive of a few succulent plants, which may ultimately serve to clothe with a more useful, at least with a more varied, vegetation, those arid and inhospitable slopes,



anything we send to them must be for the gratification of taste or of scientific curiosity alone, as being admissible only when suitable for being sheltered from the cold of winter. Taste, however, and scientific curiosity do exercise great sway among the American people. Their cities manifest everywhere the popular fondness for flowers. Though the bustle of political and commercial life has in the past withdrawn attention from the means of literary and scientific culture, yet now the influence of universal education, facilities for intercourse, and the attractive characteristics of their land, are spreading widely among the people an interest in the natural sciences. What they attempt, they accomplish grandly. National efforts of this order are commencing at Washington, where an institution, called the Patent Office, is organizing an active correspondence with every land visited by their missionaries, travellers, or commercial agents, for the purpose of procuring specimens of everything possessing a scientific or æconomic value. The commercial cities are aiming to secure extensive spaces, forming magnificent parks and gardens, for public recreation and instruction. Many institutions, especially in the northern, central, and western states, devote sedulous attention to the improvement of their indigenous or imported productions, so that, in regard to some important objects of cultivation, older forms, such as our common vine, may, if necessity require it, be replaced by others of a fresher origin, perhaps less susceptible to sources of decay.

It may be, however, that the productions of our own southern hemisphere take to our soil and climate in a more kindly and prosperous mode. South African, Malagasy, and Australian forms may therefore reach best to perfection in our hands. What may be gained for use or ornament in this way remains mainly yet to be discovered. A visitor returning to the colony, after an interval of eight or ten years, sees, however, that our Botanic Garden has already had a rapid influence. We have the green tresses of the casuarina floating over our gardens, and the lofty plumes of the eucalyptus waving above everything else, with a growth, in these few years, rapid beyond all precedent in this country.

(*d.*) The Museum. This institution originated under direct control and support by Government. A change of view in regard to colonial policy led to its being subsequently discarded. It was to receive and sustain it that the Scientific Institution, as above noticed, was proposed. So long as Dr. Smith remained in the colony, and the institution would afford funds for its continuance, it prospered. Those means

of support ceased; and though used as a source of instruction, it fell into decay. A change in social policy now has rendered its former position in the South African College less suitable; and a more popular form of government, as well as a general advance in the intelligence of society, promise in the future to give greater efficiency to all means of public information. Under the curatorship of Mr. Layard, it has already attained a far superior degree of extent and elegance. With the Public Library to be placed beside it, in the new building crossing the lower end of the Botanic Garden, it completes an idea which at one time could only be hinted at as a visionary anticipation.

Events, not needing to be particularized, led to a total suspension of effort on the part of the institution during several years.

It will be observed, in regard to those of the measures noticed above which are of local importance chiefly, such as the Botanic Garden and the Museum, that though suggested or commenced by the Literary and Scientific Institution, their present state and efficiency is due to a general progress in society, and general improvement in political and social condition, subsequent to the collapse of the institution. We infer, therefore, that circumstances greatly favour the re-establishment of it, so that there should not be the apprehension of the whole burden of its movements being thrown on the efforts or resources of two or three individuals.

The reasons for forming and sustaining such institutions are even stronger than they were of old. Education among us is of a higher order; and a greater number in the community is prepared to assist and be interested in such pursuits. The supplementing of early education by the efforts of the adult is rendered more than ever a necessity by the common advancement in individual, social, and scientific progress. So to supplement education is one specific end and effect of such organizations. They systematize the otherwise desultory efforts which the man of business, of office, or of professional life can make for this purpose; and they keep the passing and the retiring generations on the move, along with the younger one; which starts generally, and ought to start everywhere with a rate of instruction ever augmenting in extent and efficiency.

The purely scientific, as a class, become always proportionally fewer, because all are becoming more scientific. But that class is to be valued and encouraged, wherever such are found. To observe, deduce, or theorize, are the front-rank steps of our intellectual progress. Institutions afford to all

the scope and means for taking these steps, and for rendering them a common benefit. The capacity for being thus foremost may be found in any rank or race of men. It is the duty of society to welcome, manage, and handle them well, for its own sake. Give men free scope, hearing, and reward for discoveries anywhere, and discoveries will be made. Institutions become the best channel to convey them to the world.

All things change their fashion somewhat, more or less, with the attitude of the time. We cannot look at anything exactly as our fathers regarded it. Among an intelligent and progressive people, no sensible man would reproduce a discourse on any subject as written or cogitated ten years ago. All dogmas, even the highest and the holiest, retaining the sublime substance of steadfast truth, are modified in form, bearing, and application, corresponding to modifications in popular knowledge. No one can be of use, or of influence, who does not accept and conform to their modifications. Even Christianity ought to be watching scientific effort with a sympathizing and observant eye. That there should be neglect or repulsion between them is hostile to the just influence of both.

We have here the same attractive domain as of old to deal with as the arena of inductive effort; or rather, in correspondence with the position and functions of our race in the world, it has become fuller of interest, as discoveries have lifted obscurity off from it here and there. Our night sky is as rich in grandeur as the day in splendour and the earth in beauty. Beneath us is that more recondite beauty which comes to us in permanent laws and varying applications, through the vast geologic cycles of the world's lifetime.

It would be out of place to notice in detail the progress of scientific research into such matters, even during the interval to which special allusion has been made in the observations given above; nor is it suitable to expatiate at present on the deficiencies of our knowledge, or on those coveted solutions to the mysteries of mind and of nature, which constitute the hard problems, attacked through long ages, by the observant and analytic powers of the intellect. It is enough to recollect that the theory of the physical universe in its sublime unity and its details, has been assuming more and more a consistent form; and that the position, history, and experience of man, as a race, though full of doubt and debate, is receiving important elucidations from time to time. It is for us to be reminded that any grand whole of such an order of discovery is due at

last to the very minute contributions of multiplied individuals; and that we have to add our share to the result.

We will best be on the way towards this effect by renewing, at an early opportunity, the being and efforts of our Literary and Scientific Institution. We will receive, without doubt, every encouragement in such an undertaking, from society here, with its present views and spirit; and experience has made it obvious that the highest authorities in the land are prepared to give any such proposal a most cordial welcome.

J. C. ADAMSON.

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### CAPTAIN SPEKE'S DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

IN the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for November last we published a condensed account of the travels of Captains Burton and Speke from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika two years ago. Since then, by last month's mail, we learn that the British Government have placed a considerable sum of money at the disposal of Captain Speke, for the extension and completion of the discoveries made by him in that interesting quarter of the African continent. Public attention will therefore be speedily directed to these regions anew, which leads us to think that a summarised sketch of Captain Speke's proceedings on Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyanza, still further north, the probable source of the river Nile, can scarcely fail to prove interesting to the South African reader. For our information we are indebted to Captain Speke's own journal, which appeared in *Blackwood* for September, October, and November last.

Tanganyika Lake is situated between 3° and 8° south latitude, and in 29° east longitude; it has a length of 300 miles, with an average breadth of between thirty and forty, and forms one of the magnificent chain of lakes which are met with in the great elevated plateau of Eastern Africa from the Zambezi to Abyssinia. To the south of it are Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, explored by Livingstone a few months ago; and to the north of it are the still vaster waters of the Nyanza, now termed Victoria, and, as already stated, the presumed source of the ancient Nile.

In March, 1858, Captains Burton and Speke were lodged at Ujiji, on the eastern shores of Tanganyika. The former was invalided with serious illness, and on the latter devolved



the responsibility and the good fortune of setting forth to explore the lake. Towards the other side of it, and some fifty miles southward, was a group of islands, thickly populated, and governed by independent native sultans. The principal residents, though not the rulers, are Arab merchants, whose Arab titles are, of course, imported from Zanzibar and Muskat. One of these, the Shaykh Hamed bin Sulayyim, was the possessor of a dhow, the only vessel of the kind on the lake; and, were this secured, Captain Burton might be able to accompany his colleague on his explorations. Captain Speke accordingly resolved to set out in a canoe for the island in question. The lake canoes are large, similar to those in use on the Zambezi, and constructed, like them, of excavated stems of trees. Provided with a sufficient native crew, he departed on 3rd March:

The party is decidedly motley. The man of quaintest aspect in it is Sidi Mabarak Bombay. He is of the Wahiyow tribe, who make the best slaves in Eastern Africa. His breed is that of the true woolly-headed negro, though he does not represent a good specimen of them physically, being somewhat smaller in his general proportion than those one generally sees as fire-stokers in our steamers that traverse the Indian Ocean. His head, though woodeny, like a barber's block, is lit up by a humorous little pair of pig-like eyes, set in a generous, benign-looking countenance, which, strange to say, does not belie him, for his good conduct and honesty of purpose are without parallel. His muzzle projects dog-monkey fashion, and is adorned with a regular set of sharp-pointed alligator teeth, which he presents to full view as constantly as his very ticklish risible faculties become excited. The tobacconist's jolly nigger stuck in the corner house of . . . street, as it stands in mute but full grin, tempting the patronage of accidental passengers, is his perfect counterpart.

The party coasted southward, first along the eastern shores of the lake. Here is a picture of the group:

To pack so many men together, with material, in so small a space as the canoe affords, seems a difficulty almost insurmountable. Still it is effected. I litter down amidships, with my bedding spread on reeds, in so short a compass that my legs keep slipping off and dangling in the bilge-water. The cook and ballsman sit on the first bar, facing me; and behind them, to the stern, one half the sailors sit in couples; whilst on the first bar behind me are Bombay and one Belooch, and beyond them to the bow, also in couples, the remaining crew. The captain takes post in the bows, and all hands on both sides paddle in stroke together. Fuel, cooking apparatus, food, bag and baggage, are thrown promiscuously under the seats. But the sailors' blankets, in the shape of grass matting, are placed on the bars to render the sitting soft. Once all properly arranged, the seventeen paddles dash off with vigour, and, steering southwards, we soon cross the mouth of the Ruché. The tired crew now hug a bluff shore, crowned with dense jungle, until a nook familiar to the men is entered under plea of breakfasting. Here all hands land, fires are kindled, and the cooking-pots arranged. Some prepare their rods and nets for fishing, some go in search of fungi (a

favourite food), and others collect fuel. My cook-boy, ever doing wrong, dips his cooking-pot in the sea for water—a dangerous experiment, if the traditions of Tanganyika hold good, that the ravenous host of crocodiles seldom spare any one bold enough to excite their appetites with such dregs as usually drop from those utensils; moreover, they will follow and even board the boats, after a single taste. The sailors here have as great an aversion to being followed by the crocodile as our seamen by a shark, and they now display their feelings by looks and mutterings, and strictly prohibiting the use of the cooking-pot on that service again.

The scenery along the coast consists of evergreen hills and trees, which constitute a monotony of hill and dale, and dale and hill; of green trees, green grass, green grass, green trees, ever wearisome in their rich luxuriance. There are some few scattered villages concealed in the dense jungles, extending away in the background; and the only streams which flow into the deep blue waters of the lake have their mouths hidden by bullrushes, and other tall aquatic reeds, while inland they are just as closely covered by forest vegetation. At last the canoe voyagers venture from the shore, push westward across the lake, and reach their desired haven. The reception they meet with there is best described in Captain Speke's own words:

The following morning (8th March), when arriving amongst some islands, close on the western shore of the lake—the principal of which are Kivira, Kabizia, and Kasengé, the only ones inhabited—a watch-boat belonging to Sultan Kasanga, the reigning chief of this group, challenged us, and asked our mission. Great fraternising, story-telling, and a little pipe ensued, for every one loves tobacco; then both departed in peace and friendship: they to their former abode, a cove in a small uninhabited island which lies due south of Kivira, whilst we proceeded to a long narrow harbour in Kivira itself, the largest of all these islands. Fourteen hours were occupied in crossing the lake, of which two were spent in brawling and smoking. At nine a.m. the islanders, receiving intelligence of our arrival, came down the hill of which this island is formed, in great numbers, and held a market; but as we were unprovided with what they wanted, little business could be done. The chief desideratum was flesh of fish or beast, next salt, then tobacco, in fact anything but what I had brought as market money, cloth and glass beads. This day passed in rest and idleness, recruiting from our late exertions. At night a violent storm of rain and wind beat on my tent with such fury that its nether parts were torn away from the pegs, and the tent itself was only kept upright by sheer force. On the wind's abating, a candle was lighted to rearrange the kit, and in a moment, as though by magic, the whole interior became covered with a host of small black beetles, evidently attracted by the glimmer of the candle. They were so annoyingly determined in their choice of place for peregrinating, that it seemed hopeless my trying to brush them off the clothes or bedding, for as one was knocked aside another came on, and then another, till at last, worn out, I extinguished the candle, and with difficulty—trying to overcome the tickling annoyance occasioned by these intruders crawling up my sleeves and into my hair,

or down my back and legs—fell off to sleep. Repose that night was not destined to be my lot. One of these horrid little insects awoke me in his struggles to penetrate my ear, but just too late: for in my endeavour to extract him, I aided his immersion. He went his course, struggling up the narrow channel, until he got arrested by want of passage-room. This impediment evidently enraged him, for he began with exceeding vigour, like a rabbit at a hole, to dig violently away at my tympanum. The queer sensation this amusing *measure* excited in me is past description. I felt inclined to act as our donkeys once did, when beset by a swarm of bees, who buzzed about their ears and stung their heads and eyes until they were so irritated and confused that they galloped about in the most distracted order, trying to knock them off by treading on their heads, or by rushing under bushes, into houses, or through any jungle they could find. Indeed, I do not know which was worse off. The bees killed some of them, and this beetle nearly did for me. What to do I did not know. Neither tobacco, oil, nor salt could be found; I therefore applied melted butter; that failing I applied the point of a penknife to his back, which did more harm than good; for though a few thrusts kept him quiet, the point also wounded my ear so badly, that inflammation set in, severe suppuration took place, and all the facial glands extending from that point down to the point of the shoulder became contorted and drawn aside, and a string of bubos decorated the whole length of that region. It was the most painful thing I ever remember to have endured; but, more annoying still, I could not open my mouth for several days, and had to feed on broth alone. For many months the tumour made me almost deaf, and ate a hole between that orifice and the nose, so that when I blew it, my ear whistled so audibly that those who heard it laughed. Six or seven months after this accident happened, bits of the beetle, a leg, a wing, or parts of its body, came away in the wax.

It was not altogether an unmixed evil, for the excitement occasioned by the beetle's operations acted towards my blindness as a counter-irritant by drawing the inflammation away from my eyes. Indeed, it operated far better than any other artificial appliance.

The island on which our traveller encountered this unfortunate mishap is close to the western mainland, and separated from it only by a narrow strait. The population is considerable, and they live in mushroom huts, situated on the high flats and easier slopes, where they cultivate the manioc, sweet potatoe, maize, millet, various kinds of pulse, and all the common vegetables in general use about the country. Poultry abounds in the villages. The dress of the people is simple, consisting of small black monkey skins, cat skins, and the furs of any vermin they can get. From Kivira, Captain Speke crossed to a famous fish-market on the little island of Kabizia, where there is but one village, of twenty odd mushroom-shaped huts, chiefly occupied by fishermen, who live on their spoil, and by selling all they cannot consume to the neighbouring islanders. Thence he attempted to cross further to Kasengé, but was delayed by his crew, who refused duty until they had gorged themselves full with the fishy delicacies of Kabizia. Ultimately, however,

Captain Speke succeeded, and his arrival in Kasengé, and his reception there, must be described by himself in the following extract :

Shaykh Hamed bin Sulayyim, with many attendants and a host of natives, was standing ready to receive me. He gave us a hearty welcome, took my hand, and led me to his abode, placing everything at my disposal, and arranging a second house for my future residence. These worthy Arab merchants are everywhere the same. Their warm and generous hospitality to a stranger equals anything I have ever seen elsewhere, not forgetting India, where a cordial welcome greets any incidental traveller. Hamed's abode, like all the semi-civilized ones found in this country, and constructed by the Sowahili (or coast people), is made with good substantial walls of mud, and roofed with rafters and brushwood, cemented together with a compound of common earth, straw, and water. The rooms are conveniently partitioned off for domestic conveniences, with an ante-room for general business, and sundry other enclosures for separating his wives and other belongings. On the exterior of the house is a *palaver* platform, covered with an ample verandah, under which he sits, surrounded by a group of swarthy blacks, gossiping for hours together, or transacting his worldly business, in purchasing ivory, slaves, or any commodities worthy of his notice. The dhow I had come for, he said, was lying at Ukaranga, on the eastern shore, but was expected in a day or two, and would then be at my service.

The offer of the dhow, however, was but the pretence of a man anxious to achieve the reputation of generosity without being burdened with the expenses of it. One bribe after another was proposed by Captain Speke ; and one excuse after another was urged in favour of delay by his host, until ultimately our traveller was satisfied that any further expectation of success was vain. During his stay at Kasengé, he was treated by Shaykh Hamed, however, with the utmost friendship and hospitality, and received from him much important, and, as it afterwards turned out, accurate information respecting the lake both northwards and southwards. His picture of native character, generally, at Kasengé is not very flattering :

The population is very considerable, more so than that of the other ports. They are extremely filthy in their habits, and are incessantly inquisitive, as far at least as gratifying their idle curiosity is concerned. From having no industrial occupations, they will stand for hours and hours together, watching any strange object, and are, in consequence, an infinite pest to any stranger coming near them. In appearance, they are not much unlike the Kafir, resembling that tribe both in size, height, and general bearing, having enlarged lips, flattish noses, and frizzly woolly hair. They are very easily amused, and generally wear smiling faces. The women are better dressed than the men, having a cloth round the body, fastened under the arms, and reaching below the knees, and generally beads, brass necklaces, or other ornaments, while the latter only wear a single goatskin slung game-bag fashion over the shoulder, or, when they possess it, a short cloth tied, kilt fashion, round the waist. They lie about their huts like swine, with little more animation on a warm day than the pig has when basking in a summer's



sun. The mothers of these savage people have infinitely less affection than many savage beasts of my acquaintance. I have seen a mother bear, galled by constant fire, obstinately meet her death, by repeatedly returning under a shower of bullets, endeavouring to rescue her young from the grasp of intruding men. But here, for a simple loin-cloth or two, human mothers eagerly exchanged their little offspring, deliv-  
 ering them into perpetual bondage to my Belooch soldiers.

In connection with this, Captain Speke expatiates on the aspect of the slavery system in Eastern Africa altogether; and points out the evils it works, both socially and politically, with so much force, and yet with so much discrimination and temperance of expression, that though the extract must be a long one, we offer no apology for inserting it:

Talking about slaves brings to recollection the absurd statements that have been appearing in the newspapers and in parliamentary discussions, regarding the French and Portuguese slave transactions in the Mozambique Channel: leading people to suppose, who know nothing about the internal condition of Africa, that such a state of society can exist there as would induce the negroes to leave their easy homes and seek for hard service abroad. Nothing is more foreign to their inclinations. Nor can men be found willing to exile themselves as *free labourers* in any part of these African regions. In the first place, the negro has as great an antipathy to work as a mad dog has to water; he will avoid it by every stratagem within his power. It is true that the slaves whom the Arab merchants, or other men, have in their possession, never forsake their master, as if they disliked their state in bondage; but then, when we consider their position, what pleasure or advantage would they derive by doing so? During the slave-hunts, when they are caught, their country is devastated, their friends and relatives are either killed or are scattered to the winds, and nothing but a wreck is left behind them. Again, they enter upon a life which is new to them, and is very fascinating to their tastes; and as long as they do remain with such kind masters as the Arabs are, there is no necessity for our commiserating them. They become elevated in their new state of existence, and are better off than in their precarious homes, ever in terror of being attacked. But under what is misnamed the *free-labour* system the whole matter is entirely changed. Instead of living, as they in most part do, willingly with the families of the Arabs, men of a superior order, and doing mild and congenial services, they get transported against their will and inclinations to a foreign land, where, to live at all, they must labour like a beast; and yet this is only half the mischief. When a market for *free labourers* is once opened, when the draining pontice is once applied to Africa's exterior, then the interior will assuredly be drained of all its working men, and become more a waste than ever. To supply the markets with those *free cattle* becomes so lucrative a means of gain that merchants would stick at no expedient in endeavouring to secure them. The country, so full as we have seen it of all the useful necessities of life, able to supply our markets and relieve our people by cheapening all commodities, would, if slavery was only permitted to increase, soon be devastated for the very minor consideration of improving a few small islands in the Indian Ocean. On the contrary, slavery has only to be suppressed entirely, and the country would soon yield one-hundredfold more than ever it has done before. The merchants themselves are aware of this, for every Hindi

on the coast with whom I ever spoke on the subject of slavery, seemed confident that the true prosperity of Africa would only commence with the cessation of slavery. And they all say it would be far better for them if slavery were put down altogether than allowed to remain as it is, subject to limited restriction; for by this limitation many inconveniences arise. Those who were permitted to retain slaves have a great and distressing advantage over those who could not. They argue, and very properly, that in consequence of these slave-hunts the country is kept in such a state of commotion that no one thinks it worth his while to make accumulations of property, and, consequently, the negroes only live for the day, and keep no granaries, never thinking of exerting themselves to better their condition. Without doubt, it is mainly owing to this unfortunate influence of slavery on African society, that we have been kept so long ignorant of the vast resources, which would be of so much value to Zanzibar and neighbouring India, were it only properly developed.

The island of Kasengé is ruled by Kasanga, a very amiable sort of despot, and therefore liked. The food of his people consists chiefly of fish and fowls, both of which are abundant; though cows and goats, oil, ghee, and other luxuries are imported occasionally in Bin Sulayyim's dhow. While Speke was there, she arrived with a cargo of this sort, looking very graceful in contrast to the wretched little canoes, as she moved slowly up the smooth waters of the channel, decked in her white sails, like a swan upon a garden reach.

After long and repeated delays, our traveller determined to return to his companion and friend, Captain Burton, at Ujiji. His first difficulty was to collect the crew of his canoe, who had all taken French leave for a season on their own account. His second annoyance arose from a mingled display of superstition and greed on their part when they had at last mustered:

We moved out two miles in the morning, but returned again from fear of the weather, as the sailors could discern a small but very alarming-looking cloud many miles distant, hanging on the top of one of the hills, and there was a gentle breeze. In the evening, as the portentous elements still frowned upon us, the wise crew surmised that the *uganga* (church) was angry at my endeavouring to carry across the waters the goat which the Sultan had given me, and which, they said, ought never to have left the spot it was presented in alive; and declared their intention of applying to the *mganga* (priest) to ascertain his opinion before venturing out again. As the goat had just given a kid, and produced a good supply of milk, I was anxious to bring her to Ujiji for my sick companion, and told the sailors so; yet still they persisted, and said they would run away rather than venture on the water with the goat again. Then fearing detention, and guessing their motive was only to obtain a share in the eating her, I killed both kid and mother at once, and divided them amongst my party, taking care that none of the crew received any of the flesh. At night we sallied forth again, but soon returned from the same cause that hindered us in the morning. And I did not spare the men's feelings who had caused

the death of my goat in the morning, now that their superstitious fears concerning it, if they ever possessed any, were proved to be without foundation.

Ultimately, they effected a departure, and after a paddling of fourteen hours succeeded in crossing the lake due eastward, at its narrowest point, which was a breadth of twenty-six miles; the average width being between thirty and forty. Unfortunately, no means was at hand by which the depth of this expanse of water could be ascertained. That it is very considerable, however, is certain from the trough-like form of the basin of which it consists. On the 31st of the month, after an absence of four weeks, the party returned to Ujiji, and disclosed to Captain Burton, then happily a little restored, the mortifying intelligence of their failure in the negotiations for the hire or purchase of the dhow.

The next effort was to voyage southward and explore the southern extremity of the lake. Burton was still seriously ill, but he could not endure being left behind; and as Kannina, the ruler of Ujiji, was proceeding in that direction to complete some ivory transactions with the Sultan of Uvira, it was arranged that all should constitute one party, the expenses of which would be defrayed by the travellers, and the leadership and protection of which would be entrusted to Kannina. They set out in two canoes, explored the coast district as they proceeded (which is highly cultivated, and has very large cattle, bearing horns of stupendous size), reached their destination at Uvira, and obtained all the information they required respecting the country immediately northward. It is mountainous, and drains its waters southward by the Rusizi river into the lake. The only interesting descriptive sketch that may be extracted from this part of the narrative is the following:

It would have amused any one very much to have seen our two canoes racing together up the lake. These naked savages were never tired of testing their respective strengths. They would paddle away like so many black devils;—dashing up the water whenever they succeeded in coming near each other, and delighting in drenching us with the spray. The greatest pleasure to them, it appeared, was torturing others with impunity to themselves. Because the Mzungus had clothes, and they had none, they cared not how the water flew about; and the more they were asked to desist, the more obstinate they persevered. For fear of misapprehension, I must state that though these negroes go stark naked when cruising or working during a shower of rain, they all possess a mantle of goat-skin, which they sling over their shoulders, and strut about in when on shore, and the weather is fine.

It is a curious sight, when encamped on a showery day, to see every man take off his skin, wrap it carefully up, and place it in his mozigo or load, and stand, whilst his garment is thus comfortably disposed of, cowering and trembling like a dog who has just emerged from a cold pond.

The travellers arrived once more at Ujiji, and determined to return to Kazeh, some ninety miles to the eastward, and the principal depôt of the Arab merchants trading northwards. Burton was still an invalid, but Speke, who had now a year's acclimatization to this sort of work, was bent upon a journey northward to the great lake, spoken of by the negro natives as simply Nyanza, the generic term for great waters. The health of the party generally was extremely good. The climate, on account of the great plateau elevation of the country, was mild and temperate; and to this were added the beneficent effects of frequent invigorating swims on the surface of Tanganyika and the luxurious living afforded by the market at Ujiji. Of the latter we must extract the following illustrative sketch:

The facilities of the place giving us such a choice of food, our powers in culinary art were tried to their fullest extent. It would be difficult to tell what dishes we did not make there. Fish of many sorts done up in all the fashions of the day—meat and fowl in every form—vegetable soups, and dishes of numberless varieties—fruit-preserves, custards, custard-puddings, and jellies—and last, but not least, buttered crumpets and cheese, formed as fine a spread as was ever set before a king. But sometimes we came to fault, when our supply of milk was, on the most foolish pretexes, stopped by Kannina, who was the only cow-proprietor in the neighbourhood. At one time he took offence because we turned his importunate wives out of the house, in mistake for common beggars. On another occasion, when I showed him a cheese of our own manufacture, and begged he would allow me to instruct his people in the art of making them, he took fright, declared that the cheese was something supernatural, and that it could never have been made by any ordinary artifice; moreover, if his people were shown the way to do it one hundred times, they would never be able to comprehend it. He further showed his alarm by forbidding us any more milk, lest, by our tampering with it, we should bewitch his cows, and make them all run dry.

How Captain Speke fared in his journeys northward from Kazeh, and his brilliant discovery of the long mysterious sources of the Nile, we have no space to describe in the present number. The narrative will be resumed next month.

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## THE CAPABILITIES OF THE CAPE.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL APPERLEY.

THE editors of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* having requested I would write an article for their publication before I left the colony, I have much pleasure in complying; seeing that their pages usually contain useful information on agricultural and horse-breeding subjects, which I consider to be the two



paramount sources from which South Africa must ever look for its prosperity and riches.

Merchandise imported into a colony does not constitute its wealth. The enormous, well-filled stores in the sea-ports appear already to contain goods beyond what there is a demand for, as the long-credit system plainly shows; and if the resources of the colony are not worked up to a corresponding power, a smash must take place.

Therefore it behoves the Parliament and every man to turn his serious attention to the capabilities of the soil, which, in many districts I have passed through, is hardly to be surpassed, if proper attention were paid to irrigation, cultivation, and planting.

No other soil that I have seen will produce a succession of crops of wheat, which is said to make the best flour in the world, upon one rough ploughing (rough it is, and no mistake), little or no manure, and weeding never thought of! But such is the case here, and the crops are consequently light.

Every farmer should write over the mantel-piece in his dining-room that two grains of wheat imported by Mr. Bayley produced five thousand perfect seeds, and compare that return with his own, which is about twelve or fifteen for one sown. This prodigious increase from the two grains was simply caused by turning up the land to a proper depth, and pulverizing it well.

With this fact before our eyes, my advice to the agriculturists is, to plough properly, and pulverize their lands also. Keep them clear of weeds; winnow the grain two or three times before they select their seed, and *only sow the best and heaviest of the grains*; and, when they do manure the lands, spread the dung out and plough it in at once, when the soil will derive the benefit of it, instead of allowing it to remain in heaps on the field, withering till it becomes inert and useless.

I trust I may be pardoned for offering this advice. It is not meant for the good cultivators, and I know a few who do their farms justice, and reap the reward of their labour; but for the rest a hint may be useful. I have farmed very largely for the old East India Company in India, who never stinted their servants in means for any proposed improvements, and, by a system of superior cultivation to what my predecessors had adopted, I made, in the course of a few years, the *yield* and *profits* nearly double what the farm had ever produced before. Therefore, I feel in a manner justified in offering an opinion. Drougths are common in India, but I always found, if the lands were well prepared, a large portion of the

crop was saved in every field during the worst seasons. Nothing tends to produce smut in wheat so much as sowing inferior or light seeds in foul lands.

But to return to the text, as they say in other places. The *capabilities of the Cape* are unmistakable. Since the outbreak in India became known, five thousand four hundred and eighty-two horses and one hundred and four mules have been shipped to Calcutta and Bombay, and the following large sums of money have been disbursed amongst the farmers of the country, and speculators, who are all more or less cultivators of the soil :

Paid for horses.....	£156,853
„ mules .....	2,445
„ forage.....	47,265
„ keep of horses on farms .....	9,082
	<hr/>
	£215,645

This large sum is exclusive of shipping charges, servants' wages, and horse gear of different sorts.

Upwards of seventy thousand horses are reported to have died from horse-sickness in South Africa four years ago; and I believe the breeders themselves are astonished at what their country has now supplied, and in India they must have been amazed as ship after ship arrived, full of horses from a colony reported (by one who ought to have known better) only capable of furnishing about five hundred. In addition to the horses, the prodigious quantity of forage, amounting in value to £47,265, was collected without difficulty after what is called a very bad harvest.

Who can now doubt the *capabilities of the Cape*?

Every shoulder should be put to the wheel to improve such a wonderful and only half-developed country. Horse-sickness can be avoided by erecting proper sheds for the mares and foals, and growing some forage to feed them on during the prevalence of the disease. If the farmers do not think their horse stock worth this little expense and trouble, they deserve to suffer, and the Australians will deprive them of the Indian market. The only complaint against the Cape horses is their want of size, caused by starving the mares and foals, and taking no care of them.\*

\* In the *Cape Commercial Advertiser* of this date, the following paragraph appears : "The country from Caledon to the Gouritz River is suffering severely from drought, and some of the farmers have sustained very heavy losses by the death of horses and cattle. One farmer is said to have lost fifty breeding mares. Heavy rains have, however,

During the next meeting of Parliament, I hope to hear that liberal grants, on a scale worthy of the cause, have been voted for agricultural and botanical purposes, and that nursery gardens are ordered to be made in every district for rearing forest and fruit trees. Also that valuable purses of one hundred pounds each are to be given at some of the principal race meetings, to encourage the importation of fresh blood horses from England, now much needed. Mr. Bayley has done more for this colony ten times over than the Parliament will ever do, unless they follow his example, and import horses, bulls, rams, ewes, cows, machinery, trees, birds, &c.; or give encouragement to others to do so, by supporting, with all their heart, agriculture in all its branches.

Let the four hundred thousand pounds breakwater bill, with its wide margin, remain a dead letter in the present state of affairs; expend as much of the money as can be spared in improving the interior of the country, by raising water-dams, planting trees, making roads, and building bridges: when, in the course of time, the exports will demand a proper jetty, with a railway both sides of it, which the colony will then be able to build without an English contractor, or borrowed money. It is the opinion of some nautical men that the breakwater, as at present proposed, will be the scene of many wrecks, and cause Table Bay to fill with sand; but I do not pretend to offer an opinion.

The gentlemen of the colony may rest assured, when I see the Governor-General of India, I shall make him acquainted with the true merits of the untiring, hardy Cape horse, and urge a permanent agency being established in South Africa; not from any personal interest I may have in the matter, as I may seek employment elsewhere, but on the conviction I have that so good a horse cannot be reared in India at the same cost. In the meantime, I hope the breeders will continue to import plenty of real, good, thoroughbred horses from England, and feed their mares and young stock better:

fallen on this side of Caledon." Several cases of horse-sickness have also occurred on the colonial frontier! Had the breeders listened to my advice, offered shortly after I landed in the colony, and built sheds and cultivated one or two acres of land for every horse they possessed, such misfortunes might be avoided. Gross neglect and cruelty to dumb animals are enough to bring a curse upon any country with millions of acres uncultivated. A friend of mine in this country, some years ago, called upon a farmer who had sold him a colt for seventy pounds, and saw the dam starving in the yard, and a loft full of forage. On remonstrating on the cruelty, the farmer replied that the forage was worth twenty shillings the hundred pounds, and it was like giving the mare money to eat; and she died!

also, discard some of their prejudices against colour. Many good stallions that could have been purchased cheap have never reached the Cape, on account of a white foot; and weeds of good colour came out in their stead!

In a few days I shall sail for India, and beg to return my best thanks to those gentlemen with whom I have had horse-buying or other transactions. There are very many of them I part from with much regret, and shall long remember their straightforward and upright dealings. I cannot call one to mind to whom the perusal of "*The Moral Hints to Horse-dealers*," in the last February number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, would apply.

Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope,  
February 25, 1860.

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## MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

### NO. I.—FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

MYTHIC personages play an important part in the early historical ages. The whole of the heathen mythologies—Indian, Greek, Roman, and Egyptian—are made up of them. Homer himself is esteemed, by many sagacious critics, to be little better than a myth, and the learned Niebuhr has proved, *ad demonstrandum*, that those heroes of the earlier periods of Roman history, over whose exploits we used, in the days of our childhood, in the pages of Goldsmith (who, poor, good-natured soul, believed every word of them), to pore with such delight,—the Romuluses and Remuses, the Tarquins, Brutuses, and Lucretias, are equally shadowy and unsubstantial; Numa and the fair nymph Egeria apocryphal in the extreme; and the gentle wolf-nurse, the mysterious sybils, the great gulf in the Forum, and even the cackling geese that saved the Capitol,—in all probability never existed, save in the wild imaginations of the old women and gossips in the earlier days of the Roman commonwealth.

Yet it is highly probable that, if we could follow the traditions on which these myths are founded up to their sources, we should find some substance of truth in them. Romulus and Remus, probably, instead of being the sons of the god Mars, as tradition states, were quite as human on their father's side as on their mother's; and, being rather a disgrace to the family, were probably sent out to wet nurse to good dame Lupa, who lived in a shebeen in the Pontine



marshes. We can well believe in the grave flirtations and assignations of that grey-headed old file, Numa Pompilius, with the philosophical, blue-stocking lady, Egeria, although we much suspect both the modesty and the divinity of the latter. Homer probably, after all, was Homer, schoolmaster and poet, and nothing either more or less, although very little of his private life has been handed down to us. Tarquin was, it may be charitably presumed, not half so deboshed, or Lucretia half so chaste, as tradition makes them; and the mysterious sybils and cackling geese we do not consider at all out of the bounds of possibility, aye, or probability, although we confess the story of Quintus Curtius has always appeared to ourselves as great a crammer as he appears to have proved to the gulf in the Forum.

In the Holy Scriptures, even, are dim figures, who loom before us like shadows, and so depart, and of whose antecedents or sequence we know little or nothing. There is Tubal Cain, for instance, the type of the workers in metal, and from whom, probably, the Greeks and Romans borrowed the god Hephæstus, or Vulcan; and the mighty hunter, Nimrod; and Melchisedec, the most mysterious and mythic of all Scripture personages; and, again, the patriarch Job; and Og, king of Bashan; and the giants that were in those days. In the Apocrypha, the histories of Tobit, Judith, Bel and the Dragon, &c., are esteemed by the best critics as mythical and traditionary, *i.e.*, not resting on sufficient divine or historical evidence; and from the New Testament we derive one of the most famous myths of the middle ages, namely, that of the Wandering Jew.

In the ages immediately succeeding the introduction of Christianity, and up to as late a date as the tenth and eleventh centuries, we find the traces of many mythical personages, more or less renowned, even to the present day, but of whose actual existence we have very slender proofs. Tennyson, in his late "*Idylls of the King*," celebrates that famous myth, King Arthur, a favourite hero of the romancers of the middle ages, and from whose court has emanated a whole troop of more humble myths, still familiar with us as household words, to wit, Jack the Giant-killer, Tom Thumb, as immortalized by Henry Fielding, and many more too numerous to mention. Then comes the famous myth of St. George and the Dragon, the patron saint of England, the aforesaid St. George being, in the opinion of most ecclesiastical writers, one of the greatest scoundrels that ever existed, but whose effigy on certain small coins, struck by a namesake of his, the fourth of England, is exceedingly cherished and worshipped and

looked up to by a very numerous class of society in all parts of the world where English money doth circulate. Next comes Guy, earl of Warwick, the great bull-slayer, whose name must be familiar to all who visit the princely mansion of his descendants at the present day. Again, Robin Hood and Little John must be also classed amongst the myths of these earlier periods, as also Friar Bacon, Mother Shipton, and many other world-renowned names. But all these personages, in all probability, had once a real existence, although we know very few particulars about them. If they appear in the firmament of history as dim and hazy nebulae, still the powerful telescope of literary investigation can discern in all of them a small, although perhaps indistinct, nucleus of reality. It is, therefore, our intention to pass from these mythical personages, who once probably existed, to another class of myths, which, taking their beginning about the period which preceded the discovery of printing, have become familiar to all, although their origin is seldom perfectly understood; myths which personify certain states of human nature, either good or evil, rather than typify individuals. For instance, the myth of Dr. Faustus, exemplifying the union of the higher nature of the soul with the lower elements of human life, as so well illustrated in the idealism and speculation of the German character, then beginning to awaken to the light of the Reformation. In that of Don Juan we find just the opposite, and a type of the refined sensuality of Southern Europe, then plunged in the superstitious degeneracy of the period. In the myth of the Wandering Jew we are presented with one evidently originating from the church. A poor, wretched sinner, wandering over the face of the earth till the end of the world, finding no spot on which to rest the sole of his foot, until that period comes when, by his repentance and penance, he at last shall be forgiven and be at rest. The transmutation of inferior metals into gold, and the preparation of the elixir of life, that mysterious personage, Prester John, the unicorn, the phoenix, Pope Joan, the Wild Huntsman, Blue Beard (of whom our Henry VIII may have been the prototype), &c., &c., may all be classed amongst the myths of the middle ages, that eventful period when the human mind, guided by the rising star of printing, was gradually emerging from the slough of darkness and barbarism in which it had been immersed for so many ages. It is our intention in these papers to give a short and popular account of a few of the best known of these myths, commencing with the popular one of

## THE DEVIL AND DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Johan Faust, or Fust, was a rich burgher of Mainz, who died in 1460, and was one of the principal supporters and partners of Guttenberg in the discovery of printing. Hence it is said the vulgar, wondering at seeing printed sheets, thought he was in compact with the Devil, and under this character, with the appellation of Dr. Faustus, he has for ages enjoyed no very enviable notoriety. Such is the commonly-received myth of Dr. Faustus, no doubt actively propagated by the Roman clergy of the fifteenth century, to whom the discovery of printing was anything but welcome. But the real Simon Pure, according to the German "*volksbucher*," was altogether a different personage, and they describe him as being born at Knittlingen, in Wurtemberg, or, by other accounts, at Roda, in Weimar, and that he lived in the latter half of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, and that he studied magic in the university of Cracow, where he also instructed his pupil, Wagner. Faustus, after he had run through a large fortune, left him by his uncle, made use of his black art, and, compelling the Devil to come out of his shell, made a compact with him for twenty-four years. He received a certain devil, named Mephistopheles, for his valet, with whom he wandered about the world, lived an ungodly and dissolute life, until, one fine night, between the hours of twelve and one—the locality, the village of Rimlich, near Wittenberg—his Satanic Majesty, the stipulated time having expired, walked off with him up the chimney. Such is the vulgar tradition of Dr. Faustus amongst the lower classes in Germany in the present day, giving dates and localities, and hours even, with perfect precision. And probably, about that period, there did live such a personage, who, through various and extensive learning, and perhaps through clever sleight-of-hand tricks, imposed on the world, and was, on this account, looked on as a wizard, who was bound up in secret compact with the powers of darkness. His wide-spread fame, and the exaggerated accounts of the wonders he performed, caused him to be looked on as a sort of hero in the realms of magic, and all sorts of tales and traditions were related of him. As his exploits became a common subject of conversation amongst the lower classes, so they were taken advantage of by the clergy, who showed in Faustus' fearful end the danger of dabbling in the art magic, and the horrible termination of a sinful life. Such was the original tradition, homely enough, but still sufficient to excite the imaginations, not only of the ignorant, but also of the educated classes; and it quickly was

seized on as the foundation for innumerable "volksbücher," differing little in the main, but enlarging and diversifying the original horrors of the subject, until they were translated into almost all the languages of modern Europe. It could not but be expected that a subject so full of romantic matter for the poetical art would long escape the attention of the *litterati* of that period, and we find the sad fate of Dr. Faustus a rich mine for the poets, playwrights, pantomimists, and tragic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and by degrees the rough, popular tale of the Devil and Dr. Faustus was thus refined and re-refined, until, at last, the last drop of dross was purged off, and the virgin gold of Goethe's drama was finally poured out of the crucible. As early as 1600, our old dramatist, Marlowe, selected Faust as the subject of a tragedy, which possesses many very powerful passages. Klinger, Muller, Klingman, Lessing, and many other Germans, have produced tragedies of which Faustus is the hero, but it was reserved for Goethe to abandon the vulgar hoofed and horned devils, and the coarse horrors of the original tradition, and to implant on the same the beautiful character of Gretchen and her tragical fate. Carlyle thus beautifully describes the purport of Goethe's Faust:

The story of Faust forms one of the most remarkable productions of the middle ages; or, rather, it is the most striking embodiment of a highly remarkable belief which originated or prevailed in these ages. Considered strictly, it may take the rank of a Christian myth, in the same sense as the story of Prometheus, of Titan, and the like, are Pagan ones; and, to our keener inspection, it will disclose a no less impressive or characteristic aspect of the same human nature—here bright, joyful, self-confident, smiling even in its sternness; there deep, meditative, awe-struck, austere, in which both they and it took its rise. To us, in those days, it is not easy to estimate how this story of Faust, invested with its magical and infernal horrors, must have harrowed up the souls of a rude and earnest people, in an age when its dialect was not yet obsolete, and such contracts with the principle of evil were thought not only credible in general, but possible to every individual auditor who had shuddered at the mention of them. The day of magic has gone by; witchcraft has been put a stop to by act of parliament; but the mysterious relations which it emblemized still continue; the soul of man still fights with the dark influences of ignorance, misery, and sin; still lacerates itself, like a captive bird, against the iron limits which necessity has drawn round it.\*

Goethe was the first who tried the subject in such a philosophical point of view, and was successful. He retains, as Carlyle says, the supernatural vesture of the story, but retains it with the consciousness on his and our part that it

\* Foreign Review, 1828.



is a chimera. Goethe's Devil, says Carlyle, has the manners of a gentleman, is a cultivated personage, and acquainted with the modern sciences, sneers at witchcraft and the black art, as heartily as any member of the French institute; for he is a *philosophe*, and doubts most things; nay, half disbelieves his own existence. The cold, heartfelt contempt with which he despises all things, human and divine, might make the fortune of half-a-dozen "fellows about town." Here is no cloven foot, or horns and tail; he himself informs us "the very Devil has participated in the spirit of the age, and laid those appendages aside." How different from the Faustus of Marlowe, who is pulled to pieces by a whole troop of horned, and hoofed, and tailed fiends. Faustus, in Goethe's drama, stands opposed to Mephistopheles. If Mephistopheles, continues Carlyle, "represents the spirit of denial, Faust may represent that of inquiry and endeavour; the two are by necessity in conflict,—the light and darkness of man's life and mind. Intrinsically, Faust is a noble being, though no wise one. Had his weak arm the power, he could smite the universe asunder as at the crash of doom, and hurl his own vexed being along with it into the silence of annihilation." In short, in Faustus, we see the conflicting union of the higher nature of the soul with the lower elements of human life. In Margarete, do we find the antidote to Mephistopheles. She chooses death and ignominy rather than escape through the agency of the fiend, whom she abhors. Mephistopheles proclaims she is judged; a voice from above that she is saved.

A drama such as Goethe's Faust could not long remain unknown to the rest of Europe. In England and America, Shelley, Levison Gower, Anstey, and Fillmore have all attempted the difficult task of turning Goethe's irregular and fantastic metres into readable English. Shelley's, if the poet had but lived, would have been the Faust for Englishmen; for the few fragments he has left us are truly imbued with the genuine Goethian fire. Some of the scenes from the "*Walpurgis Nacht*" are in fire and force fully equal to the original. For example, the "*Mammon*" view from the top of the Broeken:

Ay,

And strangely through the solid depth below,  
 A melancholy light, like the red dawn,  
 Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss  
 Of mountains lighting hitherward; there rise  
 Pillars of smoke; here clouds float gently by;  
 Here the light burns soft on the enkindled air,  
 Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;

And now it glides like tender colours spreading;  
 And now bursts forth a fountain from the earth;  
 And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,  
 Thro' the broad valley, with a hundred veins;  
 And now once more within that narrow corner  
 Masses itself into intensest splendour;  
 And near us see sparks spring out of the ground  
 Like golden sand, scattered upon the darkness.  
 The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains  
 That hems us in are kindled.

Contrast this with the original, and it shows how wonderfully Shelley has caught up the true spirit of it:

Wie seltsam glimmert durch die Gründe  
 Ein Morgen röthlich trüber Schein  
 Und selbst bis in die tiefen Schlünde  
 Des Abgrunds wittert er hin ein.  
 Da steigt ein Dampf, dort ziehen Schwaden  
 Hier leuchtet Gluth aus Dunst und Flor  
 Dann schleicht sie wie ein zarter Faden  
 Dann bricht sie wie ein Quell hervor  
 Hier schlingt sie ein ganze Strecke  
 Mit hundert Adem sich durchs Thal  
 Und hier in der gedrängten Ecke  
 Vereinzelt sie sich auf einmal  
 Da sprühen Funken in der Nähe  
 Wie ausgestreuter goldner Sand  
 Doch schau! in ihrer ganzen Hohe  
 Entzündet sich die Felsenwand.

The tradition of Faust has also inspired many excellent artists, both painters, engravers, and musicians. Two old paintings, dated 1525, in Auerbach's cellar in Leipsig, the scene of one of Mephistopheles' tricks, represent that famous episode of the drinking scene in Goethe's Faust. Rembrandt engraved a picture, much valued, of Faustus in his chamber, and the Devil appearing to him; and Retzsch, in his renowned outlines, has made the world familiar with the outward appearance both of Faust and his familiar, Mephistopheles, as well as of poor Gretchen. In music, Spohr's opera of Faust is not, perhaps, so well known as it deserves to be.

Many years ago, say thirty-five, a dramatic version of Goethe's Faust appeared on the London boards, which we recollect seeing as a schoolboy, with the late James Wallack as the hero. It was a magnificent and gorgeous scenic display, but very little of the spirit of the poet of Weimar was retained. Of demons, imps, red fire, and blue blazes, there was abundance; of Spohr's music, a little. Some choice ballets and comic songs agreeably enlivened the dialogue. Mephistopheles, when he first appeared, *en diable*, covered over with green scales and fluttering a gigantic pair of gauze wings, with a horrible pair of goggle eyes and horns

to match, frightened the life out of half the children and old women in the house; and the last scene, when a whole legion of devils, blue, white, and grey, walked off with poor Faustus through a hole in the stage, amidst a cataract of crimson fire, will not be forgotten by us in a hurry, and we hope will be a warning to us until our dying day. But, after all, it was very poor, weak stuff, which even Wagner's Comic Songs or Figurante's Pas Seuls could not enliven. It was "indeed a tawdry and hollow article, suited for immediate use and immediate oblivion," which even blue blazes and crimson fire, comic songs and pas seuls, could not redeem. But then how little know the English public of Faust and Margarete; how little of Mephistopheles; how little of the subject altogether.

On the whole, we think there is no doubt that the tradition of Faustus retains but the name of the old Mainz burgher, for there is no reason to suppose the "volksbucher" version is based on the slightest foundation. It is a tradition, in the first place intended as a warning against indulgence on illicit terms in earthly pleasures, and showing the horrible and diabolical termination of such. And at the present day, refined and purified by Goethe, it symbolizes the earnest and intense strife after knowledge; human nature filled with self-confidence and pride, and unsanctified by the light of true religion, or the humility of the gospel of Christ. Every man who is proud and self-confident in his own learning, and is not meek, lowly, and teachable as a child, is indeed a Faustus, and as much the slave of a Mephistopheles, or any other diabolus, as even poor Dr. Johan Faustus, of horrible memory. With these very sage and wise remarks, equalling anything ever attained by Mr. Tupper, the proverbial philosopher, himself, we conclude our account of the Faust myth; intending, in our next, to analyze that of "Don Juan," with its different variations.

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## ENCAMPMENT OF LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION AT MOUTH OF KONGONE RIVER.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. BAINES.

OUR sketch shows the encampment of Dr. Livingstone and party, in December last, at the mouth of the Kongoné, one of the few navigable branches of the Zambezi delta. The steam-launch *Ma Robert* is laid up on the beach as high as the spring tides allow, for the purpose of being repaired.



F. LORR, LITH.

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION AT THE KONGONE, ZAMBEZI DELTA, December, 1859.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. BAINES.





Near her are the pinnacle of the *Hermes* and the whale-boats, one of which is being hauled up by a party of Makololo. Conspicuous to the right are the extemporized huts of Dr. Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. Rae; and, in the foreground, a still humbler home, tenanted by the Makolaka, a name applied by the Makololo to the natives of the country, six or seven of whom were employed as boatmen. In the centre of these edifices appears a stage, erected for securing a better view to seaward. Further distant is a dark mudbank, bristling with the stumps of rotten mangroves. On the horizon, the *Lynx* may be discerned at anchor beyond a long line of breakers across the bar, which renders it dangerous for boats to cross, except in fine weather. On the spectator's left, but not shown in the sketch, is Ayungalula, or Beacon Island, on which a triangle of rough poles, surmounted by a mast, has been erected by Captain Berkeley, of H.M.'s steamer *Lynx*, in latitude  $18^{\circ} 53' 45''$  south, and longitude  $36^{\circ} 9' 45''$  east. The country, as will be seen, is flat, and continues so for a great distance inland. Small canals intersect it in all directions. Mangroves and mosquitoes abound in the salt-water swamps, and the dwarf palm grows plentifully, affording, by its sap, a cooling drink, and by its broad fan-like semi-recurved leaves, an excellent material for impromptu villages. Interspersed among these are many moderately large compactly-leaved shady bushes, bearing a hard-shelled orange-coloured fruit, the pulp of which is pleasantly acid, though from its seeds strychnine may be extracted. The amaryllis and other flowers ornament the plain. The wild date is not scarce; and two or three native wells re-opened supply water enough. There are but few inhabitants, and even they seemed to have deserted the place before the arrival of the Livingstone party, leaving their huts empty, and numerous earthen jars hanging to the stumps of the palms, to show that they had once been there. Hawks, especially a large white-headed fellow with rich brown wings, wheel over the rivers, swooping at the incautious fish as they rise to the surface, and sometimes fighting in the air for their prize. One of these is figured in the sketch. Flamingoes, cranes, herons, and pelicans abound. A few water-bucks and wild pigs are occasionally seen, and hippopotami are tolerably numerous; but owing to the great width of the river, and the small portion of the head they expose when alarmed, they are rather difficult to come near. They feed generally at night, but, when undisturbed, will sometimes come ashore in the open day. They are hunted by the natives with harpoons, the shaft of which

loosening itself from the head, to which it is attached by a long cord, acts as a float to direct the course of the pursuers.

Dr. Livingstone and his party descended from Tete to the Kongoné, for the double purpose of repairing their launch, and communicating, by means of H.M.'s steamer *Lynx*, with their friends in Europe. They had previously returned from their successful journey of discovery northward of Shirwa to Lake Nyassa. From the Kongoné, Mr. Baines, the artist of the expedition, who had suffered severely from repeated attacks of fever, took his passage in the *Lynx* to the Cape; while Dr. and Mr. Charles Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. Rae, with the *Ma Robert* and their Makololo crew, proceeded up the Zambezi once more to Tete. Thence, according to the latest accounts, they were to journey overland on foot to the Makololo country, on the Leeambye, to visit Livingstone's old friend Sekeletu, the Makololo chief. This excursion was expected to occupy eight months, by the end of which time the arrival of the new steam launch from England may be expected. It is gratifying to learn that Lord John Russell, the present foreign minister of the British Government, has determined to furnish all the aid in his power for the continuance and extension of the explorations already so bravely tried and accomplished by the Livingstone expedition.

We need only add that our photograph is taken from a sketch supplied by Mr. Baines, the accomplished artist of the expedition; and that the sketch is but one of an innumerable series, all equally vivid, graphic, and picturesque, from the same pencil.

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## LITERARY REVIEW.

IN a preceding article of the present number, we have rapidly reviewed the most interesting book received by last month's steamer, namely, Lord Dundonald's Autobiography of his early career as an officer in the British navy. The remaining works on the list are unusually meagre and unattractive.

Other works of the deepest interest have, we observe, been published at home; but, unfortunately, have not hitherto found their way to the Cape. Foremost of these are, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant's narrative of Lord Elgin's embassy to China and Japan, and Captain McClintock's journals of his successful Arctic voyage in the *Pox*. Mr. Oliphant's work cannot fail to pour a flood of light on the Chinese question, which now excites so deep an interest among all the civilized nations of the

West; and Captain McClintock's narrative must be acceptable among all who love to peruse the records of hardy daring and adventure incurred in a cause of the purest affection and humanity. In the absence of the book itself, we meet with much interesting information on the subject in the narrative furnished by one of the officers of the *Fox* to Mr. Thackeray's new *Cornhill Magazine*. The voyage of the *Fox* began on the 1st July, 1857, and ended at the Isle of Wight on the 23rd September, 1859. We cannot now attempt to follow the perils the brave party encountered, or the various steps by which they proved completely successful in discovering the long mysterious and melancholy fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, of the memorable expedition of 1845. After sledge-journeys, in their second winter, extending over eighty days across the ice-fields southward from Boothia Felix and King William's Land, Captain McClintock and his comrades returned to their ship, the mystery disclosed, and their work accomplished. We can find space here for only one brief pathetic extract, which gives, however, the condensed substance of the whole discovery :

Over and over again we told our adventures, and we never tired of listening to the one all-absorbing though melancholy subject, of the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

We had been prepared by the report brought from the Esquimaux in February to find that all hopes of survivors were at an end, and that the expedition had met with some fatal and overwhelming casualty; but we were scarcely prepared to know, nor could we even have realized the manner, in which they spent their last days upon earth, so fearful a sojourn must it have been. Beset and surrounded with wastes of snow and ice, they passed two more terrible winters drifting slowly to the southward at the rate of one mile in the month, hoping each summer that the ice would open, and determined not to abandon their ships until every hope was gone. In nineteen months they had only moved some eighteen miles, their provisions daily lessening, and their strength fast failing. They had at last left their ships for the Fish River at least two months before the river could break up and allow them to proceed, and in the then imperfect knowledge of ice travelling they could not have carried with them more than forty days' provisions. Exhausted by scurvy and starvation, "they dropped as they walked along," \* and those few who reached Montreal Island must all have perished there; and but for their having travelled over the frozen sea we should have found the remains of these gallant men as they fell by the way, and but for the land being covered deeply with snow, more relics of those who had struggled to the beach to die would have been seen. They all perished, and, in dying in the cause of their country, their dearest consolation must have been to feel that Englishmen would not rest until they had followed up their footsteps, and had given to the world what they could not then give—the grand result of their dreadful voyage—their *Discovery of the North-West Passage*. They had sailed down Peel and Victoria Straits, now appropriately named Franklin Straits, and the poor human skeletons lying upon the shores of the waters in which Dease and Simpson had sailed from the westward bore melancholy evidence of their success.

\* Esquimaux report.



THIS reference to the *Cornhill Magazine* reminds us that now the very choicest literature issued in the language is to be met with in these marvellously cheap periodicals. The *Cornhill* itself is an astonishing illustration of the extent to which literature has become part of the daily food of the Anglo-Saxon people. It extends over one hundred and twenty-eight pages; contains twenty-five pages of a new novel by Mr. Anthony Trollope; sixteen pages of a new illustrated novel, by Mr. Thackeray; a paper on China and the Chinese War, by Sir John Bowring; another on Volunteering, by Sir John Burgoyne; a series of delightful studies of Animal Life, by G. H. Lewes; and several miscellaneous contributions besides; the whole, as the showman would say, for the small sum of one shilling. Of all these the greatest attraction will be, of course, Mr. Thackeray's own story of "Lovel the Widower." It opens quite in the old well-worn, and almost weary fashion of "Vanity Fair:" full of quips, and cranks, and not wreathed smiles, but sarcastic ones. The author informs us at the outset, who are and who are not to be the personages of the play:

I don't think there's a villain in the whole performance. There's an abominable selfish old woman, certainly; an old highway robber; an old sponger on other people's kindness; an old haunter of Bath and Cheltenham boarding-houses; an old swindler of tradesmen, tyrant of servants, bully of the poor—who, to be sure, might do duty for a villain; but she considers herself as virtuous a woman as ever was born. The heroine is not faultless (ah, that will be a great relief to some folks, for with many writers good women are, you know, so *very* insipid). The principal personage, you may likely think, to be no better than a muff. But is many a respectable man of our acquaintance much better? And do muffs know that they are what they are, or, knowing it, are they unhappy? Do girls decline to marry one if he is rich? Do we refuse to dine with one? I listened to one at church last Sunday with all the old women crying and sobbing; and, oh dear me! how finely he preached! Don't we give him great credit for wisdom and eloquence in the House of Commons (House of Assembly)? Don't we give him important commands in the army (the Volunteers)? Doesn't your wife call one in the moment any of her children are ill? Don't we read his dear novels? Yes; perhaps this one is read and written by — Well? *quid rides?*

The leading characteristics we meet with in the present instalment are "Lovel the Widower" (to be), who is quick in speech, wears a fierce beard, speaks with asperity to his servants (who liken him to a—to that before-named sable, or ermine contrivance, in which ladies insert their hands in winter), and takes his wife to task so smartly, "that I believe, she believes, he believes, he is master of the house." The said wife, Cecilia, fourth daughter of Sir Popham Baker, Co. Kilkenny, who is a lean, scraggy, lackadaisical, egotistical, consequential, insipid creature. "She used to bully Fred so, and be so rnde to his guests, that in order to pacify her, he would merely say, "Do, my love, let us have a little music!" and thrumpty, thrumpty, off would go her gloves, and *Tara's Halls*, would begin. "The harp that *once*" indeed! the accursed

catgut scarce knew any other music, and "*once*" was a hundred times at least in my hearing." The mother-in-law, Lady Baker, aforesaid, notorious at Bath, at Cheltenham, at Brighton—wherever frumps and trumps were found together; wherever scandal was cackled; wherever fly-blown reputations were assembled, and dowagers with damaged titles trod over each other for the *pas*. Mrs. Prior, the lodging-house keeper in Beak-street, who had seen better days (landladies frequently have); her husband, Captain Prior, a nondescript character, but a thoroughly free-handed fellow, when he had anybody's money in his pocket; and their daughter Bessy, who earned her guinea a week by dancing, at what was called the academy, but was in truth the theatre. This last is, as far as we have got yet, the only tolerable personage in the piece. We must conclude our notice for the present, with one simple picture of life in Prior's lodging-house at Beak-street:

At this time (her character has developed itself not so amiably since), Mrs. Prior was outwardly respectable; and yet, as I have said, my groceries were consumed with remarkable rapidity, my wine and brandy bottles were all leaky, until they were excluded from air under a patent lock; my Morel's raspberry jam, of which I was passionately fond, if exposed on the table for a few hours, was always eaten by the cat, or that wonderful little wretch of a maid-of-all-work, so active, yet so patient, so kind, so dirty, so obliging. Was it *the maid* who took those groceries? I have seen *Gazza Ladra*, and know that poor little maids are sometimes wrongfully accused; and besides, in my particular case, I own I don't care who the culprit was. At the year's end, a single man is not much poorer for this house-tax which he pays. One Sunday evening, being confined with a cold, and partaking of that mutton broth which Elizabeth made so well, and which she brought me, I entreated her to bring from the cupboard, of which I gave her the key, a certain brandy-bottle. She saw my face when I looked at her: there was no mistaking its agony. There was scarce any brandy left: it had all leaked away: and it was Sunday, and no good brandy was to be bought that evening.

Elizabeth, I say, saw my grief. She put down the bottle, and she cried: she tried to prevent herself from doing so at first, but she fairly burst into tears.

"My dear—dear child," says I, seizing her hand, "you don't suppose I fancy you——"

"No—no!" she says, drawing the large hand over her eyes. "No—no! but I saw it when you and Mr. Warrington last 'ad some. Oh! do have a patting lock!"

"A patent lock, my dear?" I remarked. "How odd that you, who have learned to pronounce Italian and French words so well, should make such strange slips in English? Your mother speaks well enough."

"She was born a lady. She was not sent to be a milliner's girl, as I was, and then among those noisy girls at that—oh! that *place*!" cries Bessy, in a sort of desperation, clenching her hand.

Here the bells of St. Beak's began to ring quite cheerily for evening service. I heard "Elizabeth!" cried out from lower regions by Mrs. Prior's cracked voice. And the maiden went her way to church, which she and her mother never missed of a Sunday; and I daresay I slept just as well without the brandy-and-water.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that, with such a bill of fare as we have here indicated, and with the prestige of Thackeray's name, the *Cornhill Magazine* should have secured a sale of sixty thousand copies of the first number.

ANOTHER of those admirably conducted new cheap periodicals is *Once a Week*, a miscellany of literature, art, science, and popular information, illustrated by Leech, Tenniel, Millais, and others of the most distinguished artists of the day. The articles in it are generally shorter than those of the *Cornhill*, and are more after the fashion of *Household Words*. Some of them are of surpassing interest, however; and in a recent number was published a brief poem by Mr. Tennyson, which, for exquisite simplicity, tenderness, and beauty has not been excelled by any of his previous works. It is entitled "The Grandmother's Apology," and reminds the reader throughout of the perfect pathos of the *Queen of the May*. Little Annie, the grandchild, has been reading the news of the death of her uncle, the granddame's eldest son :

And Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne?  
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.  
And Willy's wife has written; she never was overwise,  
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,  
Hadh't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.  
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.  
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,  
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.  
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound  
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

But the grandmother cannot cry for him now; she has not long to stay herself, and perhaps will only see him the sooner, for he lived far away :

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;  
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:  
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;  
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,  
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.  
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well  
That Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.  
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!  
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,  
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,  
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day ;  
And all things look'd half dead, tho' it was the middle of May.  
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been !  
But soiling another, Aunie, will never make oneself clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late  
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.  
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,  
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopt : there past by the gate of the farm,  
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.  
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew now ;  
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

“ Jenny, the viper,” made her a mocking curtsey and went ; and  
between the lovers, of course, the quarrel is made up ; and

So Willy and I were wedded : I wore a lilac gown ;  
And the ringers raug with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.  
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,  
Shadow and shiue is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.  
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.  
I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife :  
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain :  
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.  
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn :  
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay ;  
Kind, like a mau, was he ; like a man, too, would have his way ;  
Never jealous—not he : we had many a happy year ;  
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died ;  
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.  
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget :  
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

The remainder of the poem is so exquisitely perfect that to abridge  
its substance would be to fatally mar its beauty. We must quote it  
entire :

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,  
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Aunie like you :  
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,  
While Harry is in the five-acre, and Charlie ploughing the hill.



And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team :  
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.  
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—  
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive ;  
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five :  
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten ;  
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve ;  
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve :  
And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;  
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure the preacher says our sins should make us sad :  
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had ;  
And God, not man, is the judge of us all when life shall cease ;  
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,  
And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.  
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest ;  
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest born, my flower ;  
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—  
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;  
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vexed ?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.  
Get me my glasses, Annie : thank God that I keep my eyes.  
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.  
But stay with the old woman now : you cannot have long to stay.

Mr. Tennyson's contribution of a Sea Idyll to *Macmillan's Magazine* we have not yet seen, nor are we aware that any copy of that periodical has yet reached the colony, although by the critics at home it is eulogized as highly meritorious.

BUT though last not least, if indeed not best of all, must be mentioned Dickens' *All the Year Round*, the admirable continuation of his memorable *Household Words*. It abounds now, as always, in tales of exquisite fiction, in graphic sketches, genial essays, and valuable information in almost every department of modern popular learning. We refer to it at present, however, mainly for the purpose of quoting an explanation furnished by Mr. Dickens himself relative to one of the personages who live, move, and have their being in *Bleak House*. The article begins with a series of extracts from Mr. Thornton Hunt's appended chapter to the autobiography of Leigh Hunt :

These quotations are made here (says Mr. Dickens) with a special object. It is not that the personal testimony of one who knew Leigh Hunt well may be borne to their truthfulness. It is not that it may be recorded in these pages, as in his son's introductory chapter, that his life was of the most amiable and domestic kind, that his wants were

few, that his way of life was frugal, that he was a man of small expences, no ostentations, a diligent labourer, and a secluded man of letters. It is not that the inconsiderate and forgetful may be reminded of his wrongs and sufferings in the days of the Regency, and of the national disgrace of his imprisonment. It is not that their forbearance may be entreated for his grave, in right of his graceful fancy or his political labours and endurances, though

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well.

It is that a duty may be done in the most direct way possible. An act of plain, clear duty.

Four or five years ago, the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement, "that Mr. Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*." The writer of these lines is the author of that book. The statement came from America. It is no disrespect to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, as many friends and as true an interest as any man that lives, good-humouredly to state the fact that he has, now and then, been the subject of paragraphs in Transatlantic newspapers more surprisingly destitute of all foundation in truth than the wildest delusions of the wildest lunatics. For reasons born of this experience he let the thing go by.

But, since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death, the statement has been revived in England. The delicacy and generosity evinced in its revival are for the rather late consideration of its revivers. The fact is this :

Exactly those graces and charms of manner which are remembered in the words we have quoted were remembered by the author of the work of fiction in question when he drew the character in question. Above all other things, that "sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness" in the humouring of a subject which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the airy quality he wanted for the man he invented. Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character *speak* like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him ! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture. Even as to the mere occasional manner, he meant to be so cautious and conscientious, that he privately referred the proof sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his "way."

He cannot see the son lay this wreath on the father's tomb, and leave him to the possibility of ever thinking that the present words might have righted the father's memory and were left unwritten. He cannot know that his own son may have to explain his father when folly or malice can wound his heart no more, and leave this task undone.

The Christmas number of *All the Year Round* for this year consists of a ghost story, entitled "The Haunted House," respecting which a curious tale is going the round of the papers.

Some time since a lengthy correspondence arose between Mr. Dickens and Mr. William Howitt, on the subject of Pneumatology. The latter solemnly asserted his implicit faith, not merely in the existence of ghosts in the abstract, but as troublesome sprites, who occasionally haunt deserted houses, flit in the gloom of churchyards, and disturb the equanimity of the timid and nervous of all classes. Mr. Dickens, of course, stoutly denied all this, asked for proof, and requested in particular to be referred to one or two haunted houses, where the question could be tested by some crucial experiment. In reply to this, he was informed of two, one of which was near Newcastle, and the other at Cheshunt, near London. The latter was selected for the purpose in view. Mr. Dickens and a party of friends went down to it, occupied the house, traced the ghost stories respecting it to their origin, and reported, of course, that not merely had they failed to discover any ghostly manifestations themselves, but that no one in the neighbourhood had seen anything of the sort either, though everybody averred with perfect certainty that everybody else had been witnesses of them at some time or other. To this, Mr. Howitt replied again, through the columns of the *Critic*, in no way discomfited. By Mr. Dickens' own admission, the house had recently been repaired, and therefore, in all probability, the ghost or ghosts who had frequented it, took their departure to some other locality more in keeping with the fashions and habits of the old times to which they had been accustomed. And as for the impossibility of finding any one who had seen or heard the ghosts themselves, says Mr. Howitt, "it would be wonderful, when a set of jovial, quizzical authors and artists go down into the country, ready with a ludicrous array of rats, cats, old hats, rusty weather-cocks, and keys, to laugh at the ghosts they professed to seek, that they might figure, in a funny Christmas number, if they did find any sober old gentleman willing to incur their ridicule by confessing to the weakness of ghost faith."

One can scarcely help believing, after all, that Mr. Howitt himself is acting the part of a "quizzical wag," and that he has succeeded in hoaxing no less eminent a personage than Mr. Dickens. At all events, one good result has been derived from the discussion, in the capital tale which makes up the Christmas number of the periodical now before us.

THE most melancholy intelligence received from Europe last month has been that which announced the death of Lord Macaulay. He was a distinguished poet, though not of the first order. He was one of the most brilliant rhetoricians, though never an orator like Burke or Brongham. He was a successful politician, though he could scarcely lay claim to the dignity of a statesman. But as an essayist he is unequalled, and as an historian he is unsurpassed by any writer in the English or any other language. His essays are masterpieces in themselves; and his history, though alas only a fragment, and though often coloured in the

hues of his own party prejudices and predilections, mankind will never willingly let die. "For he had a more intimate acquaintance with English history than any man living, or perhaps than any man who ever lived. His acquaintance with it was not a barren knowledge, but had fructified into political wisdom; and no pen could surpass his in the description of what he knew, and thought, and felt." But Lord Macaulay's decease is lamented, not merely on account of the works produced by him, but for the accumulated stores of information that have perished with him. "As on the funeral pile of some Oriental potentate, the wealth of a province is heaped up to be burned, we see passing with the historian into the darkness of the grave, not only a majestic mind which, sooner or later, must have gone from us, but also the vast acquisitions of this mind which we may fancy might have remained to us for ever." He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the worthy companionship of Chaucer, Spenser, Johnson, and Campbell. As the procession, consisting of the most eminent representatives of British literature, advanced

Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise,

and as the coffin was lowered into the tomb, the choir exclaimed, in the music of Handel's anthem:

His body is buried in peace,  
But his name liveth for evermore.

IN the present number of this magazine our readers will be gratified to meet once more with an article from the philosophic pen of the Rev. Dr. Adamson, whose return to the colony will be cordially welcomed by all who know him. We refer to his communication here specially, however, to direct public attention more specifically to the important object he has in view. He has already, in graphic language, described the fruits which have resulted from the operations of the South African Literary and Scientific Institution a quarter of a century ago, and he has hinted at the desirableness of resuscitating it now. We have frequently referred to this subject ourselves within the last few years, and urged the importance of it; and recently we have been gratified to learn that there is every probability of some practical movement in that direction being made. We understand that the Hon. Mr. Rawson, with the other trustees of the Museum, have resolved to signalize the opening of that institution in its magnificent new home in the Gardens by organizing the nucleus, at least, of such a society as that which flourished here so admirably nearly thirty years ago. The materials for constituting it now are surely as rich and varied as they were in days bygone. We need only refer to the names of the Museum trustees, the Board of Examiners, the Library Committee, the authorities of the Botanic Gardens, together with Dr. Adamson, Mr. Fairbairn, and a host of others in Cape Town, to show how readily the metropolitan nucleus of the association might be constituted. While, as



specimens of corresponding members in the country, it will suffice to mention Dr. Atherstone and Mr. Bain, of Graham's Town, Dr. Rubidge, of Port Elizabeth, Dr. Muskett, of Murraysburg, and dozens besides of the medical, clerical, agricultural, mercantile, or even smousing professions, whose contributions of information to the common stock would prove of incalculable value. The thing only requires to be set once in motion; and the first step is by far the most difficult. Of its ultimate prosperity we have the best pledge in the admirable "fruits" which have already grown from the old institution, and the successes which are now being achieved by similar societies in India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australia.

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## THE OLD MUSEUM, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

IN connection with this subject, we have just received the following explanatory note from Dr. Adamson. It will throw light on a matter respecting which a good deal of obscurity and uncertainty has hitherto prevailed :

CAPE TOWN, 29TH FEBRUARY, 1860.—The writer of the remarks on the South African Institution, p. 153 of this journal, has had this morning an opportunity of perusing a document, entitled *Report and Proceedings of the Committee of the Legislative Council to take into consideration the question as to appropriating the Museum and Library Buildings for a Parliament House, &c.* In the evidence offered to that committee, occur the following statements :

Question 917, p. 125. "Have you ever heard that it (the original Museum) cost the government £5,000?" Ans.: "I did not know that : I know that Sir G. Grey told me that the value of the animals alone was £7,000. I do not like to cast reflections on anybody, but certainly it is a very curious thing to me how all that has disappeared. I could show you in the catalogue of the British Museum rows and rows of animals, marked 'From the South African Museum,' all the best animals. How they went there I do not know."

Again, question 939, p. 129. "But still the fact of such an institution having existed, and their having disappeared, shows that the Cape Town people were not alive to its advantages?" Ans.: "So far as I know, it was never an open museum. It was kept there for the scholars, as it were."

These statements require some explanation; and as matters involved in their exposition did not occur at a very distant era, the fact that so little was known on the subject in June, 1859, illustrates somewhat the experience of the museum as to its estimation among the inhabitants.

1. As to the cost to Government of the animals in it, there is before me in print the estimate of the value of these animals in 1833, in the annual report of the South African Literary and Scientific Institution for that year. That estimate was made by or under the superintendence of Dr. A. Smith, who first collected, prepared, and all along had charge of them; and when the collection had somewhat increased in value since it was assumed from under the direct management of the Government. That estimate amounts to the sum of 6,681 *rixdollars*, or, including with the animals all other objects offered for exhibition, the value is 7,131 *rixdollars*, or £534 16s. 6d.; the whole property of the institution being stated at £698 6s. 6d. As to the expense of these things to the government, therefore, it would have been beyond the mark to have given the sum of £7,000, or £5,000. Nevertheless Sir George Grey may have been perfectly correct in assigning a high "value" to the collection when it included the collections of Smith, Von Ludwig, and Verreaux—subsequently added and withdrawn.

2. As to the notices on specimens in the British Museum, implying that they had got or purchased any specimens of the kind from the "South African Museum," according to the import of these terms as used by the committee of the Legislative Council, it is probable that there has been some mistake as to the real character of the notice, for certainly such an intimation would be a falsehood. It is true, however, that they do possess specimens, procured at our expense; and these, too, "all the best animals." They, however, were the property of the Association for the Expedition under Dr. Smith, and were sent by that association to London for exhibition and sale. The whole collection was offered to the British Museum on such terms as any other institution of that character in the world would have gladly accepted. This was declined; and as the circumstances of the public sale almost excluded competition, the Museum procured "all the best animals" at almost any price they chose to offer; and we not only lost our money but the director of the expedition made very onerous sacrifices of his own property. It is possible that the exhibition in London bore the title of "The South African Museum," and thus the ambiguous notices on the specimens may be explained.

3. As to the question whether or not the museum was open to the public, the case stands thus. As long as the collections were under the charge of Dr. Smith and Mr. Verreaux, the Museum was treated as being the property of the members of the institution, and there was required *in form* an order of a member to secure the admission of others; but it was virtually open to any one. When taken over by the college to prevent its total loss, there being no funds from which rent could be paid for accommodation anywhere, it became accessible to all who chose to visit it; which, with the exception of strangers, very few chose to do.

J. C. A.

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JANUARY, 1860.

*Deduced from five observations daily.*

Hours of observation, 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m, Cape Mean Time

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer at 32° F.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat. = 100.	BAROMETER, minus tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Force.	Direction.		
Jan.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.			inches.	
1	29.947	70.44	61.36	77.6	59.4	54.6	59.8	29.515	1.4	S½E		2.4
2	29.961	72.66	65.62	80.0	64.5	60.5	67.2	29.434	1.1	S		3.2
3	29.933	71.74	64.66	82.0	60.8	59.6	67.6	29.442	0.9	S½W	0.100	1.6
4	30.108	65.52	55.78	74.1	57.2	47.9	53.0	29.774	2.2	SbW		4.8
5	30.072	67.06	57.90	74.2	56.8	50.8	58.0	29.698	0.6	SWbS		7.0
6	29.996	70.00	63.30	76.7	60.4	58.2	67.2	29.508	1.3	SbW		2.7
7	29.929	70.90	63.90	80.4	64.4	58.8	67.2	29.432	1.4	S½E		1.2
8	30.044	66.04	57.56	73.3	61.2	50.7	58.0	29.673	3.8	SbE		5.4
9	30.157	65.78	56.00	70.6	60.0	48.1	53.8	29.820	7.0	SbE		2.8
10	30.051	70.28	58.16	78.7	60.0	49.0	47.8	29.702	3.3	SbE		0.1
11	29.880	74.02	62.52	83.3	62.2	54.4	51.8	29.456	1.1	SSW		0.5
12	29.855	72.92	65.50	81.3	62.8	60.1	64.8	29.332	4.6	SbE		1.5
13	29.806	71.38	64.94	82.0	58.7	60.3	69.8	29.281	3.2	SWbW		4.6
14	29.867	66.40	62.76	75.0	60.0	59.9	80.8	29.350	0.9	WNW		8.5
15	29.972	64.60	56.94	70.7	58.2	50.7	61.0	29.601	1.8	SbE	0.660	5.8
16	29.941	70.46	61.54	73.7	64.8	54.8	58.0	29.511	4.4	S½E		1.5
17	29.969	71.46	65.16	78.4	65.0	60.5	69.0	29.441	6.8	S½W		0.3
18	29.864	73.46	66.14	78.5	68.0	60.8	64.8	29.330	5.0	S		2.2
19	29.746	75.30	67.72	84.7	63.0	62.4	65.6	29.181	1.6	S½E		5.4
20	29.931	69.90	65.66	76.0	63.0	62.5	78.2	29.364	6.1	S½E		3.3
21	29.881	73.00	65.50	77.2	68.0	60.0	64.0	29.362	4.5	S½E		0.3
22	29.821	74.20	68.16	86.0	66.3	64.0	73.4	29.224	3.4	SbE		1.9
23	29.957	70.12	65.10	80.0	59.8	61.4	74.6	29.411	0.9	SSW		2.0
24	30.088	68.04	61.24	75.7	59.7	56.2	66.6	29.636	0.7	S		0.8
25	30.021	69.76	62.44	75.3	63.6	56.9	65.0	29.557	2.2	S		1.1
26	29.873	70.38	64.84	76.8	63.6	60.7	72.8	29.341	2.1	S		0.9
27	29.994	65.94	59.14	79.3	57.7	53.7	66.2	29.573	1.8	WSW	0.090	4.3
28	29.966	67.78	57.84	72.7	60.0	50.1	54.2	29.604	3.5	SbE		0.2
29	29.883	73.16	64.22	84.2	62.2	57.8	60.8	29.402	1.0	S½E		0.1
30	30.029	70.82	64.82	77.2	64.2	60.4	71.0	29.504	2.6	SbE		0.6
31	29.979	74.18	66.30	61.0	67.0	60.5	62.8	29.450	4.4	S		0.8
Mean, 29.953		70.25	62.67	78.0	62.0	57.0	64.3	29.481	2.8	S½W	Sum 0.850	2.5

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		A.M. 5h 34m	A.M. 9h 34m	P.M. 1h 34m	P.M. 5h 34m	P.M. 9h 34m	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	29.944	29.966	29.956	29.932	29.968	30.187	29.683
„ Press. of dry air,	„	29.482	29.494	29.475	29.456	29.496	29.852	29.118
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	64.30	71.96	76.01	72.66	66.31	85.8	58.0
„ Wet bulb.	„	59.97	63.38	65.15	63.73	61.13	71.5	51.3
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	76.4	60.5	53.3	59.0	72.6	94.0	35.0
Dew Point.	degrees	56.4	57.0	57.4	57.1	56.9	65.8	44.5

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## MY FIRST SURVEY.

ON the evening of the 1st of July, 1857, a number of surveyors in Cape Town sat down to a cheerful repast, to celebrate the long-wished-for reform in surveying, which they had then just entered upon, and of which the salutary effects have now been for more than two and a half years before the public.

Many an appropriate toast was drunk, amongst which should not be forgotten a witty *requiescat* to the good old system which has left so fine an heirloom of work for new comers; and last, not least, the venerable president (with an evident air of one who is taking a reverential glance into the long vista of the past, but incontinently starts from his trance, by the casual blink of his eye, into the bottom of his wine-glass, which he finds empty) proposed, as a sort of filial tribute from the company, a toast "*To the memory of the first Cape surveyor,*" when up sprang a limb of the law—a guest, it need scarcely be added—who laconically asked them if they knew who the first Cape surveyor was, and then, to the discomfiture of the fraternity, amidst breathless silence, delivered himself thus:

"Gentlemen,—As bearing upon the toast now proposed, allow me to say that, having occasion the other day, professionally, to pore over some musty archives of Governor van Riebeeck's time, in the Colonial Office, I lit upon a curious historical passage, which I shall now endeavour to recall. It is from a dispatch by Van Riebeeck himself, to their High Mightinesses the States-General, on an occasion of his sending home some invalid troops, who had arrived from Batavia. It runs thus: 'I have taken the liberty of retaining some of the best-conducted soldiers here, as per margin, part of them to be employed by me as schoolmasters, and the rest *om de nieuwe Kroonlanderyen op te meten* (to survey the new crown lands).' These, gentlemen (added the waggish interrupter), these are the men from whom you derive your origin."



The above well-timed sally led to much merriment, ending in several songs being given; and, ultimately, one of the company who was called on, and whose manner revealed that he had a little matter *in petto*, said he could not sing, but, if allowed, would give something instead. His offer having been readily accepted, he pulled out a little manuscript from his pocket, and read as follows :

#### MY FIRST SURVEY.

BY A YOUNG CAPE SURVEYOR.

“Take my word for it, neef, surveyors are now as plentiful in the country as bull-frogs. Wherever you lift up a stone, out jumps one of those brutes, and come to what place you may, you are sure to find a land-meter.”

This quaint and, to one of the fraternity, not very flattering boer-simile fell upon my ears, in the vernacular, as I was sitting, half waking, half dozing, one evening in 1848, at Jan Snaar's, at Tooverfontein, where I had half an hour before arrived, after an eighteen days' journey, in a bullock-wagon. The speaker, a nice aquiline-nosed and rather stout-built little man, in a duffel jacket, with leathern continuations, immediately after uttering the last word, resumed his long pipe, evidently awaiting the reply of his friend, mine host, who was not long in answering. Mr. Snaar chimed in with him, adding that, though the old surveyors had made plenty of money, all of them, with few exceptions, had died as poor as church mice (he called it *brand-arm*). Verily, I thought, this is no doubt very encouraging to a young beginner like myself, who is going to make his *début* in the district. I had as yet made no allusion to my profession, and therefore thought it high time modestly to proclaim myself. This, however, instead of surprising them, only drew forth from the first speaker an appeal to me, as a proof of the correctness of what he had just asserted about the ubiquity of land surveyors.

The appearance of supper, which was ushered in by Mrs. Snaar, brought the subject to an abrupt close. While we are supposed to do ample justice to the fare, consisting of boiled mutton, stewed peaches swimming in fat, and bread, wound up by warm sweet milk, “to fill up the little crevices in the stomach,” as Snaar said, it may, perhaps, not be out of place here to say a word or two about my new friends.

To begin with the lady. No greater contrast could be well imagined between Antje (also addressed by Jan by the endearing appellative of *hartje*) and her worthy better half.

She was a perfect giantess, all bone and muscle, with features of far better pretensions to virility than those of many a juvenile aspirant. Her elongated face, with grey, searching eyes, besides its harshness, also wore an aspect which the Dutch term "*vinnig*" (fierce). Her husband, on the contrary, was a puny, sickly-looking person, with an apparent defect in one leg. Both were, seemingly, not far from fifty. The man of the beaked nose (a good deal older than either) in spite of his weather-beaten face and advanced years, still bore in his countenance the indications of a right jovial fellow, one who, many a time, has made a night of it. He was, as I afterwards learnt, a butcher's servant (*slagter's knecht*), originally from Germany, as many of them are, thoroughly skilled in "*hamels*," "*oxen*," *et hoc genus omne*. But though his proper talk was of "*bullocks*," he seemed to have an endless fund of anecdote, mostly of the Baron Munchausen order. This, with his above hinted at convivial powers, made him a great favourite with the boers, to whom, from long intercourse, he seemed perfectly assimilated in habits, manners, and talk.

Supper having been discussed in comparative silence, the soopie bottle was produced, which was a sign for a renewal of the conversation. Snaar, *inter alia*, told us that his oxen had that morning been seized by his neighbour Stoffel, who was about impounding them for an alleged trespass; that Antje, having heard of this, shouldered her double-barrelled gun, and, further equipped with a wheel-ox *sjambok*, had just come in time to rescue them,—the very sight of her, thus doubly armed, having cowed Stoffel into a compliance with her demands. On my remarking that she must be invaluable to him, especially in his delicate state of health, he added that she truly was, and detailed to me a further instance of her "*pluck*," in having recently given a strapping farmer a sound *sjambokking* for having presumed to insult him. This further convinced me of her excellence, and I could not help thinking that many a husband would envy Jan such a partner but for an apprehension of the truth of the proverb that "*might is right*" being also exemplified at home,—a misgiving which even my brief acquaintance with them had struck me as not altogether fanciful.

The above specimens of Mrs. Snaar's powers were duly appreciated by the butcher's servant, who, however, asked her husband (she had then already retired) whether her courage also extended to the supernatural. In short, he wished to know whether she had ever braved a ghost, or something worse, which *he* had done. Snaar, whose conjugal

pride was somewhat roused by this inuendo, duly replied that, for aught he knew, she might have distinguished herself even there; but she never had an opportunity, which, of course, was not her fault.

"Pray," said I, "Neef Kaltermann (this, by-the-by, was the slagter's name, and in the country we are all either ooms or neefs), pray favour us with the history of your ghost adventure."

Having fortified himself with another "soopie," and looking uncommonly serious, he spoke in substance as follows:

"It is now about eighteen years since I was riding, for the third time, in the Karoo, on my way to the interior, to buy up sheep, and accompanied by an achter-ryder (after-rider) with a gun. Having had occasion to send him in another direction, with instructions to overtake me the following day, I had taken the gun from him, and was cantering along solitarily with nothing to relieve the monotonous tramp of my horse's hoofs, save the hoarse "naar, naar," of an occasional crow. Fortunately, my stone bottle was pretty full. This somewhat helped me to pass the hours. I had saddled up for the last time, a little after sunset, being still an hour from Zoutkloof, where I intended stopping for the night. The moon was now shining bright, with not a cloud in the sky, and I had just taken my last 'schnaps,' when, to my astonishment, I suddenly beheld, in the middle of the road, within arm's length of me, a human figure on foot, tall and gaunt, with a very ancient phiz, dressed in an old-looking suit of full black, and wearing a three-cornered hat. The locality, the hour, and the extraordinary appearance of the stranger, whispered to me that all was not right, and made me not a little nervous. 'Goeden avond, neef,' he commenced blandly, and with a strange accent, 'waar gaat de reis naar toe?' and before I could sufficiently recover myself to reply, he resumed: 'Come, neef, give us a whiff from your long meerschaum' (pointing to my gun, which, to my surprise, he evidently mistook for a pipe). Almost mechanically, I lifted the gun from my shoulder, and holding on by the butt-end, I held the muzzle towards him, to which he eagerly applied his mouth, and commenced puffing away with all his might; when, by some extraordinary, sudden, impulse, for the daringness of which I have never since been able to account, I drew the trigger, and sent the contents (a heavy charge of "loopers"—slugs) down the smoker's throat. Expecting to find him sprawling the next moment, to my astonishment, he stood as firm as a rock, deliberately removed the muzzle from his mouth, and said with perfect *nonchalance*, after puffing

away a huge cloud of smoke: 'Allamatjes, neef, jou twak is sterk' (By Jove, your tobacco is strong). 'I'll give you some of mine to mix with it; so wait a little, till I fetch my tobacco-pouch.' He immediately disappeared; and I, seizing this opportunity, clapped spurs to my horse, and never looked round, till I dismounted at Zoutkloof."

Omitting the profound remarks to which this recital gave rise, and the other stories which followed it in rapid succession, I shall merely add that our *sederunt* lasted till about eleven, when we retired for the night,—I to my wagon, which, like most wagons for travelling, being furnished with a stretcher, extending over the whole length of it, and serving as a sort of divan, during the day—I always preferred at night to a house, where one has often the discomfort of sleeping on the ground, on what is called a "kermis" bed, with no lack of strange bed-fellows, not to mention the B flats and F sharps, by no means uncommon in the interior.

The next morning early, on entering the house, I was agreeably surprised to find a young lady there, whom I learnt was mine host's only child. She had been suffering the previous night from "zinkins," and still wore what is called a "tandpyn-doekje." This accounted for my not having seen her before. I was much pleased to find that she neither resembled the father nor the mother. Nature in this instance (we know she has her freaks), abhorring either to copy or to form a heterogeneous compound from such prototypes, had evidently moulded her after her own fashion, and as the Italians term it, *con amore*. In short, she was one whom any young man might run most dreadful risk of falling in love with at first sight, excepting always the over-fastidious, whose ideal of perfection is pitched so high, that they never meet with its counterpart, and, perhaps, for this very reason, in a sort of desperation after all marry one of your ordinary, everyday Eves. Having thus designated her as eminently handsome, I shall merely add that she appeared about sixteen years of age, was tall and slender, rosy-cheeked, with large blue eyes, auburn curling hair, and had that open, charming look so rare in a country girl. She told me that her name was Cornelia, a name sadly marred, as I afterwards found, by her mother always calling her "Neeltje." We were soon joined by our butcher friend, who came in just to take another soopie, and shake hands, preparatory to a fresh start,—his horse, a tough, and not over-conditioned little hack, standing ready-saddled before the door, with (what I could not help remarking) an air of Job-like patience depicted in its looks. Tobias Kaltermann was soon off, to the tune



of some old German ditty, quite in unison with the gait of his little horse, who was moving off at a "boeren passie" (ambling pace).

To return to myself. I have before alluded to Mrs. Snaar's feat of recapturing her oxen from her neighbour Stoffel, whose surname was de Winter. The latter, it appeared, a good deal chagrined at having been worsted by a woman, was determined to be revenged; so, without losing any time, he repaired to the village, a few miles distant, for legal advice, with which he was highly satisfied. Antje, in rescuing cattle, whilst lawfully on their way to the pound, had clearly become liable to the pains and penalties imposed by the Pound Ordinance. There remained, however, one nice question. The beacons of Stoffel's farm were only partly erected, and a small piece of Government ground lay between his and Snaar's "veld." All this might easily prompt the latter to allege, as in fact his worthy better half had done for him at the time, that the cattle, when taken, were not on Stoffel's, but on Government ground, and as the *onus probandi*, as the lawyers say, would lie on Stoffel, it seemed a requisite preliminary that he should have his beacons erected. My being close at hand induced him to send for me, to do the needful.

On the day after my arrival, I accordingly left Tooverfontein for Stoffel's farm, Kromrivier, with many thanks to the Snaars for their hospitality,—they positively declining to receive anything for their trouble. I should not omit to add that, immediately before my leaving, Cornelia had, unperceived by the old folks, stealthily slipped a letter into my hands, with the request to hand it to *Pieter* in person. More she could not say, as the old lady made her appearance. Doubtless, some love affair, I at once concluded, and of which mamma must know nothing, as the fair one's flurried manner evidently betokened. Casting a hurried glance on the superscription, before putting the letter into my pocket, I read "Aan de Jonge Heer Pieter de Winter, in handen."

The family of Stoffel de Winter, where I now arrived, consisted of his wife (a fat, fair, and forty sort of lady), a rather good-looking son of about twenty-four, and four buxom daughters. Stoffel himself (whose comfortable appearance might excite jealousy in an alderman or even a Dutch burgomaster) had politely come to meet me as my wagon was entering a pretty-looking quince lane leading up to his house, which latter lay nearly hid behind a double row of stately poplars. Upon entering the large hall, the *sine quâ non* of every boer-house, and which serves as parlour,

dining-room, and, on urgent occasions, as bed-room into the bargain, I found the whole family awaiting the new surveyor. The diagram of Kromrivier was already lying ready for immediate inspection; and, as may easily be imagined, became the text of the whole afternoon's conversation.

The mention of Pieter, the name by which young de Winter was addressed, put me in mind of delivering Cornelia's *billet-doux*. I have omitted to mention that it was folded in the shape of a triangle, and bore the evident impress of the fair *inamorata's* little thumb, by way of a seal,—a sort of coat-of-arms, by-the-by, which I am sure no lover will find fault with. The triangular form of the epistle I might have construed into a compliment to my profession, did I not know that this was one of the many fashionable shapes in which boer-letters generally make their appearance.

The following summary of what I gathered at Stoffel's will put the reader in possession of the particulars of this love affair.

De Winter's son and Cornelia had been engaged for some time. Stoffel was considered very well off, and though Jan's circumstances would not permit him to give his daughter a large portion, the weight of the old adage, that "a pretty face" was "half a dowry" had been tacitly admitted on both sides. Every preliminary was settled, and in fact the banns were already being published, when, unfortunately, a slight misunderstanding led to a coolness between the parents. Mutual stubbornness had gradually confirmed this into ill-will, and the ultimate seizure of Snaar's oxen had given rise to a clear *casus belli* between the neighbours. Stoffel, as we have already seen, was exasperated by Mrs. Snaar's having bearded him. The latter, on the other hand, though crowing over her feat, inveighed a good deal against her being dragged before a court, and perhaps before the old "jut" (judge) at her time of life. All this, as might easily be supposed, proved a sad damper to the poor lovers, whose banns having never been stopped, were already duly published. Mrs. Snaar had declared that the match was now at an end, and that should Pieter again cross her threshold, she would break his arms and legs, casting, at the same time, a significant glance at her wheel-ox sjambok. The communication of this threat to Pieter, with an assurance, at the same time, of her unabated attachment, formed the subject of Cornelia's letter, which she had slipped into my hands. Stoffel had latterly become more liberal-minded, and did not think that the squabble between the parents should be the cause of separation between the children. This was the stage at which matters were, on my arrival at Kromrivier.

A spirited young man, with some knowledge of the world, placed in the situation in which Pieter found himself, would, under the circumstances, have soon paved his way through all difficulties. But with him the case was different. Of a phlegmatic temperament, with little or no intercourse with society—the want of which was with him in no degree compensated by education—no favourable change in his love affair could ever be expected to proceed from his own exertions. He had, indeed, received his modicum of schooling. But in what way? An itinerant schoolmaster (a type of a large class in the country, generally consisting of “ne’er-do-wells,” who, having failed in everything, adopt the profession as a last resource) had been engaged by de Winter to teach his whole family. They were at the time moving (trekking) about in a bullock-wagon with their sheep, in search of pasturage, a nomadic life which, in dry seasons, is necessarily resorted to, and lasts for several months. The man of the “Trap der Jeugd” was accordingly bundled into their Noah’s ark, with all the children, and whenever they “outspanned,” the campstools, in a twinkling, made their appearance. The scholars were all seated, and the “meester” was pacing up and down the little circle, while they were conning or saying their lessons. This species of training lasted four months, when the children were declared “volleerd,” which means that they knew quite as much as their pedagogue, and their education was consequently completed. Stoffel, who communicated this to me, added with much unction, that such was the eagerness of his children to learn, that the moment school commenced, they were all bleating like so many young lambs in a sort of wild, confused chorus; and that, though each was saying a different lesson, the master’s practised ear was, nevertheless, able to detect any of the scholars when tripping.

The day after my arrival had been fixed for commencing operations in the field. Owing, however, to some “smous” (trader), who also carried liquor, having passed through with his wagon, my people had all become unfit for duty, and I was consequently delayed another day. I should not have alluded to this detention, but for its having led to some important results to certain parties, as will be presently seen.

Without being exactly able to account for it, I felt a good deal interested in the ultimate issue of the love affair. Partly for this reason, and partly for the want of something better to occupy my thoughts, my delay at Stoffel’s served me to set my wits a-going on the subject, which I really did not conceive as desperate as might at first sight be supposed. Three very different modes of procedure presented themselves

to me. The first, or amicable course—which was to soften down the irate old lady—was rejected *intoto* by the de Winters, who said that they knew her better than I did. The next course was the terror of a breach-of-promise-of-marriage case. True, such cases brought on the part of the man are very rare, and this rarity, as a precedent, will make them rarer still; but I have never been able to see the propriety of it. A young lady, jilted by her lover, may, indeed, for that reason, never afterwards obtain another, while the slighted beau can console himself with the reflection that “there are more fishes in the sea.” On the other hand, however, let it be remembered that your devoted lover, who finds himself unexpectedly dismissed after a faithful courtship of, perhaps, years, has lost the chances of many a fair one who has “popped off” in the interim; and that, on entering the lists again, he, alas, soon enough finds that he is no longer the fresh-coloured, downy-bearded lady-killer of five years ago. But I shall not pursue this train of thought further, especially as the second course proposed made way for the third, inasmuch as the parents, though not approving of it, promised at least their neutrality, should it be acted upon. This project was neither more nor less than an *elopement*, to which no objection on the part of the young lady was apprehended; and the very time for carrying it into effect would necessarily be the following day, when entering upon my survey, and for this reason:

In the case of the finding of beacons, two parties at least are naturally interested. It is therefore customary in the country, on the part of a person employing a surveyor, to give notice of his intention to the neighbours concerned, in order to enable them to be also present on the spot. This had already been done in this instance, and the attendance of the Snaars was therefore beyond doubt. Their absence from home would clear the coast effectually. It was consequently arranged that a messenger should be dispatched early the next morning to the clergyman of the village, with a letter informing him of the intended appearance of the parties at his church, at ten o'clock that morning. (It will be recollected that the banns had already been published some time previous, and that therefore, on the parties presenting themselves, there would be no obstacle to the ceremony being performed. Lastly, Stoffel's hire-wagon would be in readiness to convey the happy couple to church, and back to the bridegroom's father's.)

Having left directions to wake me very early the next morning, I was enabled, after a hasty breakfast, to make a



start for the field by sunrise,—our little cavalcade consisting of Stoffel, myself, and three boys carrying my instruments. Pieter, naturally, did not accompany us. He had been busy at a very early hour putting his father's horse-wagon in order. Mr. and Mrs. Snaar had soon joined us, and operations commenced in good style. Both parties seemed to have tacitly agreed to preserve a temporary armistice, at least for the day, and even spoke together on indifferent subjects. Their thoughts were, naturally, all centred in my manœuvres, which they scanned as if able to follow me step by step, and it was amusing to watch their alternate hopes and fears as I happened to be chaining or triangulating in Stoffel's or Snaar's "veld." From the very outset, I was able to judge that the survey—at least, as far as the dispute between the two neighbours went—would be completed within a day; in fact, I was almost apprehensive lest I should have finished the line of separation before the parson had completed the union, interested as I was in the success of what I had taken no little credit to myself in planning. Matters went on swimmingly till about twelve o'clock, when Mr. and Mrs. Snaar, to my no small disappointment, informed us that they were going home for their dinner, but would be back within an hour; and no persuasion on my part could induce them to stay. It will be recollected that the ceremony had been fixed for ten o'clock that morning. It being already twelve, no fears of its being *interrupted* could possibly be expected. As the married couple, however, would have to travel nearly two hours before reaching Stoffel's, Antje would, nevertheless, have an opportunity of intercepting the wagon on its return a meeting which everyone, knowing her violent temper, could not but anticipate with alarm. Stoffel, not a little anxious himself as to the issue of the affair, also returned home about the same time, leaving me and the servants alone in the fields.

Another two hours' work brought me to a completion of my survey, the result of which I found to be that the disputed ground did not belong to Stoffel, but to Government, as averred by Mrs. Snaar, and which, therefore, would be glorious news for her. I was just putting up my theodolite, preparatory to returning to Stoffel's with all speed, when my Hottentot factotum, Slinger Boezak, pointed to a small cloud of dust in the distance, and which he said was an ostrich. Curiosity prompting me to look with my telescope, my astonishment may easily be conceived when I saw that the supposed ostrich was nothing less than Antje, *in propria persona*, on horseback, and coming full tilt in the direction

where we were, with her huge wheel-ox sjambok, like some Goliath's monster sword, dangling at her side. What could this signify? To a certainty, she had discovered all our plans, and, worse still, *me* as their author; and, though balked in defeating them, was now hastening on to take summary vengeance on him who had thus basely requited her hospitality. These and similar thoughts, with the force of conviction, flashed across me like lightning, and caused me, almost mechanically, to vociferate to my astonished servants to saddle our horses, which order they, fancying that I had seen a lion, commenced to obey as rapidly as their trepidation would permit.

As ill-luck would have it, a good deal of time was lost in catching the horses, which, while knee-haltered, had strayed some distance. Every moment, of course, brought Antje nearer; and we had hardly vaulted into our saddles, when we found her close upon us. Our sudden flight seemed to have more confirmed her in her intentions—whatever they were—for she gave chase with redoubled fury, whilst we, as might easily be imagined, were coming it to the tune of “The Devil take the hindmost” in unmistakable earnest. If the reader bears in mind, in addition, that our road lay over hills, stones, and ditches, not to mention “kniksporen” (ruts) and “aardvarkgaten” (ant-bear holes) innumerable, he may form some conception of the mental and physical torture to which I was now subjected, my acme of horsemanship having never before exceeded a smart canter. Fortunately for us, our horses proved fresher, and we soon saw, to our inexpressible joy, that Antje was losing ground, until at last we appeared to have fairly distanced her; and after a little while I arrived safely at de Winter's.

Another and more pleasing scene now presented itself to me. Our *ruse de guerre* had succeeded beyond expectation; the young lady's scruples had been soon overcome, the parson had done the needful, and I now had the pleasure of shaking hands with the newly-married couple. I had, however, hardly exchanged a few words with them, when Antje, of whose movements I had as yet said nothing, was seen to approach the house, to our consternation. Pale and livid from rage and excitement, she dismounted with a considerable effort, and was just entering the doorway when her strength, which had evidently been taxed beyond endurance, gave way, and she swooned in Mrs. de Winter's arms.

Every effort was made to bring her to. Red lavender, “benaauwdheids droppels,” “levens balsem,” and the rest of the thousand and one panaceæ of the “huis apotheek,” that

japanned little tin box, with glaring gold letters, and which may be seen in almost every boer house—were put into requisition, with the happy effect of our soon beholding signs of approaching recovery, which, it was confidently hoped, a little rest would speedily render perfect. It was, however, deemed necessary to send for her husband, who soon arrived, and the almost incredible appearance of friend and foe, under one roof, under such very strange circumstances, now presented itself to us.

Not to enter into minutiae—"I hate long yarns verbosely spun"—I shall briefly state that Jan, who, poor soul, had never had much of a will of his own, and who, in the matter of the quarrel, had altogether been swayed by his wife, was soon talked over into a relenting mood, with a voluntary promise on his part to co-operate as much as he could in mollifying his better half. And this was really no very difficult matter after all. A couple of hours' sound sleep, by which her masculine constitution was quite recruited, had left Antje as cool as a cucumber, and the extreme kindness with which she was treated under a neighbour's roof was not lost upon her. Added to this, her husband's entreaties, the daughter's imploring looks, together with our earnest solicitations to her to "forgive and forget" what, in fact, was now past mending; and last, not least, the agreeable news that the land surveyor had decided in her favour, with a very liberal offer, in consequence, from Stoffel to recompense her for the unpleasant law proceedings—all this eventually turned the scales, and made the parties as good friends as ever.

The old lady and myself were also very soon reconciled, and I then learned from her that her extraordinary visit was originally intended for Stoffel, whom she made sure of finding with me in the field, after having fruitlessly endeavoured to intercept the wagon. My precipitate flight convinced her of my being a party to the elopement, and this was quite enough to induce her to pursue me as above mentioned.

As very often happens, after a long and violent quarrel—which, upon a reconciliation, leads to an attachment of a corresponding intensity—the Snaars and the de Winters were now vying with each other in proving the sincerity of their renewed friendship.

A proposal to celebrate the wedding in due style (everything considered) was unanimously agreed to. Messengers were dispatched by Stoffel, post haste, to invite the friends in the village, and the nearest neighbours, to his house for the evening, and the very dismal gutturals, by way of protest, of some doomed porker, at a pitch which "made the welkin

ring," followed by the much more modest parting notes of sundry feathered bipeds, soon gave audible proofs of an approaching activity in the culinary department.

A little after sunset, the guests began to muster. The smacking of a large ox-whip from the stoep informed the stragglers on the premises that supper was ready. About thirty of us sat down to a well-spread table, till about nine o'clock, when the enlivening tones of a fiddle became the sign for tripping it on the light fantastic toe. The first dance was opened by the charming bride and myself, followed by Stoffel and Antje (who, by this time, was "spring levendig"), the Paganini of the evening striking up that well-known boer tune "Meid haal die bottel uit, die noyes wil nie danse."

And here I conclude my narrative, which, though certainly not inserted in my *field-book*, already pretty respectable-looking in spite of the butcher's homely simile, has, nevertheless, ever since stood identified in my mind as part and parcel of MY FIRST SURVEY.

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## S O U T H W A R D   H O !

### CHAP. III.—BALM AND BREEZES.

THE birthday of Christianity was ushered in by a glorious day dawn. A breeze just sufficient to belly out the enormous spread of the *Monarch's* canvas urged on the stout old craft gently through the rippling ocean. The decks were being washed, and the sailors as yet were untroubled by hardly any visitors from below. Two or three industrious denizens of the fore-cabin and steerage loitered about the cook's galley, endeavouring to secure good places for their hook-pots and tea-kettles in the carnival of cookery which was about to take place. The only passenger on the poop was Harry Horton, who stood with his back against the mizen-mast gazing at the glorious uprising of the tropical sun. The three weeks during which the *Monarch* had been at sea were by no means a blank to the young fellow. Short as the interval had been, he had contrived, nevertheless, to make many friends. With our old friends, the Manbys, he had become tolerably intimate. Two pairs of sparkling eyes, two soft pleasant voices, two womanly, intelligent minds naturally tended to expedite an acquaintanceship with that interesting family. The fact is, Harry Horton had a very



susceptible heart, and was beginning to feel what, in the vocabulary of slang, is called *spooney*. Now, for a young man in his position this was, to say the least, excessively foolish. He had emigrated with the express object of bettering his condition, and here he had begun his mission by losing his heart. He possessed hardly enough to keep himself as a bachelor for six months after he landed, and already visionary conceptions of matrimony and matrimonial responsibilities floated across his disordered brain. So many young men in his situation tumble into the same predicament that I cannot treat Harry's case exceptionally. The only remedy for the common evil seems to be a separation of the single of both sexes. Let the bachelors have a ship to themselves, and let the fascinating spinsters be equally exclusive. In this way, perhaps, we shall evade the evils arising from premature attachments formed on shipboard, to the grievous detriment of pre-arranged plans and determinations.

Do not, reader, delude yourself with the pleasing belief that Harry Horton was a model hero. On the contrary, he was as far from being perfect as, perhaps, you or I. His mental endowments were only of ordinary calibre. Nature had not given him a golden head-piece: in the crucible of life it would be found that his capacities were only of ruder metal. Nevertheless, he had a muscular arm, and a stubborn will; and when these two are combined, the emigrant may defy the world. So no doubt he thought as, gazing over the wrinkled waste of skylike water, he built imaginative castles out of the prismatic clouds which hemmed in the eastern horizon. Those airy fabrics would, I dare say, be recognized at once by many a grey-headed settler in these latitudes. Such structures generally assume a stereotyped shape, and these resolved into something like this:

"The look-out's bad, certainly. No doubt about that. But then in a colony one can do anything. Why, if I get my fifty-acre lot, and plant it all the first year with cotton, that ought to bring me in, according to Fleecem's Guide, about £600 at the end of the second year. I could marry Winnie on that and live comfortably, and have something to spare besides, I fancy. But then perhaps she won't have me."

This latter contingency seemed such a terrible one that the smooth brow of the sanguine lover was seamed by a rugged frown. He evidently could not brook the idea of defeat, so we may justly conclude that his was quite a cureless case. Having established this fact, it will be well to

leave him awhile to his solitary cogitations. Lovers' soliloquies are proverbially rhapsodical and unintelligible to all save the parties most concerned.

Meanwhile, the population between decks have awakened, and the clattering and chattering becomes unpleasantly audible. In the bows, various members of the male sex are carrying on personal ablutions, while a few daring bachelors are bearding the sharks in their inviting element, and enjoying a mid-ocean bath. A lady has emerged from the fore-cabin hatchway, and is making preliminary observations on deck. This is none other than our old friend Mrs. Braggs. That excellent lady has just now a penchant for early rising, and regularly forestalls the sun. She has, however, an object in view, and a very profound one it is. As Mr. Joffins graphically remarks, she is "deep," amazingly "deep." One of the great grievances which at present distress her mind is the exclusion of fore-cabin passengers from the poop-deck. Mrs. Braggs indignantly declares that this is an arbitrary exercise of the captain's prerogative. It is a gross insult offered to herself. She paid for her passage under the express belief that the whole deck would be free to her. "£35 in golden sovereigns did Mr. Braggs pay to that deceitful Fleece, and here am I, who moved in the best society at home, and regularly took my airing on the Esplanade along with the most genteel people in town, shoved out of my proper sphere on yonder deck;" and the injured lady points tragically with her parasol towards the coveted quarter, with its cool awning and general air of gentility. But Mrs. Braggs unflinchingly maintains her right to walk the poop, and is determined to prove that right, *vi et armis*. For a week past she has risen with the sun, in the hope of securing possession before the "mean-spirited seamen," whose words are law, have broke their slumbers. Morning by morning she has been disappointed; either the captain or mate have on every occasion anticipated Mrs. Braggs' design, and frustrated it by their presence on deck. Patiently awaiting her opportunity, the invaderess continues the crusade. To-day she has managed to rise half an hour earlier, and looks eagerly towards the poop. No other figure is visible save that of Horton's; right has at last triumphed, and the exulting lady glides swiftly up the cuddy stairs; takes her station in the enemy's territory, and looks round with the sublime air of a conqueror. A sigh of ineffable relief; a smile of intense satisfaction, a glance indicative of glory felt, proves that the victory is all-sufficing and complete.

Solitude does not suit Mrs. Braggs' disposition. She looks invitingly towards Harry, with whom she considers herself

on speaking terms, that gallant young gentleman having once given her his hand when she was ascending the companion ladder, amidst the difficulties of a stormy sea and a rolling ship. Undaunted by the indifference of her "noble rescuer," she approaches, and in her blandest manner opens fire.

"How truly bewildering, sir, is yon beauteous cloud : who would not get up by starlight to see such a spectacle !"

"Oh—ah !"

"Do you know, sir, that it brings back to pensive memory the lovely sunrises we used to gaze at with rapture, when our family—that is Mr. Braggs and the four Misses and Masters Braggs—spent the season at Becklington Spa.

"Indeed."

In this strain Mrs. Braggs continued to address her monosyllabic auditor. She gave him poetry ; she dosed him with genealogy ; she flew back into the past, and grew mournful over retrospective anecdotes. Lastly, she came to her own immediate and more particular grievance, and told him her mind about "that boorish captain."

No sooner, however, had she anathematized adequately the offending skipper than the old adage verified itself. The person referred to made his unexpected appearance upon deck. The grim, but good-natured little fellow at once saluted Harry, his favourite passenger. Mrs. Braggs drew herself majestically up, and made a sweeping courtesy. She overshot the mark ; such a salaam might have annihilated Hercules—it had no effect on the unimpressible Captain Bunk. He looked at her ; instinctively touched his hat, and at once saw that he had been outwitted. He was no stranger to Mrs. Braggs' aggressive intentions. Whispered rumours of her plan of action had reached the cuddy, and placed him on his guard. But even now, in the moment of apparent defeat, he would not acknowledge himself beaten. Winking slyly to Harry, he retreated below, and went amidships. In five seconds more Mrs. Braggs was left alone in her glory, her companion having suddenly remembered that the pet parrot picked up at St. Jago required feeding.

The good lady's meditations were soon interrupted by the advent of two shipboys, with buckets and swabs. Ignoring the presence of Mrs. Braggs, they began vigorously to souse the deck, much to the astonishment of that estimable woman. Her's was an eminently sanguine temperament ; flushed by the consciousness of victory, she had not looked forward to the probability of retaliation. So she watched the movements of the apprentices with idle interest. The swabbing process proceeded. Bucket after bucket of foul pump water was handed

up, and poured on the polished boards. Nearer and nearer the statuesque figure the noxious torrents came. They at last surrounded her on every side; left her standing on an island of dry deck. She then awoke to the true state of her position; expostulated vainly with the grinning boys; shook her parasol at them; appealed to the passengers on the main deck; vowed indignant and unending vengeance, and then desperately gave up resistance, and made a flying leap over the filthy stream, which intervened between her and the cuddy stairs. In two minutes more she was tragically relating her experiences to a select party in the fore-cabin.

Half an hour later the decks were crowded with passengers; some pale and ghastly with the effects of the sea sickness, from which they had hardly recovered; others gay and loquacious; all assiduous in wishing each other the merriest of Christmases,—the more so because the circumstances of the season were so different to anything which they had yet experienced.

Stationed at the extreme end of the poop, near the helm, was the group with whose fortunes this history has principally to deal. It consisted of the Misses Manby with their brother, Harry Horton, and Mr. Brixby, the third mate. The last-named gentleman was an amateur sailor, who boasted the double advantage, rarely combined, of possessing a fine person and a mind to match. He was tall, Byronic, corsair-like, could say clever things in a pleasant way, and, as a matter of course, measured himself at his own standard, which was neither a mean nor low one. Altogether, he was a formidable rival for a jealous lover, and at the present juncture was Harry Horton's oppressive bugbear. The amorous dreams in which the latter about this time indulged were haunted by the spectre of the fascinating sailor. Our love-sick friend discerned a sinister intention in every action of his supposed rival. Just now, the obnoxious Brixby was giving the two sisters general lessons in the art of navigation, showing them more particularly how the helm was manœuvred. To the uninitiated mind an attractive interest attaches to that mystic wheel. Every spoke seems instinct with power; the ease and certainty with which the great ship implicitly obeys every twist of the apparatus savours almost of the necromantic. The mate was dispelling the illusion by explaining the simple manner in which the thing is handled. Harry felt decidedly *de trop*; he knew as much about theoretical seamanship as his shoe, and was as fit to shift the Andes as to "bout ship." He malignantly frowned, he convulsively ground his teeth, he nervously clenched his hands, he uneasily shuffled his feet. Poor fellow, he was



on the pins and needles of secret jealousy. Philosophy was not his forte; he could not analyse the motives of others, but fondly imagined that all the bachelor world was in the same predicament as himself. His feelings were rapidly becoming wholly inexpressible when his inamorata, Winifred, inquired—

“As you know so much about these things, Mr. Brixby, will you tell me what would happen if the rudder was lost or broken? Could you manage the ship?”

“It would be possible, if such a calamity were to happen, to direct her course partially by adjusting the sails, but most likely the vessel would keep drifting on and on until she found a permanent berth on some interposing shore.”

“What a horrid catastrophe! I hope it won’t happen to us.”

“I don’t think it likely that with such a precious freight on board, Neptune will allow anything of the kind; at least I hope not.”

“You don’t mean to say that any valuables are stowed away in that dark chasm you call a hold?”

“Certainly not. The valuables I mean are at present on deck.”

“Oh, do show me them.”

“I really can’t shock the modesty for which ladies are so renowned by mentioning names which you know best.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” blurted out Harry; “compliments don’t pass current in this quarter.”

“Not among gentlemen, it seems,” wickedly responded Winifred, taking up the cudgels in behalf of her nautical instructor. “Mr. Horton, you’re a modern Diogenes; you won’t dispense compliments yourself, and you won’t allow us to receive them from persons who have not sufficient virtue to be cynical. You ought to have lived in the middle ages, buried in a cave, and vegetating on herbs and bitter apples.”

“Well, I don’t know whether I should be better employed there than in concocting airy absurdities which seem to be the fashion now.”

“What a blessing it is the world is not like you. Why, we should turn into petrified misanthropes, and become fossil remains of an unkindly race for future beings to philosophize over.”

“Only we should leave no impress behind us,” put in Brixby.

“Which certainly in some cases would be no loss,” surlily muttered Harry as he walked off thoroughly disgusted, all oblivious of the relenting glimmer in Winifred’s deep eye.

The day was vanishing, as Christmas days will vanish, whether on the ocean or on *terra firma*. Sunset was past; the old kingly orb had sunk into a bed of glory, and gladdened heaven by the soft benignity of his departing smiles. The whole aspect of the azure sky had changed. The ripples still curled, but it was in a restless and discontented fashion. An ominous inertness among nature's forces pervaded all the upper world, and pressed unnaturally on the scared mind. The sky was covered by a veil of pale grey sodden vapour, rainless, rayless, but universal; oppressive and discomfiting by reason of its sheer inanity.

The morning's group was again gathered on the cuddy deck. The two damsels looked uneasily around them, and seemed generally expectant of something about to happen. The third mate from time to time cast cautious glances to seaward, as if he too shared in the common presentiment.

"Is there going to be a storm, Mr. Brixby?" at last Winifred asked.

"Well, I should not be surprised if we have a breeze before long, but this sky is inscrutable; it seems instinct with meaning, but it actually reveals nothing, Miss Manby; for once I find myself non-plussed."

"Surely we've had storms enough to-day of another kind. What with the fracas of this morning, and the affair in the fore-cabin, there's been enough commotion to annihilate a person of weak nerves. I'm sure I feel quite unhinged; I wouldn't answer for the consequences, Mr. Horton, if a real storm takes place." This was said by Mary, whose tongue was by no means given to smooth exercise.

"But the mystic three you know, Polly, must be completed. I really think I should enjoy a storm at sea. Is it so very terrible, Mr. Brixby?"

"Well it entirely depends on the disposition of the beholder. Now to the lady before me, an Indian monsoon, I imagine, would be a perfect bagatelle, a mere nothing; a pleasant recreation."

"I hope to goodness she'll never encounter one," fervently ejaculated Harry. "For my part, I don't see the wisdom or bravery of making light of what, after all, is a calamitous visitation."

"At any rate, it's pleasant to think there's some one to care for my feminine terrors, and share my anxieties. Mr. Brixby, I discard your protection; I hand you over to Polly; you're a Job's comforter. I should neither get satisfaction nor sympathy out of you; I declare you are worse than Ralph."

"Well, sister Winifred, and what about Ralph," said the gentleman thus pointedly referred to, who was standing near watching the clouds which girt the horizon. "Is he a Goth this time, or a savage, or a hermit, or a barbarous mute, or a bad thing. Please don't traduce me behind my back. What sisterly epithets has she been applying to her victimized brother, Horton?"

"Oh, none whatever; you're quite mistaken; just the contrary. Miss Manby said you were almost as enchanting as Mr. Brixby." Harry had been delighted by the turn affairs were taking, and rejoiced in the ability to administer a sly stab.

"It seems to me that we shall soon be all brought to the test," interposed the sailor. "Look at those clouds to windward."

They looked. The ladies declared they could see nothing to be afraid of; neither, to the eye of a novice in storm-lore, did there appear any indications of approaching tumult. The slumberous canopy overhead had become more dense and dark. A stripe of rugged, creamy clouds rested on the extreme ocean-edge to leeward. The watery desert had subsided into a smoother sleep, and the fitful breeze had ceased its irregular breathings. The sails flapped idly against the masts, and the huge hull seemed to move slowly onwards by the sheer and feeble force of its own momentum. Novelists who write cut-and-dry sea tales would have vividly described the scene in stereotyped terms by describing the weather as characterized by an ominous and treacherous stillness.

The handsome mate glanced furtively around as if afraid to exhibit the anxiety he really felt. Rejoicing in a storm as a season of stir and struggle which well suited his ardent nature, he quaked in this instance for the peace of mind of the fair girls, regarding whom he entertained such a lively interest. A few minutes more passed in silence until the captain came on deck. The rubicund mariner glanced rapidly about him; took in and innately comprehended the significance of the sky, cocked one eye, and indulged in a prolonged whistle. A few seconds later and every hand in the ship was hopping about the masts and yards, like a troop of monkeys suddenly scared by some aggressive animal. The mate was called on duty, and a first-rate seaman he proved himself to be.

In ten minutes the aspect of the ship had entirely changed. The sheets and canvas were all carefully stowed away; the top-sails only hung in instant readiness for being taken in.

Every loose article on deck had been lashed securely; the *Monarch* was prepared to meet the anticipated tempest.

Gradually it came. Dimly discernible in the fast falling darkness. The white bank of clouds to leeward rushed upwards with amazing rapidity. Glimmers of lightning lit up sepulchraly the blackening dome above. Strange sighing murmurs, more audible to the mind than to the sense, preceded the oncoming blast. All the female passengers except two had wisely vanished below; most of the men had followed suit. The sisters alone awaited on deck the outbreak of the tornado. They were a curious, studiable couple; like and yet unlike. Winifred was tall, slightly dark, russet-haired, dark-eyed, and self-reliant. Mary was more petite and piquant in her way, and butterfly-like. The one was beautiful, haughty, and profound; the other was bewitching, engaging, and unreserved. Both were deep in the hidden things of woman's inner life; both had unseen capacities and passions which nothing save the very closest connection would ever reveal or arouse. Nestling close to each other, they now looked forward to that which to an unaccustomed mind is the most awful display of the Almighty's majesty,—a storm at sea. The captain recommended them to retire into the cuddy; their *preux chevalier*, the mate, urged them to the same prudential step; Harry Horton backed up the plea by his own protestations; but like wilful girls, they remained inflexibly where they were.

The premonitory mutterings of the tempest were now heard like the rush of a distant cataract. The storm-clouds were already overhead, whirling, tearing, and shivering, as if they were battling for the first blow. Glares of lightning at regular intervals blazed through the sky, and revealed the elements towards the horizon in a state of wild and mixed confusion. Rain, hurricane, thunder, and ocean, all tearing onwards. Now the first few puffs are felt; a drop or two of water are hurled into the faces of the spectators, and the dread foe is upon us. With the roar of Niagara the gale strikes the ship. She reels, quivers, and then darts forward like a flying ostrich. The sea rises; the ocean is convulsed; stirred, madly effervescent. Huge waves spring up, where a moment ago all was glassy and still. Forked lightning, scathing, linked and terrible, rends the clouds and rushes downwards. Thunder, crash after crash, like the simultaneous explosion of a hundred batteries, seems to annihilate and overwhelm the very world. No rain falls as yet; the heavens give forth nothing but flame floods, and are dry, fiery, and unrelenting. Sheets of spray are blown over the deck, and



effectually drench every being above board. The girls look scared, blanched, and bewildered; they have read of ocean-hurricanes, have often pictured the horrors of such commotions, but both description and imagination pale before the terrific reality. A shout now rings over the ship, and is heard in its intensity above the clamour of the elements,—“Look out! Hold fast!” A gigantic eminence seems to spring out of the sea, rushes forward, and strikes the ship in her weather quarter. The deck is swept; the vessel rolls almost on to her beam ends; heaves, starts, and finally slowly rights herself. The lunge was tremendous; boats, casks, and lumber were tossed like play-balls from side to side. On the poop the consequences were most critical. The ladies were thrown clean off the seat, hurled to the other side of the deck, wedged up against the right hand rail, ready for the next sea to carry them overboard. Unable to help themselves, stunned, blinded, and prostrate, their position was terrible. The mate rushed forward; he had kept his sea legs, and was on the look out for catastrophes; he seized hold of Mary, picked her up, bore her down the cuddy stairs into the cabin, and set himself to the task of restoring her, for the other passengers were too frightened for action. Harry, meanwhile, had come to “grief,” but was soon on his feet again. He missed his late companions; guessed the truth, and followed Brixby into the cabin, bearing in his arms the woman he adored. This, no doubt, reads very romantically, but in the case of those concerned there was very little romance about it, unless sprains and bruises are supposed to be poetically interesting. The state of distress in the cuddy was intense. All the ladies had left their state-rooms, and gathered together for mutual comfort in the saloon. Many of them were in tears, all of them were speechlessly and painfully horrified. Every lurch of the vessel was followed by a murmur of smothered groans, while the two or three children who belonged to the first class were in open uproar. We will leave them there;—Brixby consoling Mary, and explaining to her the probabilities of their position; Harry upholding Winifred’s courage, by pleasant predictions of a speedy calm, with the curly-haired brother sitting tremulously, but confidently on his knee, and the good mother supporting him with forced, but indifferent composure on the other side.

The scene in the fore-cabin was less dignified, but more true to nature. Feelings here were allowed unrestricted vent. Mrs. Braggs was standing with her back against the inner cabin, in the attitude of a Roman matron, holding firmly by two friendly clothes pegs. Mrs. Joffins was on the bench,

clinging to the table, and asseverating at every clap of thunder and roll of the ship, that "never, no, never, if she'd known this, should Joffins have wheedled her into setting foot on board a deceitful ship. It was a temptin' of providence, and she must have been demented when she gave in to Joffins. Just to think of them poor critters being as good as drowned, if not quite so, and not a minister on board to give 'em the right word. Dearie me, dearie me." The men were mightily and vociferously indignant at being shut up like "pigs in a pig-stye," for the captain had just adopted the precautionary measure of battening down the hatches, as the decks were being continually swept. And thus in every part of the groaning and labouring, and battered yet staunch old hull, fear, trembling, and tearfulness mingled with the sublimer strife of elements.

On deck, the aspect of things continued even more unfavourable. Night had fallen, but the perpetual blaze of lightning flashes rendered the seething ocean and tempest-torn heavens preternaturally visible. The ship was tearing along under double-reefed topsails. Every intermediate glare brought out with stereoscopic distinctness each spar, rope, and the white snaky folds of the furled sails. Almost the only passenger on deck was Ralph Manby, and he was standing by the captain near the poop-rail. The taciturn young fellow seemed in his element. A strange fire gleamed in his dark eye; his figure stood erect, his lips stubbornly set; his black hair streaming from his broad uneven brow, for his hat had been carried away long ago, though in the excitement of the moment he was unconscious of the loss. He breathed in the essence of the storm, his spirit rejoiced in its turbulence, his mind gloried in the violence of the elemental struggle. He and his sisters inherited from their dead father a will and daring such as seldom fall to the lot of man. It was a grand though terrible inheritance. In the girls, it was chastened by the tender sensibilities of woman, and though, as we have seen, latently inactive in their bosoms, it was seldom roused by the attacks of exterior circumstances. But in Ralph, the father's heroic soul had been developed with concentrated power. By the sapient world he was called proud, reserved, unimpressible, a statuesque nonentity; a passionless mortal. The few near and dear ones, however, who claimed kinship with him knew differently. Ralph owned no affinity to the race of cold-blooded earthworms. Within his breast lay dormant a slumbering volcano. Emotions wild as the storm around him throbbed in his heart. His was the nature to

do and dare deeds which to others would be impossible, to wage battle with all obstacles that might beset his path, to wrestle madly and joyously with the antagonistic forces of man and nature. To all but himself he was, as regarded his inmost soul, unfathomable, inaccessible, inscrutable. There are, happily, few such natures in this commonplace world. Envy not, reader, the singularity of such an one's position. He walks the earth a living mystery, a friendless phenomenon, a self-existent, one-lived man; a giant among pigmies none can scale his stature and discover the deep reservoir of love hidden within the secluded heart. I do not mean to say that Ralph's was such an extreme case. He panted beneath the pent-up vehemence of unutterable longings, but let us hope he will find a vent and a resting-place before his life's journey is finished.

Meanwhile, the storm continued with unabating violence. The ship groaned and creaked as every fibre of her timbers was being rent asunder. Now uplifted on a measureless wave she would seem to soar heavenwards, and then rushing down the watery declivity, she appeared speeding irresistibly into the blackest depths of the foaming waters.

The captain's visage grew rapidly gloomy and ominous. At last, after a gust of unexampled fury, he said,

"If this lasts much longer we shall have to heave the sticks overboard. There's no help for it; she can't stand this work long."

"What, cut away the masts?" Ralph replied; "never! Why this is glorious! See how she rights herself; look, how she bends to each wave with an instinctive dread of the effect. Surely, captain, you don't shrink from a storm like this. It's quite a luxury after the insipidity of three weeks' fine weather."

"Ay, my lad, you may think so now, but wait till you've smelt salt water as long as I have. Thirty years, boy, is nothing to sneeze at, and yet I've never been in such a squall as this. It's not once in a hundred voyages that you get fire, wind, and water, all together. Hoy, my lads, look to your choppers."

Ralph blazed up with indignation. "Now, Captain Bunk, you're not going to cast adrift the masts, we can but go to the bottom, if it comes to the worst, and let us go decently. Look at her, how she cleared that wave; we'll brave the storm, defy the gale, and escape the light——"

Here he was silenced by a stroke that would have sealed the tongue even of a god. A cloud burst directly overhead, and belched its burthen of flame right upon the *Monarch*.

The wind subsided for a moment, and the rain ceased to beat, as out of respect for the wasting element. The sea, the sky, the ship, were all a blaze. Striking the foremost truck, and flashing down the lightning chains into the sea, the pale, blue central thread seemed to fall at the very feet of the two figures on the poop; it blinded and bewildered them. Now, simultaneously, the thunder breaks over the old ship, with a noise like the clatter of innumerable cables, and then roll upon roll numbs every nerve and scares every sense. A moment more and a cracking sound is heard, then a wrench, as of hard, tough bodies being violently torn in twain, then a crack, a swoop, a splash. The foremast has been struck, split in its very heart, and blown away by the gale.

Shrill and clear ring out the captain's terse commands. The crew flock around the fallen mast, which is still held to the heeling vessel by the stays and hamper. Such a position is more than dangerous, and it is eventually fatal. With such a leverage bearing down the vessel to leeward, she must, if not at once relieved, inevitably founder. The men use their hatchets vigorously; Ralph is amongst them, the busiest worker of them all. When the task is nearly completed, and a few more strokes will cut away the timber, a new novel sound becomes audible. A faint human voice seems to be crying for "help" over the ship's side; a human being must surely be in some position of fearful peril in that quarter. Ralph is one of the first to notice it. He flies instinctively to the gunwale, bends over, and peeps into the darkness. A prolonged flash enables him to penetrate the gloom, and discern the origin of the cry. A drowning man is clinging desperately to one of the spars; the waves are every moment washing over him, and certain death appears his fate.

Ralph took the whole scene in at a glance. Shouting out "a man overboard," he prepared for action, tied a rope round his body, made it fast, and then by means of the overhanging ropes descended the ship's side. Slowly and carefully he slid down; the ocean was boiling beneath him; the loose spars were swinging to and fro, to the intense danger of his own person; the lightning dazzled him with its short, deceptive blaze. Clinging to one of the large stays, he at last reached the water, felt the salt spray splashing over him and hiding occasionally the black shadow of the *Monarch* from his sight. The man saw him, and made an effort to meet his rescuer, stretched out his hand, and clasped that of Ralph in his. The men on deck were looking on with intense anxiety; others would have followed the bold adventurer, but the captain peremptorily forbade any such attempt. For a few seconds



both figures seemed lost in the seething billows. A faint flash showed that they had joined; that Ralph had got hold of the object of his search. A stentorian cry to "pull" now floated on deck. The men obeyed, hauled with might and main, pulling for life, priceless life. How Ralph managed to retain his hold under such circumstances, it is difficult to say. Such spirits as his, in circumstances of peril, seem uplifted from the common conditions of humanity, seem endowed with powers and energies terrific and superhuman. The two were gradually hauled upwards; they would soon reach the deck. Ralph could see a score of bright eyes flashing down encouragement upon him, and danger seemed all but past. The top of the bulwark was reached, and a dozen hands were outstretched to assist them over. Just then, the ship gave an awful lurch; a huge pendant spar swung round, struck Ralph with an awful force, and then rebounded off. He lost both his hold and his senses instantaneously.

But generous hands had already grasped him. He and his co-sufferer were hauled on deck, taken into the cabin, and properly attended to. He was not killed, but grievously, terribly injured.

This last catastrophe ended the extreme perils of the night. The mast was safely cut away; the storm afterwards subsided. Like most tempests in tropical latitudes, it vanished as suddenly as it had sprung up. The next morning was as mild, peaceful, and pleasant as its immediate predecessor.

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## THE BEREAVEMENT.

That midnight taper, burning with dim light  
In yon closed chamber, yields a mournful sight :  
Anguish, recording the last words of life ;  
Despairing love and faith, in feverish strife.  
Stretched on that couch, her lovely form reclines ;  
One tender cheek is hidden, but dread signs  
Of death pale on the other. There she lies,  
Exhausted, suffering, with her large blue eyes  
Intent on the dear mourner by her bed,  
Whose trembling hand supports his dizzier head.  
What a deep flood of love's intensest rays  
Pours throbbing from that glance, and yet her gaze  
Blends with such sweet compassion. It would seem  
As Heaven already had transfused some beam  
Of inward blessed peace throughout her heart,  
So that all tranquilly her love might part ;  
Or, rather, faith enfranchised into sight,  
Saw love's chain flash thro' death, renewed and bright.

"Edward," she said, as with soft pressing hand  
His she retained, long as life's ebbing sand  
Faintly pulsed on, "Edward, my moments fly,  
Soon all that binds to earth and time must die;  
You've been my soul's dear friend, and truly proved  
All you then promised when you vowed me love;  
And were it but God's will, I might remain  
Your wife." Then swept a cold rush of pain,  
Wasting her with exhaustion; and she lay,  
As 'twere life flickering ere it passed away,  
'Tween flash and darkness.

"Dear Jane, talk not so,  
Now you are weak; soon you will stronger grow.  
How could I bear to lose you—precious wife,  
You so iuwoven through each thought of life.  
What! wake from sleep each weary dreadful day,  
To find anew my heart's light gone away!  
No! yet I trust the Saviour will restore  
You to my anguished prayers, beloved more,  
More prized for this sharp peril; and these fears  
Shall but enhance the joy of other years,  
As Winter's cheerless storms deck Spring with grace."  
A flush and sweet smile trembled on her face,  
Showing how dear such thoughts, altho' her end  
She felt drew nigh. Her soul must soon ascend  
To mausious long prepared;—that home of rest  
Of ransom'd souls for everlasting bless'd.  
"Husband and friend, dearer at this sad hour,  
Hope not vain dreams; I feel death's certain power.  
On my lull'd hearing, a strange music floats;  
Harpings high up, a concert of clear notes;  
And tho' my dimm'd sight scarce sees your dear eyes  
Yet far above seem moving, 'mid the skies,  
Forms of surpassing splendour, light in light,  
Wheel within wheel, like crystal sparkling bright.  
They draw me upwards by a sweet constraint—  
'Lord, is this death?' My senses fail; I faint.  
Darling, farewell! Keep me long in your mind;  
Kiss me once more; say, but with heart resigned,  
'Father, Thy will be done.'"

"Christ Jesus, spare  
Me from this sorrow, or give strength to bear —"  
Groaned out the wretched husband; fain he would  
Convulsively have quelled his choking flood  
Of anguish—'twas too wild to be withstood.

It was awhile; then back recoiled, and mute,  
He sunk soul-stunned, by rioting dispute  
'Tween throes of love and horror. Her cold arm  
Dropt lifeless, marbled o'er is every charm,  
Darkened those eyes, that noble face o'erspread  
With death's chill dews; her happy soul is fled.

Rise, wretch! hide in thy heart its world of love;  
 Rise, and track on thy lonesome path below,  
 With all now strange and desolate; dull care,  
 Reflection's straining glance thro' years more fair,  
 Traverse thro' scenes of restlessness or mirth,  
 Thyself unmoved by interests of earth,  
 A hermit-hearted man, to whom no joy  
 Can radiance life, save one sublime employ.  
 Dispeopled is thy world; within thy home  
 Sounds but the echo of thy clock alone.  
 Hush'd is the voice that bound with such kind spell,  
 Reft thence the noble visage loved so well.  
 Her look—that gave enchantment to the day;  
 Her smile—that charmed thy very soul away.  
 But while thou must abide, like some scathed oak,  
 Stript and heart-withered by that lightning stroke,  
 Spend life in blessing still the sick, the poor,  
 Till blessed again thyself, life's sorrow o'er.

E. S. W.

## REMINISCENCES OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIFE AND CHARACTER,

BY C. M'ELSHENDER O'DAOD.

It is to be regretted that "Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*," a book we have had for more than a year, has aroused no ready writers of colonial experience to an effort to rescue from oblivion a selection of the good stories they can tell so well, thereby illustrating the habits and opinions of a generation still within our recollection, but now fast passing away.

When a much-respected Churchman, of high position, unblushingly lets it be known that he has amused his hours of relaxation by gathering such trifles, and the general public unhesitatingly recognizes the value of the work, surely the most sensitive of our colonial authors might cast aside all fear of allusions to the late Joseph Miller, and see that the beauty of a setting might give to sparkling fragments a value not their own,—that well arranged anecdotes might even assist the study of our colonial history.

Language interposes a difficulty; true. A translated and explained joke is a very different article from the hit that takes our gravity by surprise; but the Scottish anecdotes laboured under a similar disadvantage. How few Englishmen could comprehend the phrase "*a lume that'll haud in?*" On how many of the educated Scottish youth of to-day must its quaint raciness be utterly wasted?

Our present stage of colonial progress is peculiarly favourable to such a work—for the mass of our population is in a transition state, and has undergone an immense change during the last thirty years. Although in a society so limited it might not be convenient to contrast the social condition and refinement of the grandees of Cape Town at so short an interval,—in fact, even the “gaudeamusses” of Ryk Tulbagh and the court of the Van der Stells would require a delicate hand,—interior Overberg is open, the Onderveldt offers a wide range where characteristics may be freely sketched without so much risk to pride of ancestry as in the Boven Lands.

Many men among us, grey-haired like myself, may recollect the jolly, kindly, social tone pervading Cape Town society before Old Time sprinkled the pepper-and-salt colour over our heads; but all of us who ever in those days, visited the interior districts must acknowledge that there we met with a hospitality as disinterested as any people on this earth could show.

Hospitality was, in fact, one of the virtues specially inculcated in every respectable boer's family. When the lone traveller drew bridle before the door, the “goeden dag,” “afsaal,” and “kom binnen” followed each other in quick succession. If none of the men were at home the *jufvrouw* did the honours; and when the parents and sons were all away, even the daughter overcame her rustic timidity, and oftentimes greeted the stranger with a natural politeness that would have graced a palace.

Unfortunately for the character of our country farmers, most book-making tourists appear to have been received by the house-father himself, in whose presence few dared to address the visitor. The house-wife served out her tea and coffee from her little side table with monosyllables. The daughters sat dumb on low stools along the walls, with arms and chins on their knees, gazing with all their eyes from under their quilted caps; and the sons, sons-in-law, and white tradesmen, dropping their work in or out of doors as soon as they possibly could, at whatever hour of the day, partly from politeness, partly from curiosity, placed themselves where in respectful and stolid silence they (even the “meester” or teacher himself) could swallow the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the old baas and the news from the outer world the stranger had to tell. Whereupon the bookmaker, blind to all tangible evidences of labour around him, found out the fact, and when found made a note of it, “*that the Cape boer led a lazy life.*”



Well, it must be allowed the prosy talk after a long fagging day in the saddle was a trial of patience and a provocative to unjust remark, but "the longest lane has a turning," and the longest evening in the boer *voorhuis* was broken at last by the preliminary to supper, which always suddenly appeared through a door burst rather than thrown open, accompanied by sounds and smells suggestive of savoury cookery. Pray what was it? You may guess till doomsday. A tub of steaming water, borne by a wrinkled crone, her clothes one greasy tatter, all else brown skin and bone. Before the lady of the house she first takes up her place; her mistress throws her cap-strings loose, and washes hands and face. The wall-flowers ditto one by one down to the youngest "noijes," and then the old man takes his turn and gives his guests their choice. Sons, sons-in-law, and "meester" too, and men, all use that tub, and with one towel of dirty hue each muzzle gets a rub. The tub is then again put down before the lady's chair, a calf is shown below the gown, fat, stockingless, and fair. The damsels also each protrude a pair of snow white limbs, and so on—in fact, as was written by my friend, the Rev. Tyte Whytechoker, M.A. (fresh from Cambridge, on his way down to take possession of his chaplaincy), that foot-bath is the nearest approach of the *το παν* I ever saw.

These public family ablutions were followed by the speedy appearance of eatables, a brief "syt bij," a long, unintelligible grace before supper, another after it, and then, with certain invariable preliminaries, the soft feather-bed which, though like the potter's field, yet, let you feel what was below it—many a bar to sleep—on which you might luxuriantly slumber or lie and scratch as the case might be.

By-and-by, I must have a separate chapter for long graces and feather-beds.

The grace before and after meat reminds me of many good points in the character of our old Dutch farmer. The fast men of those days pronounced him slow, very slow, and slow he doubtless was in the adoption of the improvements and fashions his forefathers had never tried, but equally slow to abandon their habits and faith, so that he seldom or never forgot his position, and sank towards the level of his savage neighbours so far as a more mercurial people might have done when similarly isolated, not for months, or years, but for generations. In those days, also, the abolitionists virulently quoted the South African Newgate Calendar against him with reference to his treatment of slaves—with quite as much justice as the Africanders might now throw Smethurst

and Greenacre in the face of every Briton. Well, well; the abolitionists solaced their consciences with the idea that their purpose was good, the end sanctified the means, but as these ends have been gained, let tardy justice now be done. I, for one, have observed a gap in the line of wall-flowers before the antecenal tub appeared, and have heard the distant song of praise and indistinct sound of prayer; but I confess I never saw family worship as in old England, where the humblest servant of the household kneels with master and mistress before the great Master of all.

Truly, the amateur teachers of the slaves had often their trials. I had a friend whose good zealous sister taught a class in which sat old cook Clarinda, who could still recollect the days of her youth in some far land before her exportation from the shores of the Mozambique Channel; and Clarinda was proud of her knowledge of Bible history, and turned with impatient disdain from the prompter. "Clarinda," said her fair young teacher, "who was Adam?" "De eerste man," was the immediate reply. "And Samson?" A troubled look passed over the sable face, and she hastily said "Wacht noie, moet niet zegt, ik weet—ja," and with a flash of triumph in her eye she announced that "Samson was een sterke man, en heeft brandenekels fast gemaakt aan de sterke van de krikvossen en weg gejaag in de koorn van de Philippijnen."

As Clarinda had never seen foxes, but knew what frogs were, her mistake between the tails of *vossen* and *krikvossen* was possible; so also was her confusion between the ancient inhabitants of unknown Philistia and the cant names for the Hottentots who in those days were supposed to be *protégés* of the Rev. Dr. Philip to an absurd and unjustifiable extent; but I never could accept the nettles (*brandenekels*) in place of (*branden*) fire brands as anything but an embellishment by that wicked wag, the teacher's brother and my friend.

Neglect of instruction of the old slaves was undoubtedly the cause of so many of them falling under the Mohammedan faith—not that they seem to have been much better attended to by the Malay priests. "Adonis," said a well-known Cape Town medical man to his servant, "what makes you wish for leave again to-morrow?" "Why, master, it's our sacrament." "Impossible," said the master, "you, Mohammedans, have nothing of the sort." "Well, I don't know, master, I'll go and ask." And sure enough, Adonis soon came back with the apology that he was wrong, and his master quite right. "Het is niet onze nachtmaal, het is onze Augsburgse

Confusie." It was not the Mohammedans' Last Supper, but their Augsburg Confession !

But, *basta*, we must pull up. We are sinking too low in the scale, in illustration of the extent to which the schoolmaster had been abroad in those days. To make amends, we note the case of a high-born lady of sixteen descents, who, in our presence, successfully resisted all the efforts of her lawyer to make her sign her name twice in the same forenoon ; and we well recollect a large respectable farmer to whom we had a payment to make on a hot day. He made no difficulty about receiving the money, and the affair might have been soon concluded if he could have signed his name with equal facility, but alas ! the accounts were in duplicate. Slowly and painfully, with many a dab at the ink-pot, did he affix his name to the first receipt ; fearful were the frowns and protrusion of his lips at the up strokes, while at the down, up went his eyebrows to the middle of his forehead, and his teeth showed under their contracted coverings, until among the long letters with loops, his face became perfectly demoniacal. When he had done, and had breathed a self-satisfied sigh of relief like a south-easter, the duplicate was quietly placed before him, and he was gravely assured in reply to his horrified " Magtag, moet ik nog een maal my naam teken ? " that he must ; then exclaimed he " Phsew ! laat ik eerst my baatje uit trek," and he gave the second receipt in his shirt sleeves accordingly, after prolonged labour.

We recollect, also, that a farmer named Coetze (not Kotzé with a K, but a C) had to give a receipt : his father was present. His pen travelled safely through the intricacies of the initial of his Christian name, but when he had turned the loop of the C, he hesitated and was at fault. Looking up, " Hoe nou, Patje ? " said he ; whereupon his father eyeing the work like a connoisseur, pithily gave his approval and instructions—" Regt zoo, my kind ; nou hot weg met een stertje ; " and the son accordingly guided his pen as he would have driven his oxen to the right, and by the addition of the little tail as directed, the C stood in all its beauty—a work accomplished.

Where was the " meester " in those days ? He generally occupied a humble position ; but then, as one of them boasted to me, the pay was so good—even eight dollars every month, that is twelve shillings. Normal school training was not essential, if the schoolmaster could read the Bible and *Zuid-Afrikaan* and teach the children and youths their letters at odd times. An old soldier often filled the place, and his powers of English, if any, were duly







Lieutenant-Colonel APPERLEY,  
Late Indian Remount Agent at the Cape of Good Hope.

appreciated ; but years of isolation frequently made sad havoc with the mother tongue. And one pedagogue, formerly commander of a whaler, in reply to my polite inquiries as to his pupils' progress, assured me "*they came on good and can a little schryve.*" I must give the stories of schoolmasters of 1830 a chapter to themselves. Very curious views of affairs in general were obtained by the boers through their "meesters."

And where, it may also be asked, was the press in those days? Wary be our touch on the fourth estate—let the curious turn to the dusty files themselves. We recollect many singular characteristics of the favourite journal besides the habit of turning the letter S always "*dogmatically opposite*" to the usual position ; "diametrically opposite" was, I believe, the phrase meant, but the variation was a decided improvement. We think the pathetic burst in the case of a fratricide in 1830-1 was never exceeded. Two Malay brethren got bosky in a canteen ; Abdol shied a bottle at the other's head, whereupon the latter drew his knife and "*stabbed his brother, oh horrible to relate ! Dolly.*"

We ought to give another long chapter to the peculiarities of our colonial press, from the first pitiful timid half sheet down to the spicy favourite of the present day, the "dauntless kwiss pedoor," who cares not a rotten straw for the approval of any earthly potentate, nor perhaps of any other.

Would that some better man might take up this line of reminiscences. My recollections of long graces, feather beds, boeren noises, schoolmasters, and editors are quite at his service. I suspect the foregoing scraps, as I have served them up, will, to the general reader, seem dreary rubbish, and I can therefore hardly venture to add

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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NO. XIV.

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### LIEUTENANT-COLONEL APPERLEY.

THOUGH not, literally speaking, a "Cape celebrity," Colonel Apperley has been sufficiently long in the colony, and has earned for himself a sufficiently conspicuous position in our local society, to be particularly eligible for a place in our portrait gallery. But in sketching his "pedigree and performances" (if we may be allowed that sporting expression), we have a difficulty to contend with, which, we fear, cannot be satisfactorily overcome.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that in January, 1859, at the dinner given to Colonel Apperley on his return from England, the Hon. Mr. Porter, as chairman, performed the duty which we are now anxious to undertake, in a speech so felicitous, appropriate, and comprehensive, as to fulfil every purpose which a biographical memoir, in a necessarily condensed form, can possibly aim at. It is impossible to interpolate Mr. Porter's speech, or to give extracts therefrom, without destroying its harmonious unity, and injuring its fair proportions. We shall therefore present it as reported in the paper of the day, and will endeavour to add a short supplementary *memo.* of various episodes in the Colonel's career, which may serve to illustrate his character, and render Mr. Porter's narrative, in some respects, possibly, more complete.

The following is from the *Cape Argus* of the 8th January, 1859:

On Thursday evening a dinner was given, at the Masonic Hotel, to Colonel Apperley, the Remount Agent for the Indian Government, by a number of his town and country friends. His Excellency the Governor was a subscriber to the dinner, and, though suffering from indisposition, attended it. The chair was taken by the Hon. W. Porter, Attorney-General.

After sundry toasts, the chairman called for a bumper, and said: Gentlemen,—You will have already anticipated that my exhortation to you to fill your glasses was by way of preparation for the toast which I am now about to give, the health of the gentleman who sits upon my left, our gallant guest, Colonel Apperley (great applause). I see that to name him is sufficient for you; you need no speech from me. Nor in truth shall I inflict upon you anything that can be called a speech, in prefacing this toast—the toast of the evening—with a few remarks.

You all know that when Colonel Apperley began to be looked for from England, upon the termination of his recent visit, some gentlemen who had witnessed and admired his conduct as the head, in this colony, of the remount agency for India, became desirous to welcome his return amongst us by a friendly dinner (cheers). To start the proposal was enough: the list filled at once; and I learn with regret, but with no surprise, that not a few gentlemen who were anxious to join us this evening in doing such honour as they could to Colonel Apperley have been unavoidably disappointed for want of room. That Colonel Apperley should have been selected for the office which he fills; and that he should, in a comparatively short space of time, have created, throughout this end of the colony, such a strong and universal feeling of respect and esteem, would in themselves lead to the belief that his previous career could not have been undistinguished. Nor was it. Indeed, it was not to be expected that the career of his father's son should be an undistinguished one. Blood is something, both in man and horse (laughter). And I need not tell you that the writings of Mr. Charles Apperley (better known by the name of Nimrod), characterized, as they are, by scholarship, wit, humour, and fancy; and beyond, and above all, by a thorough knowledge and hearty love of the subjects of which he treats, are charming compositions, which have

long placed him at the head of the sporting literature of England (loud cheers). In that race, Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere. But some horse-breeder present may say, "Don't rely upon his pedigree, show us his points" (laughter). Well, this will not be difficult to do, though, at the same time, you must bear in mind that a good pedigree and good points are usually found together. In 1824, our guest, then a very young man, with the world before him, and his way to make in it, turned his face to India—that great field for energy, enterprize, and ability of every kind—and went out as a cavalry cadet to Bengal, where he joined the 4th Native Lancers. Every officer of that corps, and of the army to which it belonged, has had, since then, his share of service in the field. But without dwelling upon purely military matters, in regard to which a young officer, such as Colonel Apperley then was, has few opportunities of distinguishing himself, I would note, in passing, two accomplishments, both of them near akin to soldiery, in which I have the best authority for saying that he early became remarkable,—I mean horsemanship and sporting (cheers). Field-sports have been well termed the image of war. This is true of field-sports everywhere, and it is especially true of the field-sports of India. As a horseman, as a sportsman, and as a gentleman, our guest became distinguished amidst a crowd of distinguished men; and I am assured that if, in those days, there had been an election, by universal suffrage, of the best horseman, the best sportsman, and the most popular man in the Bengal Presidency, William Apperley would, to use the language of this electioneering time, have stood a good chance of being found at the head of the poll (applause). In 1837, or thereabouts, his merits as a cavalry officer, and his instinctive aptitude for everything connected with the breeding and management of horses, were recognized by Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, who appointed Colonel Apperley, at that time a lieutenant, to be an assistant in the stud department. Once there, the Governor was but too glad to keep him there, and he finally rose, by regular gradations, to be the head of that important branch of the service. As head of the stud department, Colonel Apperley had usually under his superintendence some four thousand Government mares, beside vast numbers of young horses, and many valuable English and Arab sires. The establishment was large, the responsibility was heavy; but the man was equal to the work, and the Government studs benefited greatly by his able and untiring management (cheers). It would seem, however, that Government studs in India cannot, under any management, be relied upon for the supply, at all times, of the Indian service. In, I think 1844, horses were wanted for the Bengal army, and Captain Apperley was selected by Lord Ellenborough to proceed to Australia, where he remained about two years, and purchased some one thousand two hundred or one thousand three hundred horses. These Australian horses gave much satisfaction in India; but I may here remark, for the encouragement of Cape breeders, that in no respect, save size, are the Cape horses inferior to the Australian horses; and that, in some important respects, the Cape horses, as a body, are better than the Australian horses, inasmuch as they have more blood, can do more work in a hot climate, and are, in general, more docile and tractable (cheers). Well, having fulfilled his mission to Australia, our guest returned to India, where he remained for some more years, and then, feeling that he had done the State some service, and being desirous of repose, he proceeded to England. Gentlemen, amongst the highly-honourable things which can be said of Colonel Apperley is, that he is a Welshman (cheers and laughter). Beyond a doubt, as Flucellen long ago



averred, "There is good men born at Monmouth" (cheers). Whether Colonel Apperley was born in Monmouth I don't know, but certain it is that he was born in some part of Wales; and retaining the feeling which Welshmen never lose for their ancient and romantic country, he settled himself down in it, with the intention of retiring from the service. But this was not to be. For just when he was maturing his plans, and was about to carry them into execution, there arrived tremendous tidings from India. A rebellion, of which the origin and objects are not even yet, perhaps, fully understood,—a rebellion the most bloody, savage, merciless, and unprovoked that ever, in any age or in any country, disclosed the darkest side of human nature, had risen up against a mild and beneficial government, and threatened not merely the overthrow of our Indian empire, but the utter extermination of all the English in India. I need scarcely say that, as soon as the news of the Indian mutiny reached England, Colonel Apperley hastened to place his services at the disposal of the East India Company; and he was preparing for his outward voyage, when the authorities at the India House, wisely considering that he could do more to crush the mutiny, and restore order, by labouring in this colony, than by being employed in India, changed his destination, and sent him to the Cape to obtain horses (loud cheers). He arrived here in the latter end of 1857. Shortly after his arrival, he had an opportunity, at a dinner of the Agricultural Society, of stating, in a few manly and straightforward words, his plan of operations. "Bring me," he said, "fair horses, in fair condition, and I shall give a fair price for them" (loud cheers). In about twelve months, there have been shipped from this colony, as his Excellency has told you, upwards of four thousand horses (loud cheers). This is one great fact; and another great fact is, that whilst from Australia to India, the casualties to horses on shipboard have averaged not less than forty per cent., and of horses from South America, not less than sixty per cent., the casualties of horses from the Cape have not hitherto exceeded four per cent. (cheers). The fewness of the casualties at sea proves the greatness of the care with which Colonel Apperley and his zealous and experienced coadjutors must have looked after the preparation of the horses, and the selection and the fitting up of the ships (loud cheering), a care of which some striking examples are recounted in the excellent paper on Cape horses, contributed by our friend, Mr. Bayley, to the September number of the *Cape Magazine* (cheers). You will be glad to hear, and the colonists at large will be glad to hear, that the authorities in England have received from India most favourable reports of the Cape horses already supplied by the remount agency in this colony (loud cheers). What the prospects are of permanently establishing a remount agency here, and what must be done by the horse-breeders of the colony to give it a fair chance of success, you will, perhaps, hear by and by from Colonel Apperley himself. His advertisement of yesterday contains some useful hints, and he may possibly, to-night, make an addition to their number. The subject is one of great colonial importance, and one that deserves to be seriously attended to. I have myself no sort of skill in horse-flesh (laughter), although I should love a fine horse if I could get him; and if, moreover, I could ride him when once got (laughter). I hope this evening to increase my scanty stock of knowledge. One or two questions may be asked—Are our Cape horses improving in size, blood, strength, and spirit? Has the great extension of sheep-breeding throughout the colony been accompanied by a corresponding contraction of horse-breeding? If this be so, is there, considering the vastness and variety

of our pasturage, any necessity that the Cape horse, like the old Cape sheep, should fade away before the merino, or may not the nobler animal be also bred with profit? These are questions which I am not qualified to enter upon, much less to answer. If a friend of mine, and of us all, on whom the grave has only closed, and whose name can never pass my lips without a feeling of affectionate regret,—if William Hope were living, and occupying upon this occasion, as no doubt he would have occupied, this chair, he could have discussed these questions, and others in connection with them, in a manner befitting their interest and importance (hear, hear). But be the answer to these questions what they may, of this we may be well assured, that if a remount agency can, in this colony, be made to work advantageously both for India and the Cape, the present remount agency, with Colonel Apperley at its head, will secure the end in view (loud cheers). He hates humbug, will stand no nonsense, sees at a glance the thing that will answer, and the thing that won't; when met fairly, deals liberally; and charms every one by his frank, open, prompt, straightforward manner of going about his work. He is, most assuredly, the right man in the right place (loud applause). And now, gentlemen, you are charged, and ready, and eager for the toast.

I see you stand, like greyhounds on the slip,  
Straining upon the start. Follow your spirits,  
And upon this charge,—

That is, the charge of all your glasses—drink health, long life, and happiness, to our gallant guest, Colonel Apperley (loud and continued cheering).

The following is the speech of Sir George Grey on the same occasion :

Gentlemen,—When first the intelligence of the Sepoy mutiny reached this place, I felt satisfied in my own mind that the demand for horses in India would be immense, and that the whole efficiency of our army in that empire would depend on that want being promptly supplied, and knowing, as I did, the vast capabilities of this colony, I entertained no doubt of being able to materially assist in that respect. So firmly was I convinced that such was the case, that I wrote to the Governor-General, informing him that we could, from here, supply the army in India with horses (then so imperatively required), and that, with the assistance of Mr. Blake, I would endeavour to make arrangements throughout the colony, by which we would procure five hundred at once, and ship them off to India (hear, hear); and I gave the further assurance, when holding out that promise, that there was really no end to the number we could supply. When the Indian authorities received that letter, they were altogether surprised, as they had no idea that the Cape of Good Hope could supply anything like five hundred horses. We then received almost immediately, or shortly after, authority from England to procure horses for India, and so we set to work. The order that came out was to procure one thousand horses for India; and, in thus asking for one thousand to be sent, they evidently considered they were asking for what they had hardly a right to expect, and that they were throwing on the Government here a task which it would be hardly able to fulfil. Now, I may just advert to the computation which I made of the number of horses which could have been sent on to India. I believed that three thousand horses could have been supplied instead of one thousand (hear, hear). I was so satisfied of the capabilities of the colony, that I sent home this computation, and

asked for further instructions, as I believed that three thousand horses could be procured and shipped. At this moment, Colonel Apperley appeared in the field (loud applause) There was no doubt whatever that, previous to his arrival, I had been most materially assisted by Colonel Goad, and especially by the Commissariat department, as well as other departments. In fact, I had been so thoroughly helped, that everything was going on in the most satisfactory manner; but it was mainly owing to Colonel Apperley's peculiar aptitude for the duties on which he entered, that so much more was done. Therefore, after having taken so much responsibility on myself, I experienced the greatest satisfaction when Colonel Apperley arrived; and I must add a fact, which I dare say will be patent to all who have met him, he had not been with me five minutes, before I saw that he was the very man that was wanted here (loud applause). From his business habits, and the energetic manner in which the man addressed himself to the work, I felt confident, and, consequently, quite easy in my mind, that the large promises I had held forth would be fulfilled. The result of all that has been done I will just shortly mention to you—I consider it wonderful, as far as this colony is concerned. We have dispatched from this place upwards of fifty transports with troops and horses (hear, hear). Now, if we consider our limited means of fitting here, and our want of a proper harbour, that is really a wonderful circumstance. We have shipped from this colony now upwards of four thousand horses in those transports. Some of them have been shipped from Port Elizabeth and East London, from which many persons thought it would be impossible to ship them. Now the employment of so many transports must have been of immense advantage to the shipping interest, and, consequently, it must have given an impetus to trade; and then, again, the purchase of so large a number of horses as four thousand must have given a stimulus to the breeders; and, altogether, it must have exercised a favourable influence on the agricultural districts, which will be abiding (hear, hear). There can be no doubt that the effect now felt will be felt through all time, and still further advantages will redound to the horse-breeders of the colony if they rear a superior class of animals for shipment to India. The demand on the colony was made suddenly, for the most terrific visitation befell India that ever afflicted any country in the world. But sudden as that demand was, it was met promptly, and the farmers of this colony reaped immense advantages, for the four thousand horses were paid for in ready money, which, of course, gave a stimulus to agricultural and pastoral pursuits throughout the whole country. And this is further to be considered: if we got the shipping of the horses, we would require to produce the forage,—the payment for which adds, of course, to the other advantages. I find that, in the Cape Town district, upwards of 3,000,000 pounds of oat-hay, with oats, bran, and pollard, in due proportion, were supplied. Graham's Town district furnished nearly 1,000,000 pounds, and Port Elizabeth 102,000 pounds of hay, and the result of the whole is, that more than 4,000,000 pounds of hay alone has been supplied by the colony. Now it was peculiarly satisfactory to me to find that my promises were so completely fulfilled; and that Colonel Apperley has demonstrated so unmistakably that these promises were based on tangible grounds. To show you the extraordinary advantage all this has been to the colony, in the supply of the article of forage alone, I may just mention that in Cape Town £28,000 has been paid for forage, in Graham's Town £5,000, and in Port Elizabeth £6,000, making a total of more than £38,000 paid to the farmers for forage shipped to India (loud applause). Now, gentlemen,

we have met here to-night to show our gratitude to a gentleman who has been the main instrument in the procuring and the distribution of these benefits. I felt it my duty to appear here, to show how deeply grateful I personally feel to him; for I cannot but consider that myself and the inhabitants at large are deeply indebted to him (loud applause).

Mr. Porter truly said that Colonel Apperley, when a subaltern in the Bengal cavalry, "was distinguished as a horseman, as a sportsman, and as a gentleman, amidst a crowd of distinguished men." As a sportsman, he held the first rank; and possessing, as all successful Indian sportsmen must, an iron constitution, he was enabled to take the field, season after season, with undiminished energy. Hailed as a welcome addition to every shooting-party within his beat, and always ready for the field, it may not be considered very wonderful that Colonel Apperley, during his long service in the East, was at the death of three hundred royal tigers. Nevertheless, it is a fact worth recording, for few can say the same. Forty tigers fell to his own gun and that of the Hon. Captain Osborne, in one month's shooting along the borders of the Nepaul Terai, a famous stronghold for large game, and where the last remnant of the Bengal mutineers and rebels lately took refuge without much avail.

On one occasion, Colonel Apperley, when still a subaltern in the cavalry, for a small wager made at mess, rode from Meerut to the Deyrah Dhoon (a distance of one hundred and ten miles), and shot there eighty brace of quails, all within the twenty-four hours. He could have killed one hundred brace without any difficulty, in such swarms do these birds appear at certain seasons. And, just to show the variety of game which an Indian sportsman can meet with in one day, the subject of our memoir bagged (also in the Deyrah Dhoon), between sunrise and sunset, one tiger, three hog-deer, seven couple of snipe, two floriken, two hares, three and a half brace of black partridge; and of fish, nine trout and five makseer, commonly called the Indian salmon. The fish were taken with the fly,—the largest makseer weighing forty pounds, and the smallest seven pounds. The tiger was found by a spaniel, which came howling out of some reeds, and was carried off by an alligator in attempting to cross the stream. Another good day's bag, on the banks of the Gogra, consisted of five tigers, three deer, and four floriken before tiffin, and sixty-eight brace of quail and three hares in the evening. Such is the sport of India; but it ends in death to many, for few constitutions can bear the necessary exposure.

As a soldier, at the age of seventeen, Cornet Apperley had his first experience of the "tented field" at the siege of Bhurtpore, in 1825, and he there volunteered to lead a party



of dismounted troopers to the breach; but the opportune arrival of an additional European regiment of the line, superseded the necessity of employing cavalry on such a service. Colonel Apperley has been heard to say that his first acquaintance with H.M.'s 59th regiment was at the siege of Bhurtpure, where, after the assault, he saw the killed and wounded of that distinguished regiment lying thickly in the breach they had stormed so gallantly.

In 1837, Lieutenant Apperley married the daughter of that distinguished officer General Wallace, who fell close to Lord Hardinge at the battle of Ferozeshah, by almost the last shot fired on that eventful day. In November of the following year, he was appointed, by Lord Auckland, assistant in the Hissar stud. This fine farm was at that time stocked with ten thousand camels of great size, four thousand cows and bulls of the best Indian breeds (for the breeding of gun bullocks), two hundred thorough-bred mares, and a number of first-rate thorough-bred English stallions; and in the surrounding districts were located, amongst the native farmers and agriculturists, one thousand seven hundred mares and fifty Government stallions, bred at Hissar. The two hundred thorough-bred mares were kept to supply the country with young stallions; but this noble establishment, from some ill-judged economy, or other inexplicable cause, was broken up in 1839, a step which the Bengal Government had to rue most bitterly in after years.

In 1840, Captain Apperley took charge of the Poosah stud in Behar; and, in 1843, was directed by Lord Ellenborough to proceed to Australia, to buy remounts for the army. His purchases amounted, in two years, to about one thousand horses, which were landed in Calcutta at an average of about 660 rupees (£66) each. Returning to Poosah, Captain Apperley had the satisfaction of raising the annual supply of fillies, in a very few years, from seven hundred to one thousand six hundred; and, in 1852, he proceeded to England for the benefit of his health, which long residence in India had somewhat impaired. Whilst at home, he was deputed by the Court of Directors to visit the great Government studs of Germany and France; and came back with the conviction that the Arab cross had proved as great a failure in Europe as it had in India, and that large Government establishments, like those of Prussia (which he found almost identical, in principle and detail, with that formerly maintained at Hissar), are essential to the development of the horse produce suitable to the requirements of every military nation. After Captain Apperley had been in England little more than a year, Lord Dalhousie intimated

that his appointment at the stud had been kept open for him (a most unusual course), and wished him to rejoin it, which he accordingly did, and was shortly afterwards made superintendent of the central divisions of the stud in the Bengal Presidency. Here he had the opportunity of carrying out various measures and reforms in the management of these establishments, all of which tended to their increased efficiency, and his own credit. The strength of the central division of the stud is between seven and eight thousand horses of different ages. Four thousand mares are distributed amongst the farmers, and their produce is purchased at the age of twelve months, and reared in convenient depôts for the use of the army. But in consequence of the Arab cross, introduced so largely in previous years, Captain Apperley had the mortification of seeing vast numbers of the colts annually sold, as being too small and slight for army purposes. Hence his dislike to the same cross for the Cape, and his emphatic warning to our breeders against it.

In 1855, Major Apperley was again obliged to seek the climate of England for the renovation of his health, and contemplated retiring from the service. On his leaving India, Lord Dalhousie paid him the high compliment of requesting that he might not be called on to name his successor so long as he remained at the head of the Government; and the major's appointment is still kept open, pending his return. Colonel Apperley had settled himself and his family on his paternal property in Wales, when the Indian mutinies broke out in 1857, and he immediately placed his services at the disposal of the Court of Directors. They were accepted at once, but not for India; and, at twenty-four hours' notice, the Colonel was dispatched as remount agent to the Cape. Since his arrival in the colony, he has been instrumental in dispatching five thousand six hundred horses and one hundred mules to India in forty-two ships, most of which were fitted by himself. The highly-successful and gratifying results of Colonel Apperley's zeal and energy in the execution of this arduous duty have been already recorded in our pages, and we will therefore only add, on the present occasion, that every ship dispatched by him reached its destination, and that the casualties at sea amounted to less than four per cent., whilst from Australia and South America they were between forty and fifty per cent. The average cost of each horse sent to India by Colonel Apperley, in ships taken up and fitted by himself, and including all charges, has been about £65; and the colonel has notified to the Government of India that, in times of less emergency, this estimate might be very considerably reduced.

The success which has attended Colonel Apperley's mission to the Cape astonished himself scarcely more than it has astonished the colonists themselves, coming so close as it did upon the heels of the most murderous epidemic on record. But, perhaps, there is no man living who could have done so much, and so well, in so short a space of time. His liberal inducements to the dealers and speculators sent them forth, month after month, and almost against hope, to sweep the surrounding country far and near, when time, more than money, was the object to be considered. His uniform courtesy and *bonhomie* of character, his frank and straightforward method of dealing with all brought into contact with him, soon secured the confidence and respect of every one concerned in this species of traffic, and the Colonel's name will long be a familiar word, and a pleasant reminiscence in many a country homestead of South Africa.

When Colonel Apperley returned to the Cape, from England, in 1858, it was understood, and indeed it had been already decided, by the Council of India, that the remount agency at the Cape was to be permanently established. But the Government of India have since decided otherwise. Orders were lately received to break it up; and, to the great regret of the whole community, Colonel Apperley has left our shores, though, let us hope, not for ever. What the colony has gained by its too brief acquaintance with him must not be summed up in the mere cold-blooded calculation of a monetary transaction, though the sum of £350,000, expended in horses, forage, and freight, deserves some consideration. We have had the "Capabilities of the Cape," as a horse-breeding colony, exhibited to the Indian authorities in colours the most bright, and in a form admitting of no dispute. The Cape breeders and agriculturists, on the other hand, have derived some wholesome lessons from their intercourse with the late remount agent which they will never forget, or which, at least, they *ought* never to forget. They have been taught to understand that a good horse cannot be of a bad colour; that horses, to reach their full powers, must be fed when young; that the want of size must be obviated by the breeder himself; that certain blemishes and defects, hitherto almost overlooked by our colonial stock-farmers, constitute unsoundness; and that, if we are to maintain the character of our horses, and our position in foreign markets, we must set our faces against the importation of weedy Arabs and of cart-horse sires; and, in short, to use Colonel Apperley's own words, we "must renovate our studs with the best blood and bone that England can produce."

## FRANSCHÉ HOEK: THE STORY OF *OUR* PILGRIM FATHERS.

### PART I.

To this far nook the Christian exiles fled,  
Each fettering tie of earthly texture breaking;  
Wealth, country, kindred, cheerfully forsaking  
For that good cause in which their fathers bled.  
By Faith supported and by Freedom led,  
A fruitful field amidst the desert making,  
They dwelt secure when kings and priests were quaking,  
And taught the waste to yield them wine and bread.—*Pringle.*

It was from the summit of the mountain pass, and towards the evening of a brilliant, glowing summer's day, that I first saw the picturesque vale of Fransché Hoek. I had travelled from Boschjesveld before noon, rested awhile at the quaint little toll-house which guards the entrance to the mountains on the eastern side, and then made the ascent of the romantic pass leading to the Valley of the Refugees. My fancy, at first excited by the alternate beauty and grandeur of the scenery along the latter part of this journey, gradually became full of historical reminiscence associated with my intended destination: I thought of all I had read of the heroism, courage, and virtues of the persecuted Huguenots; in imagination I followed them, throughout their troublous wanderings, from the time of their escape from France and the myrmidons of Louis le Grand, until the settlement of a small portion of them in the wilds of South Africa; and I regarded the locality to which I was approaching hallowed by the residence of them and their descendants, and thus invested with something more than ordinary interest.

At a sharp turn of the road, which marks the top of the pass, a scene of singular beauty burst upon me. The whole extent of the rich valley watered by the Berg River, for some distance running between considerable ranges of hills, and then spreading out to several miles in breadth, could be seen with panoramic effect from this eminence. Changing my position, and advancing a few yards, I observed directly at the foot of the pass, in what appeared to be a recess in the mountains, the charming little hamlet of Fransché Hoek. It is nearly engirt with hills, and, save for an opening by a road which curves round the western side, it might answer to the description of the Happy Valley of Rasselas, or some such

Earthly place,  
Where one could rest in dream Elysian.

Signs of the industry of man, and the fruitfulness of the soil,



were not wanting to complete the loveliness of the vale. Its little area was adorned by fields of green vines;—broken here and there by intervening hedges of the wild blackberry, quince, or apricot; by the stately clumps of fir and oak-trees surrounding and shading the unvaried whitewashed farm-houses; and by white, sandy, winding paths, crossing from one farm to another, which indicated the peaceful and social character of its simple inhabitants. Although the mountain top commanded a view of other places—such as Drakenstein and the Paarl—also associated with the Refugees, yet none possessed so much attraction for me as this village to which I then descended. “Here, if anywhere,” I said, “I may learn the story of *our* Pilgrim Fathers. In such a sequestered spot, undisturbed by the goings on of the great world without, the tale of tyranny and persecution, of martyrdom and heroic endurance, will have been preserved and handed down from sire to son: perhaps some grey-haired patriarch will tell the story, while some gentle maiden will follow it with a fragment of olden song—a ‘Friar Lubin,’ or other Marotique lay.” That same evening I put up my staff of rest at the house of one of the chief farmers in the hamlet. My host was a true descendant of a branch of the exiled Huguenots. He possessed one single heirloom—a curiously-ornamented drinking-glass, brought in the olden time from France. But as to the history of the early settlers there, why, neither he nor anyone in the valley could tell much of that. “The thick dust of a century and a half covers it!”

Notwithstanding this, to me, discouraging information, I prolonged my stay in Fransche Hoek over three days; formed an acquaintance with many of its inhabitants, and succeeded in picking up some traditionary lore, which, added to the researches of others on the same subject, may help to tell what I have already called the story of *our* Pilgrim Fathers.

Although most readers are acquainted with the circumstances which led to the exile of these sons of “sunny France,” there is so much of what is striking, interesting, and important in the early history of the Huguenots, connected with the events which subsequently befel them, that a brief detail of it is to a certain extent necessary at the outset.\* It will be sufficient, however, to begin with the

\* Those who may desire to read for themselves the history of Protestantism in France, at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, can do so in the interesting work written by Professor C. Weiss. An English translation of the volume is published by W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh; and a Dutch translation of the same, by Dr. Changuion, has been issued by J. C. Juta, Cape Town.

well-known fact, that when the good King Henri Quatre formally abjured the Protestant faith, in 1598, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. These liberties were as much of a temporal as a religious character. The Reformed party at that time were so organized as to be nearly co-equal with the Crown. They had their cities, their garrisons, their revenues, and governments of their own. They formed the completest *imperium in imperio* that ever existed in any kingdom. Questions of peace and war, and other great State matters, occupied the attention of their leaders—the grand nobles, whose ancestors had thrown themselves into the party to satisfy their craving for feudal independence. The result was that they frequently came in contact with royal authority; and this state of things seemed to justify Richelieu in the war he waged against the Protestants. Under his administration they lost their great civil and military establishments and fortified places, La Rochelle, Saumur, Montauban, &c. The siege of Rochelle alone cost the Crown forty millions;—the horrors of famine which the brave besieged endured have rendered it famous in history: “Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guiton, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered—namely, that they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guiton’s rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless, and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint, and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quiet shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When two thirds of the inhabitants had perished; when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead; when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living—Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic cardinal, who celebrated mass in the church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship.” After this victory, Richelieu appeared contented with having overthrown a political party, whilst he testified the utmost respect for the religious convictions of the vanquished. The Protestants, meanwhile, were deserted by their noble leaders, who renounced their creed to obtain Court favour; and the people, relieved of their political organization, directed their attention to agriculture, trade, and manufactures. In

every branch they proved the most prosperous and progressive body of men in the kingdom. Whilst thus prospering, and the nation prospering with them, they also became as remarkable for their loyalty to the Crown as they had been, under the guidance of the nobility, for their disaffection and their perpetual recurrence to arms. In a word, the French Protestants were, just at this time, the most quiet, orderly, industrious, enlightened, and thriving people of France, enriching the nation both materially and morally, and in both these senses promising to it, by a diffusion of benefits of which they alone had the secret, a future prosperity, which it has ever since been seeking.

But the clouds darkened, and the storm of persecution came down. Louis XIV (named also "Louis le Grand") was at first content with denying the Protestants such advantages as it was within the prerogative of the Crown to grant. Gradually, more open hostility to them was shown; and, in 1662, the first signal violation of the religious rights of the Protestants took place. Twenty-two temples were, by the King's orders, demolished in the county of Gex, under the pretext that the Edict of Nantes did not extend to that district. This being submitted to almost without a remonstrance,—says a contemporary writer,—an act soon followed which allowed Catholics in various localities, where Protestants abounded, three years to pay their debts, a privilege which was expressly denied to the heretics, except on the condition of their conversion; then came a decree which exempted all converts to Popery from the payment of any debts due to Huguenots; and this was immediately succeeded by another, which forbade the Huguenots to bury their dead, except at the dawn of day or at nightfall. A little time after, the priests were authorized to attend at the bedsides (despite all opposition on the part of the family) of any sick or dying Calvinists, to exhort, and, if possible, to convert and confess them; when if, by an inclination of the head, or by any sign on which they might put their own interpretation, a dying man should be supposed to signify a wish to change his religion, his corpse was carried off and buried by the Catholics, and his children dragged to the mass, and brought up as members of the Romish Church. Once begun, the rigours of the Government against the Huguenots went on rapidly increasing. In 1666, they were forbidden to tax themselves for the support of their ministers; and their churches having been destroyed in Poitou by Papist mobs, they were not allowed to reconstruct them, or to preach in the open air. During the same year, schoolmasters were

prohibited from teaching heretics anything more than to read, to write, and to cipher. They were not suffered either to have more than one school and one schoolmaster in places where the exercise of their religion was permitted. A little later, Greek, Hebrew, philosophy, and theology were struck off the list of studies at Montauban, Nîmes, Saumur, and Sedan; and the flourishing colleges of these towns were themselves eventually suppressed. Further, a proclamation of the King, in 1680, forbade Catholics to embrace the reformed creed under the penalty of the galleys for life, and ministers and elders of the consistories to suffer them to enter their temples under the penalty of forfeiting all their religious rights, and the confiscation of the whole of their property. Every temple, also, where a Catholic had abjured Romanism was condemned to be razed to the ground. Children who had for some time been allowed—boys at fourteen, and girls at twelve years of age—to renounce the Protestant and embrace the Catholic worship, were now authorized to do so (their parents not being suffered, under any pretext, to interpose the slightest hindrance) at the age of seven; so that any priest, by cajoling an infant to make the sign of the cross, or to kiss an image of the Virgin, was empowered, under the pretence that the poor little thing had abjured, to carry it off from its parents, making them nevertheless pay for its maintenance, an act which was of very frequent occurrence. Synods were at the same time deprived of the liberty to receive bequests or donations, the doing which involved their perpetual suppression; and the law, in courts of justice, was so openly violated against Protestants and in favour of Catholics, that it was a common thing for the Catholic party to cry out, at the commencement of a trial, ‘I am pleading against a heretic;’ and when the luckless heretic complained of the unjust sentence, the judge would coolly reply: ‘You have the remedy in your own hands—why do you not turn Catholic?’ These, however, and many such like acts of oppression and persecution, do not appear to have produced many conversions to Romanism, though they very effectually hindered the diffusion of Protestantism. Other methods were therefore resorted to. The King had for several years devoted a secret fund expressly to bribing Protestants to renounce their creed. This mode of proceeding he had found, in numerous instances, successful, and he was encouraged thereby to practise it on a large scale. He soon discovered a fitting instrument for his purpose. An apostate Protestant, named Pellisson, undertook to supply his Majesty, for ready cash, with as many converts as he could desire. To



execute his mission, he travelled through all the provinces of France, and, addressing himself to the bishops, found in them ready tools, whose unscrupulous zeal even outstripped his own. No means were thought too base to accomplish the end in view. Surprises and pious frauds (money being often offered to the victims under false prettexts, and, when once received, its real object avowed, leaving them no retreat except to the galleys, as relapsed heretics) effected many, as they are named, conversions; and, among the lowest class of Calvinists, great numbers of poor wretches were easily induced to make the sign of the cross, for, to them, a large sum of money, not knowing the full consequences of this apparently venial act, till they were claimed by the priests, and found they had no choice left them but the Church of Rome or a martyrdom of punishment worse than death. Many, too, of course, received the bribes, knowing very well what they were about. Upon the whole, Pellisson's mission was successful beyond the most sanguine expectation. Every day, huge packets of written conversions, with receipts for the sum paid for each attached to them, reached the King, and the whole Court, *ad exemplar regis*, were in transports of joy at these miracles, as they were called, of Divine grace. All now were exhorted to become converters. The conversion fund was greatly augmented. Madame de Maintenon boasts of having, from this source, converted many; and, writing to one of her old Calvinist friends (she herself having been originally a Calvinist), 'Become a convert,' she says, 'like so many others; convert yourself with God alone; convert yourself anyhow, in whatever way you please; only convert yourself, that is the essential point.' The very great majority of Protestants remained, nevertheless, true to their faith. Neither the cruelties of arbitrary laws, made expressly to oppress them, nor the frowns nor promises of those in power, nor pecuniary corruption, were sufficient to move them from their steadfastness. How to deal with these stubborn masses was a perplexing question; for Louis XIV had now gone so far, had met with so much success, that he determined not to draw back till he had extirpated heresy from the soil of France. In this dilemma, Louvois, who was jealous of Madame de Maintenon's influence, and wished to surpass her in the good graces of the King, by promoting the cause which he knew his Majesty had most at heart, suggested a new mode of converting. '*D'y mêler du militaire*,' said he; 'turn the soldiers into converters,' he advised, and his advice being adopted, the great work of destroying Protestantism fell, as he was at the head of the war department,

into his hands. His plan (which, from dragoons being chiefly employed in its execution, has got the name of the *dragonades*) consisted nominally merely in quartering soldiers on every Huguenot family who refused to become Catholics, but was really, as it was carried out, about the most refined and torturing species of persecution human, or rather diabolical, wickedness and cruelty has ever devised. Those who abjured at once were exempted from the visitations of the soldiers for two years; but on all the refractory they were quartered in great numbers, as many sometimes as a hundred in a house. It was usual for the priests to go before the military when they were taking up their quarters, and to cry out—‘Courage, courage, my brave fellows, it is the will of the King that these dogs of Huguenots should be pillaged and their houses sacked.’ And whilst there was anything to plunder, this injunction was zealously obeyed and no further harm done. But as soon as all the money was gone, and all the furniture, trinkets, and dresses of the women had been sold, then began the real effective work of conversion. Everything short of murder, the soldiers openly proclaimed, was permitted them, and they went to the full length of the long tether of crime their Sovereign not only granted but exhorted them to take full advantage of. The barbarities they now practised exceed almost belief. One would think it would have been cruelty enough to subject every Protestant family in every province, city, town, and village, all over France, to the familiar, brutal, and domineering companionship of picked-out ruffians, whom they were compelled to entertain, as long as they continued Protestants; but when we add to this, that they were first robbed of every particle of property these ruffians could lay their hands on, and afterwards exposed to the most atrocious personal outrages, some of which towards females are too revolting even to be hinted at, we must forgive them that they could not hold out against torments and tortures so great, a few of which we shall briefly specify. It was a favourite pastime with these missionaries of the Popedom to roast the hands and then the feet of women at a slow fire, till they consented to make the sign of the cross, upon doing which they were at once regarded as converted. The lips of others they used to burn with a red-hot iron; and great numbers they threw into subterranean dungeons, leaving them there days and nights, till, on the point of death, they would yield, as they said, to the will of the King. As for broken ribs, arms, and legs, both male and female, they were things of daily occurrence. A drunken soldiery, encouraged in violence, could hardly

help breaking such fragile things, even in sport. But the most successful of all their means of conversion was the following, which was invented by the intendant Foucault, and may, without exaggeration, be said to have been practised in every Protestant house in France, where the inmates did not, after a day or two, renounce their creed. The soldiers, by orders of the chiefs, would—relieving each other from time to time—keep up, day and night, the most discordant, riotous, and stunning noises in the abodes where they were quartered. The constant beating of drums, breaking and throwing about of furniture, clattering of kitchen utensils and fire-irons, songs, shrieks, blasphemies, &c., would keep their wretched victims, for days and nights together, in an agony between sleeping and waking; or if nature at last proved too strong even for this opposition, and the eyes of any closed for a moment, their converters would prick, pinch, and vex them in every way, puff tobacco-smoke into their nostrils, or suspend them to the ceiling with ropes, till, quite overcome, they would promise anything to be free from their tortures. It is not to be wondered at that these measures had an apparent triumphant success. Conversions were no longer counted by heads, but by whole cities and districts; and it was the persuasion of the Court, and the full conviction of the King, that Protestantism was totally rooted out of France. Louis XIV therefore hesitated no longer to complete what he considered the most “glorious” achievement of his reign, by revoking the Edict of Nantes (in 1685). By this act it was decreed that all the Protestant temples, eight hundred in number, should be razed to the ground, and that every attempt to practise the reformed worship should be punished, in the first instance, with confiscation of property, and the galleys for life. The ministers who refused to abjure were ordered to quit the kingdom within the term of fifteen days, failing to do which they were sentenced to the galleys. All the Huguenot schools were closed; all children were to be henceforward baptised by the parish priests, and brought up in the Romish religion. Those even who were born before the publication of this law were torn from their parents, because the law itself expressly declared that ‘heretics could not but make a bad use of the authority nature had given them in the education of their offspring.’ Four months were granted to the refugees to return to France and abjure. After this delay, if they did not return, all their property was confiscated. Lay Protestants were placed under an interdict not to quit the kingdom; an attempt to do which involved the forfeiture of

all they possessed. Any of the King's subjects who gave assistance of any kind to any minister, under any pretext whatever, were condemned, if men, to the galleys for life, and, if women, to perpetual imprisonment. A recompense of five thousand five hundred francs was offered to every one who should be instrumental in the capture of a minister; and finally, the penalty of death was pronounced on all those who might be present at the 'assemblies of the desert,' or participate obstinately in any act of the proscribed religion."

Deprived of all liberty, and persecuted for their faith, the Protestants sought in other lands that freedom which their own country denied them. "All who hated servitude hastened to flee from French soil," says Weiss. "They set out disguised as pilgrims, couriers, sportsmen with gun on shoulder, peasants driving cattle, porters carrying burthens, in footmen's liveries, and in soldiers' uniforms. The richest had guides, who, for sums varying from one thousand to six thousand livres, helped them to cross the frontier. The poor set out alone, choosing the least practicable roads, travelling by night, and passing the day in forests and caverns, sometimes in barns, or hidden under hay. The women resorted to similar artifices. They dressed themselves as servants, peasants, nurses; they wheeled barrows; they carried hods and burthens. The younger ones smeared or dyed their faces, to avoid attracting notice; others put on the dress of lackeys, and followed on foot, through the mire, a guide on horseback, who passed for their master. The Protestants of the sea-board got away in French, English, and Dutch merchant vessels, whose masters hid them under bales of goods and heaps of coals, and in empty casks, where they had only the bung-hole to breathe through. There they remained, crowded one upon another, until the ship sailed. Fear of discovery and of the galleys gave them courage to suffer. Persons brought up in every luxury, pregnant women, old men, invalids, and children, vied with each other in constancy to escape from their persecutors—often risking themselves, in mere boats, upon voyages the thought of which would in ordinary times have made them shudder. A Norman gentleman, Count de Marancé, passed the Channel, in the depth of winter, with forty persons, amongst whom were several pregnant women, in a vessel of seven tons burthen. Overtaken by a storm, he remained long at sea, without provisions or hope of succour, dying of hunger; he, the countess, and all the passengers reduced, for sole sustenance, to a little melted snow, with which they appeased their burning thirst, and moistened the parched lips of their



weeping children, until they landed, half dead, upon England's shores!"

From the commencement of the persecution to its close, nearly a quarter of a century, upwards of three hundred thousand fugitives quitted France. In Germany, Holland, England, and the northern states of Europe, they were received with sympathy and hospitality, not as objects of charity, but as most valuable acquisitions to the community. And when their intelligence and industry had made them distinguished in the lands that adopted them—when their manufactures and commerce had flourished to a degree that eclipsed even their former prosperity—Louis le Grand saw, alas! too late, the irrecoverable injury his narrow and exclusive spirit in religious matters had inflicted upon his kingdom. Heavily and bitterly it pressed upon his mind in his last hours. "If, indeed," said the dying King to his Jesuit confessors, "you have misled and deceived me, you are deeply guilty, for indeed I acted in good faith—I sincerely sought the peace of the church." For more than a hundred years afterwards, France reaped the sad humiliation which inevitably resulted from the diminution of her population and the impoverishment of the country by the expatriation of her best children. Those Protestants who had remained behind were, during the greater part of this time, excluded from all employments, impeded in all professions, and denied the rights of citizens; but justice was done to them, as well as to the exiles, by the revolution of 1789, when the Constituent Assembly declared that "All citizens being equal in the eye of the law, are equally admissible to all dignities, places, and public employments, according to their capacity, and without other distinctions than those of their virtues and talents;" and a year later, the act of reparation was completed by article twenty-second of the 16th December, which is thus expressed: "All persons who, born in foreign countries, descend in whatsoever degree from a Frenchman or Frenchwoman, expatriated for religious causes, are declared natives of France, and shall enjoy the rights attached to that quality, if they return to France, reside there, and take the oath of citizenship." When, again, the First Consul, Napoleon, assumed the government, the religious liberty of all Protestants in France was permanently secured, according to those glorious words in which he assured a deputation who came to thank him for the benefits he had conferred on them: "Take this opportunity," said he, "of declaring to the pastors of the reformed churches my firm determination and will to maintain religious

liberty to its fullest extent. The empire of the law ceases when the indefinite empire of conscience commences. Neither prince nor law can regulate the latter; and if any of my family who may succeed me, deceived by the dictates of an unenlightened conscience, should attempt to do so, I devote him to public execration, and authorize you to give him the name of Nero."

Let us now return to the condition of the refugees. Of all the countries that served as asylums to them, during the days of the persecution, none received more numerous swarms than the republic of Holland. It was called the "great ark of the fugitives." From thence, they gradually spread over other parts of Europe; a large number emigrated to America; and a portion proceeded to the Dutch East India Company's settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. In tracing the fortunes of the latter, I shall ask the reader to follow them with me in their journeyings and voluntary exile from the densely-peopled states of Europe to the then far distant and solitary wilds of South Africa; to observe their industry and success there, under a political despotism, different only by surrounding circumstances from that which they had left behind in France; to notice how widely their descendants have multiplied and spread throughout this present colony; and to mark the characteristic traits which still distinguish these survivors of the old Huguenot stock.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## GROUT'S ZULU GRAMMAR.\*

WE can do little more, in the present instance, than introduce this volume to our readers. The American missionary, wherever stationed, carries into his noble work the practical energy characterizing his countrymen. What he takes in hand he does, and does well. If he undertakes to illustrate a country, he divines what is wanted to be told, and tells it, so that his narratives have generally the qualification of being fresh, succinct, and unencumbered with well-known or extraneous matter. It is well that to deal with fresh languages has become part of his office. Education in his country, though not yet all that the scientific philologist

\* The Isizulu. A Grammar of the Zulu Language, &c., &c. By Rev. Lewis Grout, Missionary of the American Board, and Corresponding Member of the American Oriental Society. Natal: Printed by James C. Buchanan, at Umsundusi.

would desire, introduces him to such studies somewhat more untrammelled by traditionary restraints than our scholars are; and somewhat less prone to fly off into the regions of fancy than are the Germans. He is not backward in the slow progress which is now being made in at last applying inductive philosophy to the subject of language.

The Grammar, of which the title precedes these remarks, is exactly such as, in the present condition of the subject, a practical man will value to introduce him to the language; and such as a scientific philologist will welcome as data for his inductions. It and the dictionary of Döhne have completed all that, in our present circumstances, perhaps, the si-Zulu can claim or require.

A very high value is to be set on the effort made by the Natal missionaries to introduce a standard or uniform alphabet. Until its introduction is fully accomplished, we shall be considerably at a loss in our attempts to compare the vocal characteristics of African languages, either among themselves, or with the tongues of other lands. The standard alphabet of Lepsius gets rid, as far as appears to be possible, of the difficulties which beset the case. One important consideration alone remains to be settled, as expressed in the question—shall we render it necessary that nations introduced to literature, for the first time, shall need to learn two distinct alphabets, one for the printed page, and the other for the manuscript? A severe test of the applicability and permanent universality and sameness of the standard alphabet above noticed has yet to occur, in its becoming the cursive hand of common intercourse and business. A suggestion well worthy of attention has come from American missionaries in another region of the world, namely, that since the difference between our printed and our written alphabets does create a serious and unnecessary difficulty in establishing in their schools the new literature of a barbarian people, we ought to restrict ourselves, in that instance, to one of the two sets of character; and since the Italic or manuscript character is that one of the two which is applicable to all purposes, it alone should be employed.

This grammar of the si-Zulu is creditably distinguished by less than usual of strained analogies and fanciful relationships, which generally derive their verisimilitude from neglect of the real elements of the vocables analysed or compared. At the tendency to indulge in such, we cannot but wonder, as it meets us in men worthy of the highest respect; for example, when Chevalier Bunsen—on account of a difficulty regarding the elements representing in the monumental Coptic the

name of the "crocodile" (*msuh*) could, amid the startling phenomena of the creature's appearance and action to the first observers, countenance Lepsius in deriving it from terms meaning "out of the egg." Even the latest discussions show that philology needs that some refuse be brushed off from its rules and proceedings. We doubt the propriety of the language of this grammar, as of others, page 81, "that from verbs are derived verbal adjectives." The imperfect modes of analysis, as developed in our common grammars, tend to obscure those relationships among languages which it is of the greatest interest to trace and establish. This will be evident to any one who compares such a grammar as that at present under consideration with those used in our schools.

It is true, as stated, page 139, alluding to inflections of verbs, "that where the divisions of time are very minute and complex, the expression of these divisions makes rather a phrase or a sentence, than a single word;" but the succeeding position is stated rather too broadly, except as an exposition of the practice which it may have been found necessary to adopt in introducing the si-Zulu to an English inquirer: "The long complex expression is more than the mind can easily grasp or communicate in the combined form of one word." The si-Zulu does, as do often its cognate dialects, afford combinations presented as inflectional forms, which contain a great number of elements, each having a determinate position, and each contributing something to the compound idea intended to be expressed. But as to comprehensibility, they do not differ from common instances in other languages. In the Latin, for example, *paravisset* contains six such elements; and if we take the more complex term *appropinquâsset* or *appropinquavisset*, we shall find the following elements—*ad-pro-pe-ic-in-a-ver-er-e-it*—which, in their combination, flash instantly upon the mind the idea of *one* (personality) *having in past time contingently become continuously in the form of being near fronting*—something, or one having contingently completed the act of approaching in past time.

This grammar adopts correctly the philosophic idea, that the difference between an action or state conceived as completed is independent of the time of completion, as being present, future, or past, and it illustrates clearly the variety of aspects which this and other forms of the verb put on, when adjuncts to the idea expressed by the theme are introduced. In respect to these particulars, it may be noticed that the occurrence of the distinction between action continuous and action completed, indicated by an introduced



element, is found, perhaps almost universally, in the African tongues, and constitutes one of those criteria by which it is determined that their developments proceed rather according to the Japetian order, while, in the variety of forms above alluded to, there is a shade of tendency towards the Semitic.

The si-Zulu, as has been remarked in regard to other forms of the great family of languages of which it is a typical example, illustrates eminently the principle that concords in grammar are due to repetitions of the signs of thought. The object of this repetition is, to fix conspicuously some one idea in the mind, amid the multiplicity combined in a complex proposition. This principle pervades all human speech, more or less. But it is curious to observe the different relations of terms, or of thought, in respect to which it is carried out by different families of men. Analysis may perhaps show that in the mode of proceeding selected in different instances, there is a relation to the general character of a language, or to the style of thought in those who use it. Thus, in correspondence with the personifying and poetical character of the Semitic tongues, we have the sexual form of gender influencing the verb inflections. In the Japetian tongues, corresponding with their logical character and logical form of gender, these repetitions affect mainly the subjects and objects in a proposition. In other languages, however, which exhibit more or less distinctly their relations to the latter form of speech, there are curious contrasts. The Zambezan tongues, to which the si-Zulu belongs, intensify the relations of the subject. Some North-American dialects bring the verb under the influence of the object. The classical tongues repeat the signs of objectiveness in every word in a clause which may bear this relation to the verb. The parsimonious Mantchoo is satisfied with one single such mark, however numerous may be the words having that relation. We, except in regard to our pronouns, have come to find no such sign requisite. The vivacity of cultivated intellect does not need their help.

To the sagacity and research of Bunsen and Max Muller mainly we owe a magnificent hypothesis, intended to constitute a theory of the development of languages in time successively, and of their diffusion in direction and extent over the world. This subject will be understood from the following quotation, presented in the introduction to this grammar, p. xxii; it is in the words of Professor Gibbs, Yale College, Connecticut, U. S. :

The earliest type of language is supposed to have been monosyllabic. Many substantial reasons might be given in favour of this supposition.

The Chinese and other monosyllabic languages of Asia went off from the main stock while it was yet in a rude or inorganic state. These languages have been called *family* languages. Some cause, to us unknown, seems to have stereotyped these languages in this early stage of their existence, and to have prevented their further development.

At a subsequent period, *when the main stock had assumed somewhat of an organic character, the Tartar or Turanian languages detached themselves on one side, and Hamitism, or the language of Egypt, on the other; the former with a slight tincture of Iranianism, or tendency to the Indo-European character, and the latter with a tincture of Shemitism.* These languages are called *nomad* languages, as having advanced further than the family languages.

At a still later period the Shemitic and Iranian or Indo-European languages developed themselves in opposite directions. These are called *political* or *state* languages, as exhibiting the highest degree of refinement. But although thus contrasted, they exhibit, when viewed from a more distant stand-point, many undoubted resemblances.

To complete this view, the languages of America and Oceanica are thought to be connected with the Turanian; and the African are united conjecturally with the Hamitic or Coptic, *and perhaps, far southward, with the Turanian.*

This theory only settles the order of development. It determines nothing as to the time which is requisite.

We may take exception, however, to a position offered on the succeeding page of the introduction, in an extract from the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," which, "excepting the Hottentots and Bushmen," would conjoin the Kafir, the Congo, and the Galla languages, as glottologically "forming but a single family." If we assign due weight to the fact that the Galla exhibits distinctly the sexual gender of the Semitic tongues, we will see that this position, as well as that of Professor Gibbs regarding the African tongues generally, requires qualification. The relations of the Galla and of the Hottentot class are in this point of view more especially with the Coptic, as indicated by the Hottentot gender forms Khoip and Khois, a person, a male and a female, compared with the Coptic demonstrative pronouns ntuf and ntus; while the Galla feminine mark is the dental *t* representative of *s*. This form of language may, in the great scale, be considered as spreading up from the Cape, over the Galla regions, the Abyssinian mountains and the expanse of the desert, till, through the Tuareg tribes, we reach the Berbers of the Atlas, and the pirates of the Riff. On both sides of these spaces are planted the dialects of the Zambezan on the south, with undetermined mixtures and boundaries as we recede northwards from the equator.

We trust, in an early number, to resume this subject, and enter upon a wider discussion of the literature of the si-Zulu.

## A RUN THROUGH SPAIN.

The following memoranda of a trip to Spain were contained in a private letter recently received from a correspondent in Europe. They were in no respect intended for the public eye. Our readers, however, will not be sorry to meet with them here :

I left London on the 16th September in a small screw-steamer not unlike the *Bosphorus* ; indeed there was a great similarity between my *Vesta* and your *Bosphorus*, for, both were filled with coals, and the deck of both looked very wretched and dirty, and possessed those eccentric screws behind that so bewilder the traveller by their restless thumping, beating, kicking, and dancing. The usual incidents and accidents occurred on our passage ; the ladies were sea-sick, also the foreign gentlemen ; we met with calms and gales and "each well-known caprice of wave and wind," and crossed the bar of Oporto during a hurricane. From Oporto I went up by diligence into the very heart of the wine country, distant about sixty-five miles. The process of the wine-making is very interesting, more especially the treading of the grape by the bare-legged bandit-like Gallicians and Portuguese. By the light of two or three dim oil lamps I saw forty of these "gallegos" treading in a stone cistern, the *luscious grape*. They were immersed into the wine up to their hips, and continued incessantly for hours to lift their legs and crush the grape. So fatiguing is this work, that a band of music was also immersed in this juice for the purpose of enlivening them. The band consisted of a drum, a triangle, and a clarionet of very rude construction. The men smoke cigarettos and siug, whilst an overseer keeps a sharp look-out that they do their work well without shirking it.

The wine commissioner, in order that I should taste the wine in this state, brought a silver plate, and requested two or three of the men to put some wine into it. They politely granted this request by lifting their feet out of the thick syrup and allowing the liquid to run from their heels, and of course their toes also, into the plate. It is a very natural opinion expressed by delicate persons that this process is rather disgusting, but the wine-makers out there palliate it by saying that by no other process can the juice be so well expressed without crushing the seeds, and at the same time, as fermentation takes place afterwards, it alters altogether the character of the wine.

I floated down the Douro in a flat-bottomed boat, accompanied by a friend, and must confess the scenery is very fine, as the river is so winding and mountainous along its course that it is not possible to trace its surface for more than a mile in advance at any time, and then a large hill or steep mountain seems to stand as a barrier to further progress. The wine country is about seventy miles from Oporto. I visited Lisbon, and do not extol it so much as some writers ; it is modern,

painfully regular in its formation, the houses in each of the new streets being all alike in height, breadth, and colour. Hence we left by diligence for Badajoz and Albuera, on to Seville. From Badajoz to Seville in a Spanish diligence is no joke: the distance is forty-four leagues of three and a half miles each; the time employed was forty-six hours. Picture to yourself these individuals in an erect posture in the confined *Berlina* or *Coupé*, imagine a cumbrous vehicle with horrid bad springs, drawn by twelve to sixteen obstinate mules over a dilapidated, uneven, irregular sheep-track, driven by two or three shouting muleteers night and day. Its motion was not unlike that of a ship in a gale of wind, excepting that it was considerably more uneasy; it rolled and pitched along the roadways, it dipped its head into a sunken undulation like falling into the trough of a sea, and staggering there for a moment would spring out again and surmount the next terrestrial wave that met it; it rushed headlong down hills, and could with difficulty be hauled up again. It stopped on dark nights in lonely barren heaths (portions of the *Sierra Morena*), and remained in some trackless part, whilst lanterns were carried by the muleteers to find the proper road. It jolted our heads against the roof; it tumbled us occasionally off our seats; it shook a cigar from my friend's mouth, and launched it out of the window, as it fell over on the port side; it knocked our heads against one of the glasses and smashed it; it cracked the bones in our bodies, and made each of them ache acutely; indeed, the prolonged misery of two *cold* nights and two hot days in this conveyance was too agonizing for description,—the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition could scarcely have exceeded those suffered by us. A man who trusts himself for a journey of this character should be something more than a man; he ought to possess the skin of a hippopotamus, the bones of a rhinoceros, the strength and valour of a lion, and the agility of a monkey, to hold on and maintain an upright and secure position on the seats of the carriage. I could tell you heartrending tales of being obliged to live on garlic and unrefined oil, with two or three stewed fowls thrown into the dish to flavour it; of resting at road-side "*Ventus*" on dark nights, of sitting round the burning wood on the floor, of watching the process of those same fowls being slaughtered, plucked, cut up into innumerable shreds and dissected into untold small bouy bits, and cooked in the pan with this same oil and garlic, tomatos and rice; of our being constrained to eat this dish because there was no other; of having pigs and mules curiously gazing at us as we made these rapid improvised repasts; but I will not further harrow your feelings, because, doubtless, in your present locality you have tales to tell quite as exciting, of life in Southern Africa, and because also I could not conscientiously say that my health in any way failed beneath this ordeal, but, on the contrary, it seemed, after the immediate suffering was over, to become more vigorous and fit for any work.



At Seville, we visited the celebrated cathedral; the Moorish palace, called the "Alcazar," and also Murillo's pictures, which, in this city, are considered the finest of that great Spanish master. Down the Guadalquivir to Cadiz is about sixty miles. My youthful poetic fancy had led me many many years ago to think of this river as the song pictured, "On the banks of Guadalquivir, by that bright and flowing river," &c., &c.; but stern reality and picturesque imagination are two very dissimilar emotions in some cases, for the river was excessively low on its bank, the waters turbid, and not a bit of scenery that could even be called pretty.

Cadiz is the "Venice" of Spain, and one of the most interesting towns I have ever been located in. The streets clean and narrow, the houses white, bright, clean, and very high, the ladies pretty and all apparently dressed the same,—a black satin dress, a mantilla, a fan, and a pair of gloves, completing their walking costume. The sherry wine country is pretty, and the Bay of Cadiz very extensive. Gibraltar is an Englishman's castle out there, as much as his house may be said to be in England. It is a wonderful promontory, apparently inaccessible; the batteries mount upwards of one thousand cannon, and frowns defiance upon foreign fleets and armies. From here I crossed over to Tangiers, in Northern Africa, and regretted that, although treading upon the same soil as yourself, I was unable to pay you a visit for the want of railway communication through its deserts.

Malaga is very beautiful, the resort of flocks of migratory invalids, who go there during the winter in the last stage of consumption, many alas, to find only a foreign grave. I took the diligence from this city to Granada, to visit the "Alhambra," and resided two days within the walls of this Moorish palace, so full of historical interest, and so fine in the architecture of the Moorish period in Europe. The glorious mountains called the Sierra Nevada almost encircle the city of Granada, and their tops covered with eternal snow rear their heads 15,000 feet above that city.

I had not yet seen a bull-fight since my residence in Spain, and I hurried on to Madeira to witness this spectacle. Another two nights in a diligence was borne by me with exemplary patience; fortunately, I had learnt the language sufficiently to make myself understood, or I should have fared but badly among the primitive people of the interior of Spain.

I arrived at Madrid, as G. P. R. James would say, weary and foot-sore, and scarce had reached the hostelry, or more correctly, the "Pisador," when I was informed that in an hour the "Fiesta de Toros" would commence. A species of Roman amphitheatre, erected in the centre of a park, was the place of attraction; thousands were hurrying thither on a fine but awfully cold Sunday afternoon, all dressed in their holiday garb. I paid a dollar for a seat in the shade, although the sun was

not a bit too powerful, and found myself one of 12,000 spectators, gazing down upon the arena, which much resembled the circus at Astley's, excepting that it was twice as large, and open to the sky. A bull-fight is in three acts; first, a flourish of trumpets, heavy gates are swung open, a wild bull enters, furiously rushing round the ring, and driving the matadors and banderillos (who have stood awaiting him) over the palings into the enclosed portion of the pit one after the other. Three picadors with long lances, mounted on horses blindfolded, await the attacks of the animal; he rushes at the first, who strikes his lance into him and turns him. The second picador, less fortunate, is unable to stem the force of the bull, who, getting his horns under the belly of the horse, completely rips the poor animal open, and its entrails are observed hanging to the ground; the horse staggers for a few moments and drops at length, exhausted. The bull, still mad for blood, attacks the third horseman, and with awful strength tosses horse and rider over on the ground. The chulos then rush into the ring with their red capes to flaunt before the bull, in order to save the helpless picador, who lies prostrate on the sand, his legs encased in iron, and unable to move, as one of the horns of the bull has got entangled between it and the saddle, whilst the other horn has pierced under the fore shoulder of the horse. These chulos manage to allure away the bull, and the man is dragged out slightly injured.

A flourish of trumpets and the second act commences. The banderillos enter. These are men carrying small arrows in their hands decorated with coloured paper. The costume of the men is very picturesque,—velvet jackets and vests embroidered with gold, with silk stockings and shoes. They dance round the bull and sometimes leap over him, and by skilful management fling these arrows into his back; some of the arrows are covered with cracking fireworks, in order to madden the animal to the highest pitch of fury and excitement. After about a dozen of these have pierced the brute, who, in an agony of terror, shakes himself, attempting to extricate them, we have another flourish of trumpets, and the third act commences. The ring is cleared excepting the bull and the dead horses. The Spanish spectators and critics have applauded loudly the fine bits of play, and have censured with no unsparing tongue anything unskilful or cowardly either on the part of man or bull. Intense silence reigns around for a moment; the bull is seen pawing the ground and peering around for some victim upon whom to wreak his vengeance; a small door opens and a fine and noble fellow, called the “matador,” or “espoda,” walks into the arena; he bows to the royal box, and casts his cap on the ground as a token that he will do his duty and slay the bull. Armed with a sword in one hand and a small red flag in the other, he slowly but fearlessly approaches the bull, with eyes fixed in steadfast gaze upon the animal. The excitement is intense,—you could hear a pin drop, so breathless are the spectators;

a few seconds elapse, he is close to the bull—within four or five feet—who springs at last upon the matador, his horns glancing apparently along his dress. The matador vaults away from him and plays thus with the bull for a few moments; at length he approaches close, poises his sword and points it at the left shoulder of the bull, which, with head sniffing the ground, remains for a time irritated yet cowed beneath the stern courage of the matador. His time for death has approached; one bound and plunge and the sword has passed up to the hilt, and entered the heart of the poor animal, who in a few seconds staggers, drops, and dies, vomiting blood from his mouth. A flourish of trumpets, and amidst shouts from the audience, teams of mules gallop in and draw away the carcasses of horses and bull. The prond matador stalks round the arena and receives the plaudits and the cigarettos of those who recognize his skill and courage; and the first play is over. It was thus that I saw eight bulls and fifteen horses killed by similar performances, each lasting about twenty minutes, and each varied by the character, temper, and disposition of the bull. The blood-thirsty Spaniards were delighted, and the last bull-fight of the season was over.

The sight at first was sickening, but after the second and third bull, it is strange how soon we become accustomed to the horrors and inhumanity of the sport. Something may be said on both sides of the question, but whilst we have stag-hunts and coursing in England, the less said the better.

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## ARRIVALS FROM THE INTERIOR.

JUST as we are going to press the *Eagle* has arrived from Walwich Bay, bringing as passengers Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, Dr. Holden, Mr. James Chapman, Mr. Frederick Green, and several other travellers from the interior. It will be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, with Dr. Holden and Mr. Palgrave, left Cape Town overland upwards of twelve months ago, and, proceeding northwards by Colesberg and Kuruman, reached Lake 'Ngami in health and safety. So scanty has the large game become in all those regions, that along their whole route not an elephant was seen. In the Great Lake country they met with Mr. James Chapman, who had originally intended pushing eastward through Moselikatse's territories to the Indian Ocean. This feat was, under present circumstances, deemed impracticable, and both parties proceeded together to Walwich Bay, on the west coast, through Damaraland, by Otzimbingue. At this latter station they left behind them Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Polson, junior, the former of whom had determined on some extra elephant shooting, while the latter had proceeded on a trading trip northwards to the country of the Ovampo. Mrs. Thomson, who accompanied her husband through all his journeyings, bore the fatigues and hardships of the desert with admirable fortitude and success.

The most gratifying intelligence received by this opportunity is that conveyed by Mr. Frederick Green, announcing the safe return of Mr. Charles Andersson from his perils in the Ovampo. He was left by Mr. Green at Otzimbingue, and may be expected shortly in Cape Town. This adventurous traveller owes his life, under Divine providence, to the timely interposition of Mr. Green, who had proceeded to his rescue, and to the existence of hostilities between rival bands of Ovampos and Hottentots. Ispipanga, the Ovampo chief, whose behaviour towards Andersson had been at first so threatening and suspicious, at last discovering that he had more than enough to do in providing for the security of his own property, abandoned his design of making any attempt on Andersson's.

We have received several very interesting memoranda, descriptive of the travels of Mr. Green, which, however, must unavoidably be kept in reserve until our next number.

## THEORY OF NUMBERS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

SIRS,—As contributions of a mathematical character have occasionally appeared in your journal, I venture to request that you will give admission to the following deduction from an important theorem. This curious property of the decimal notation may not be uninteresting to some of your readers; and, as I believe, has not previously been noticed.

I am, &c.,

C.

### ILLUSTRATION OF FERMAT'S THEOREM.

THEOREM :—In the decimal scale of notation, if any number is raised to the fifth power, the last digit of the power is identical with that of the given number.

Let  $n$  be any number expressed in the decimal scale, then,

$$n^5 = n(n^4 - 1) + n;$$

and the proposition will be established if  $n(n^4 - 1)$  is any multiple of 10.

Now,  $n(n^4 - 1) = n(n^2 - 1)(n^2 + 1)$ ; which is necessarily a multiple of 2, whether  $n$  is an even or an odd number.

Again, by the theorem of Fermat, if  $m$  and  $n$  are any two numbers prime to each other,  $n^{m-1} - 1$ , in all cases, will be divisible by  $m$ , without remainder. Hence, when 5 and  $n$  are prime to each other,  $n^4 - 1$  will divide by 5; and, if 5 and  $n$  are not prime to each other,  $n$  is itself a multiple of 5.

It follows, therefore, that  $n(n^4 - 1)$  in every case is a multiple of 10; consequently,  $a, b, c, \dots l$ , being the digits of  $n^5$ , and  $l$  the last digit of  $n$ ,

$$n^5 = 10^{m-1}a + 10^{m-2}b + \dots + l;$$

which expresses the theorem proposed.

Cor.—Let  $m$  be any multiple of 5,  $= 5k$ ; then we have,

$$n^m = (n^5)^k;$$

consequently, the last digit of  $n^{5k}$  is identical with that of  $n^k$ .



## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR FEBRUARY, 1860.

*Deduced from five observations daily.*Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

| 1860.        | Barometer at 32° Fahr. | THERMOMETERS. |       |       |       | Dew Point. | Hum. of Air. Sat.=100. | BAROMETER, minus Tension. | WIND.           |                    | RAIN.     | Cloudy Sky, in tenths. |
|--------------|------------------------|---------------|-------|-------|-------|------------|------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------|------------------------|
|              |                        | Dry.          | Wet.  | Max.  | Min.  |            |                        |                           | Hourly velocity | Direction.         |           |                        |
| Feb.         | inches.                | °             | °     | °     | °     | °          |                        | inches.                   | miles.          |                    | inches.   |                        |
| 1            | 29.854                 | 79.18         | 68.00 | 88.1  | 69.0  | 60.36      | 53.6                   | 29.329                    | 10.60           | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |           | 0.1                    |
| 2            | 29.830                 | 76.32         | 69.34 | 93.2  | 67.4  | 64.68      | 71.2                   | 29.218                    | 26.00           | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |           | 3.9                    |
| 8            | 29.864                 | 71.44         | 67.10 | 77.2  | 66.0  | 63.88      | 77.4                   | 29.269                    | 34.00           | S                  |           | 1.9                    |
| 4            | 29.819                 | 70.38         | 67.18 | 78.4  | 63.8  | 64.74      | 82.6                   | 29.201                    | 24.00           | SSW                |           | 5.2                    |
| 5            | 29.780                 | 68.16         | 61.84 | 82.3  | 59.7  | 57.04      | 69.6                   | 29.312                    | 12.00           | WNW                | 0.190     | 5.2                    |
| 6            | 29.977                 | 63.88         | 56.24 | 72.7  | 54.4  | 50.08      | 62.8                   | 29.613                    | 7.00            | SWbs               |           | 5.2                    |
| 7            | 30.064                 | 65.10         | 56.12 | 71.2  | 59.3  | 48.86      | 56.8                   | 29.718                    | 18.00           | S                  |           | 2.0                    |
| 8            | 29.931                 | 71.56         | 61.34 | 76.2  | 63.7  | 53.78      | 54.4                   | 29.516                    | 24.00           | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |           | 0.0                    |
| 9            | 29.796                 | 72.62         | 64.98 | 85.0  | 58.7  | 59.48      | 64.8                   | 29.288                    | 16.00           | SW                 |           | 0.1                    |
| 10           | 29.791                 | 71.80         | 66.68 | 75.7  | 62.6  | 62.88      | 69.8                   | 29.217                    | 17.00           | SWbs               |           | 4.4                    |
| 11           | 29.736                 | 73.22         | 68.56 | 85.0  | 64.0  | 65.22      | 77.4                   | 29.112                    | 13.00           | S                  | 0.220     | 5.2                    |
| 12           | 29.822                 | 72.18         | 67.36 | 77.6  | 68.0  | 63.78      | 75.2                   | 29.229                    | 26.00           | S                  |           | 3.6                    |
| 13           | 29.871                 | 70.92         | 64.66 | 77.2  | 66.0  | 59.94      | 68.6                   | 29.354                    | 28.00           | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |           | 1.0                    |
| 14           | 29.801                 | 73.44         | 65.64 | 77.0  | 67.7  | 59.92      | 63.4                   | 29.280                    | 28.00           | S                  |           | 2.3                    |
| 15           | 29.741                 | 72.42         | 66.14 | 84.0  | 61.0  | 61.62      | 70.2                   | 29.193                    | 13.52           | SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W |           | 5.4                    |
| 16           | 29.841                 | 70.90         | 65.40 | 77.3  | 64.6  | 61.28      | 72.0                   | 29.298                    | 9.91            | WSW                | 0.057     | 8.2                    |
| 17           | 29.877                 | 68.86         | 63.02 | 75.6  | 58.8  | 55.54      | 69.6                   | 29.384                    | 15.63           | SbE                |           | 1.0                    |
| 18           | 29.815                 | 70.74         | 63.40 |       |       | 58.10      | 66.4                   | 29.330                    | 4.00            | WbS                |           | 0.7                    |
| 19           | 29.751                 | 66.64         | 62.68 | 82.5  | 58.5  | 59.43      | 78.6                   | 29.243                    | 9.08            | NW                 | 0.110     | 4.9                    |
| 20           | 30.008                 | 63.50         | 57.24 | 70.0  | 54.2  | 52.06      | 67.2                   | 29.616                    | 4.96            | NWbW               |           | 4.6                    |
| 21           | 30.096                 | 66.26         | 58.12 | 71.9  | 54.3  | 51.64      | 60.2                   | 29.712                    | 10.75           | SbW                |           | 2.2                    |
| 22           | 30.003                 | 66.86         | 58.78 | 77.8  | 56.5  | 52.68      | 63.6                   | 29.603                    | 6.79            | SW                 |           | 3.6                    |
| 23           | 29.994                 | 66.48         | 63.20 | 72.1  | 63.5  | 60.64      | 82.4                   | 29.453                    | 6.33            | NW                 | 0.468     | 6.4                    |
| 24           | 30.022                 | 64.42         | 60.84 | 68.8  | 58.6  | 57.88      | 80.0                   | 29.536                    | 11.58           | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |           | 4.9                    |
| 25           | 29.970                 | 66.52         | 61.50 | 74.4  | 58.3  | 57.60      | 74.6                   | 29.493                    | 6.18            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |           | 2.2                    |
| 26           | 29.926                 | 70.36         | 65.24 | 74.1  | 61.9  | 61.48      | 75.2                   | 29.379                    | 4.29            | SWbs               |           | 1.2                    |
| 27           | 29.965                 | 70.30         | 64.24 | 82.0  | 59.8  | 59.86      | 71.4                   | 29.449                    | 3.42            | SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W |           | 1.2                    |
| 28           | 30.007                 | 71.52         | 65.80 | 73.6  | 64.0  | 61.58      | 71.8                   | 29.458                    | 8.92            | S                  |           | 1.4                    |
| 29           | 29.883                 | 69.86         | 65.34 | 78.3  | 63.0  | 62.00      | 77.6                   | 29.327                    | 8.42            | SW $\frac{1}{2}$ S |           | 5.4                    |
| Mean, 29.891 | 69.86                  | 63.65         | 77.83 | 61.69 | 59.00 | 69.94      | 29.384                 | 14.05                     | SWbs            |                    | Sum 1.045 | 3.2                    |

  

| MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION. |         |         |         |         |         |          |         |  |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|----------|---------|--|
|                                                    | 5h A.M. | 9h A.M. | 1h P.M. | 5h P.M. | 9h P.M. | Highest. | Lowest. |  |
| Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches                      | 29.879  | 29.911  | 29.893  | 29.866  | 29.906  | 30.137   | 29.698  |  |
| „ Press. of dry air, „                             | 29.392  | 29.405  | 29.370  | 29.353  | 29.401  | 29.767   | 29.065  |  |
| Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees                         | 63.75   | 70.06   | 76.27   | 72.97   | 66.25   | 92.2     | 56.8    |  |
| „ Wet bulb. „                                      | 60.57   | 63.78   | 66.59   | 65.11   | 62.22   | 74.1     | 52.8    |  |
| Humidity of the air. p. cent.                      | 82.3    | 69.1    | 58.2    | 63.1    | 77.0    | 95.0     | 36.0    |  |
| Dew Point. degrees                                 | 58.0    | 59.0    | 59.8    | 59.3    | 58.9    | 72.2     | 47.0    |  |

Erratum in Register for January.—Hours of observation since 1st Jan., 1860, are 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, not 1h 34m, 5h 34m, 9h 34m, 17h 34m, 21h 34m.

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## FRANSCHÉ HOEK : THE STORY OF *OUR* PILGRIM FATHERS.

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### PART II.

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Then came men, *our* pilgrim fathers, noblest blood of sunny France,  
Broad-browed men of free-born spirit, lighted with the eagle glance :  
Spoiled by bigot priest and despot of the broad lands of their line,  
Rich yet in the glorious freedom that dares know itself divine.

WATERMEYER.

THE Dutch East India Company's settlement at the Cape of Good Hope had been established for nearly a quarter of a century, when the Council of XVII conceived the idea of strengthening its population, by inviting the Huguenots and a few expatriated Piedmontese and Flemings, then sojourning in Holland, to emigrate thither. At this time, the little garrison which Van Riebeeck and his followers had formed in Table Valley was slowly advancing to the position and character of a colony. Simon van der Stell had been appointed governor, and was particularly enjoined to exert himself to the utmost in encouraging the cultivation of the soil, so that sufficient might be produced to provision the inhabitants and passing fleets, as well as to afford a revenue to the money-making Company, who were the sovereigns and patrons of the territory. The means at his disposal for attaining these objects were, however, very limited and straitened: the European population scarcely amounted to seven hundred souls, and of these, the majority belonged to the garrison. Land of excellent character there was in abundance, but labourers were required to till it. "The want of industry," the Governor represented, "was the great obstacle to success;" and, in order to remedy this, the directors of the Company in Holland determined upon reinforcing the colony they had founded, with a number of farmers and other useful settlers. They made offers of land, and pecuniary assistance—upon certain conditions of repayment or restitution—to all who were disposed to emigrate.

Their policy, so far, was prompted by the consideration that “he who would establish a new colony may be justly compared to a good gardener who spends a large sum upon a young orchard, with the sole prospect of his labour and capital being repaid in due time.”\* And had this principle been acted upon throughout, by the Van der Stells and others of the Company’s representatives, the subsequent condition of the colony would have been very different from what, as we shall see, it became under their government.

A party of young farmers and mechanics, from Holland—about fifty in number—were the first to accept the Company’s offer to settle at the Cape. They arrived, and were distributed in the neighbourhood of Stellenbosch. Twenty-three of them were placed on the fertile lands in the Berg River valley, “between Simonsberg and the Parel en Diamant and Drakenberg,” which then received the name of Drakenstein. Their properties were selected in a straight line, and side by side along the river, so that, from their living close to each other, they might be more secure against any attacks of their neighbours, the Hottentots. It is probable that, amongst these early emigrants, there were a few Huguenots and other exiles on account of religious troubles; but it was not until a year later that the great body of the refugees came hither.

A dispatch, written at Amsterdam on the 16th November, 1687, to the Governor and Council at the Cape, announced the intentions of the East India Company with regard to them. It stated: “This will serve to inform your honours that we have resolved to send you, in addition to other freemen, some French and Piedmontese refugees,—on the footing and conditions of the regulations made on this head, of which some copies in Dutch, as well as French, are sent herewith,†—all of the reformed religion; for the exercise of

\* Extract of dispatch—Moodie’s Records, page 375.

† The regulations and conditions were as follows:

Whoever shall desire singly, or together with his family, to go to the Cape of Good Hope, shall be conveyed thither in one of the company’s vessels, without charge, and to that end shall be obliged only to take the oath of fidelity to the Company.

It shall be permitted to none to carry with him more than his apparel and necessities for the passage, as regulated by the directors of the Chamber of Embarkation, money excepted, which he may carry with him to such amount as he pleases.

Every one shall be obliged to establish himself at the Cape of Good Hope, and to settle himself there to gain his living, and to support himself there, whether by cultivation, tillage, or by what art or trade soever.

To the party that shall apply himself to tillage shall be given as

which we have likewise allowed them a minister, who is on the point of leaving with one of the ships of the Chamber of Zeeland. Among them you will find wine-growers; and some who understand the making of brandy and vinegar, by which means we expect that you will find the want of which you complain in this respect satisfied. It will be your duty, as these people are destitute of everything on their arrival, to render them assistance, and furnish them with what they may require for their subsistence, until they are settled, and can gain their own livelihood. They are industrious people, and easily contented.”—Van der Stell received this intelligence with apparent satisfaction. He informed his lords and masters that he was “heartily glad” the refugees were coming, and promised to receive them with love and sympathy; and, he added: “if they behave themselves as piously and industriously as their fellow-countrymen who have settled here lately, they will benefit and strengthen the colony in a wonderful degree, and excite much emulation among the Netherlanders.”

In the winter of 1687, a little flock of Huguenots took their departure from Holland in the ship *Langenwyk* or

much ground as he shall be enabled to bring into cultivation; and in case of requiring it, he shall be furnished with all implements necessary to that end, and even seed, upon condition that he shall reimburse the Company for the advances that shall have been made to him in corn, wine, or other goods.

He that shall take his passage to the Cape singly, or with his family, shall be obliged to continue there five full years; but if he should find that length of stay in the country unsuitable to him, it shall be open to him, by appeal to the Assembly, to obtain some remission of the term, should his objection be found reasonable.

If any one, after the five years expired, shall desire a passage back to this country, he shall pay for his passage and for his provision aboard, namely, for the passage, males and females above twelve years, a hundred and fifty florins, children of twelve years and under, seventy-five florins, and for provision, men in the cabin, thirty sols per day; in the forecabin, eighteen sols; and with the crew, nine sols: and females, above twelve years; in the cabin, twenty sols; in the forecabin, twelve sols, and with the crew nine sols,—the payment to be made for four months, for which a receipt shall be given with this condition, that if any passenger die on the voyage, the chamber to which the vessel shall be consigned, shall account to the heirs, or others having claim for the amount over that shall have been paid in proportion from the time of leaving up to that of the decease. And it shall be permitted to no one to carry with him any merchandise whatever, nor other articles but what shall be necessary for the passage. And if contrary to this regulation, it should come that any one puts merchandise on board, it shall be retained and applied to the profit of the Company. And all who shall have gained anything in their country, shall be obliged, in order to make their effects available here, to sell them, and to take for the proceeds the Company's letters of exchange, which shall be paid them here money for money, with the ordinary advance of four per cent.



*Oosthuysen*, and arrived in Table Bay about the beginning of April, 1688. Their names were: "Charles Marais, of Plessis, in France, Catharine Taboureux, his wife, and Claude, 24, Charles, 19, Isaac, 10, and Marie, 6 years, their children; Phillipe Fouche, Anne Fouche, his wife, and Anne, Esther, and Jacques, their children; Margaurite Basche, spinster; Estienne Bruere (a wagonmaker), bachelor; Jacques Pinard (a carpenter), married to Esther Fouche before the ship's departure; Pierre Sebatie, of Massiere, bachelor; and Jean Leroux, Gideon Malherbe, Jean Paste, Paul Godefroy, Gasper Fouche, and Gabriel Leroux, all bachelors." In the dispatch which contained this list, the Chamber of Delft instructed the Governor that these persons had left France on account of the persecution against the true reformed religion, and, by resolution of the Council of XVII, were to be located at the Cape, and employed as freemen in the cultivation of the soil, and other farm-work; and desired his Honour "to be of assistance to them in all things, whereby service will be done to the Company in particular, and to the Church of God." A postscript further states that the Chamber had thought it right to send out, "for the use of the refugees, two new French bibles in quarto, together with three sermons of Monsieur du Bosc, and three of Monsieur Guilbert, to be used according to the Governor's discretion, for their service; likewise, ten small French Psalmbooks."

About the same time, the Chamber of Zeeland sent out a party of Piedmontese refugees in the *China*; but the ship was forced to return to winter at Helvoetsluis, and did not leave finally until March, 1688. They arrived at the Cape on the 4th August. An accompanying dispatch informed the Governor that these people emigrated for freedom of conscience, and instructed him as follows: "You will be pleased to assist them with such support as they may need, until they can support themselves. For this purpose, you will point out to them, at once, how they should go to work, in accordance with the order and regulations on this head, transmitted by the Council. Among them, are persons who understand the culture of the vine, who will in time be able to benefit the Company and themselves. We consider that, as these people know how to manage with very little, they will, without difficulty, be able to accommodate themselves to their work at the Cape also, especially as they feel themselves safe under a mild government, and freed from the persecutions which they suffered. The names of the before-mentioned refugees, and their families, are as follows: Jean

Mesnard, Louise Corbonne, his wife, Marie Anthonarde, her mother-in-law (sixty-four years of age), and Jeane, George, Jacques, Jeane, Philip, and André, their children; Anthoine Madan and Elizabeth Verdette, his wife, and a little daughter, ten months old; Jeanne Marthe, widow of Jourdan (sixty years of age), Jean and Pierre Jourdan, her sons; Marie Jourdan, widow (forty years), and Jeanne Rousse, Marie Rousse, and Margarete Rousse, her daughters; Pierre Malan, and Isabeau Richarde, his wife; Pierre Goviaud, and Francoise Rousse, his wife; Jacques Verdeaux, bachelor, and Arcule Verdeaux, his brother; Pierre Grange, bachelor, and Louis Corban, his cousin; Susanne Resne, spinster; Pierre Jourdan, bachelor, Paul Jourdan, and André Pelanchon, all cousins-german; Mathieu Fraichaise, bachelor, Jean Furet, bachelor, and Anthoine Scaet, bachelor,—making in the whole thirty-four persons, young and old.” The same dispatch informed the Governor: “From the Chamber of Zceland, there will go over a colonist, by this opportunity, one Jacques Savoye, with his wife. He was for many years an eminent merchant at Ghent, in Flanders, where he was so persecuted by the Jesuits—yea, even his life aimed at—that in order to escape their toils, and to end his days in peace beyond their reach, he has resolved to go over in this quality, and to take with him several Flemish farmers of the religion, who likewise suffered persecution there, and who, for the same reasons as Jacques Savoye, leave their fatherland. And because the beforermentioned person is known to us as such, we wish to recommend him to you, that you may aid him in all things, and consider him as such a person as we have above described, in the expectation that, through his ability, he will be a valuable instrument to advance the intentions of the Council.”

These Flemings, together with a few Huguenots, sailed from the port of Middelburg on the 29th January, 1688, in the ship *Oosterlandt*. The names of the passengers were: Jacques de Savoye, of Aeth, Maria Magdalena le Clerq, of Tournay, his wife, Anthonette Carnoy, of Tournay, his mother-in-law, Margo, Barbere, and Jacques, his children, and Jean Nortie, Jacob Nortie, Daniel Nortie, and Maria Vyton, his servants; Jean Prieur du Plessy, of Poitiers, a surgeon by profession, and Magdalen Menanto, of Poitiers, his wife; Isaac Talifer, of Chateau Tirry and Brie, a wine-farmer and hatmaker, Susanna Briet of Chateau Tirry, his wife, and Elysabet, Jean, Isaac, Pierre, Susanna, and Maria, their children; Sara Avied, of Chateau Dùn, spinster; Jean Cloudon, of Conde, a shoemaker by trade; Jean de Buysse, of Calais, farmer; and Jean Pariser, of Paris, farmer.

After this, no more Piedmontese or Flemish exiles seem to have emigrated hither. A plan had been proposed by the Company for sending out an additional number of the former, but it miscarried. The Council of XVII, on the 1st April, 1688, wrote :

There are at present, in the neighbourhood of Nuremberg, near two hundred families who were about a thousand souls, men, women, and children ; but have since been greatly diminished in number, and fallen to about six or seven hundred. They are farmers, and industrious people, and nearly all of them understand some trade beside, as carpentry, mason's work, smith's work, making locks, coopering, and other things of this kind ; and likewise the cultivation of vineyards. They are intended to settle at the Cape, and to earn their livelihood as colonists, and wish to be conveyed thither, which the States-General would not be sorry to see. But as we must consult about this with their High Mightinesses, and agree about the manner in which we should convey these poor people, or a large proportion of them, who indeed merit great compassion, being of our blood in religion, we can, as yet, write nothing positive. However, according to present appearances, it is very likely that this intention will be carried out.

A subsequent communication from the Chamber of Amsterdam, dated 10th May, reports that a conference had been held with the deputies of the States-General, to consider whether their High Mightinesses would be inclined to allow a portion of the collection made in Holland for the Waldenses, to be given to such as would emigrate, in order to supply the necessary equipment for them on their departure to the colony. Another dispatch of the 21st July, however, stated that, although the Council had made offers to these Piedmontese, they declined to proceed to the Cape, "dreading the sea, and the long voyage," and chose rather to settle down in Germany.

Meanwhile, accessions continued to be made to the band of French refugees. Some arrived in the month of June, 1688, by the ship *Schelde*; another party, accompanied by a French minister, Pierre Simond, landed from the ship *Zuid Bovelandt*, about the 20th August; and a third party, numbering about "forty refugees, brought up to farming, who could at once put their hands to the plough and the vineyard," arrived in Table Bay, from Texel, on the 27th January, 1689, in the ship *Wafer van Alkmaar*. The names of the families who came out by these three vessels are unfortunately unknown, as the lists usually annexed to the dispatches of the Council, and sent out by each ship, cannot be found among the other records of this time.\*

\* The names of some families have, however, been preserved in a local chronicle which was obtained by Mons. de Lettre, late French consul in Cape Town. The list includes the names of Avis, Bachet, Barrêt, Basson, Bastions, Beaumons, Benezet, Bota, Bruet, Camper .

Again, on the 6th May, 1689, another vessel,—the *Sion*,—arrived with three persons, forwarded by the Chamber of Delft, and thus alluded to in their letter to the Governor : “ We have again consented to allow a passage by this ship to the following French refugees—Pierre de Villiers, Abraham de Villiers, and Jacob de Villiers, all three brothers, born in the neighbourhood of La Rochelle.” \* These appear to have been the last of the French refugees sent. The war with France ensued ; and although some of the subsequent dispatches from Holland make inquiry respecting the manner in which the refugees had been located, no further mention is made of any additional emigration.

The total number of French Protestants who settled here has been variously stated ; but, probably, they did not amount to more than two hundred, men, women, and children. Many of those who had embarked died during the long and dangerous voyage hither ; and it is stated that even the majority of those who landed were in a weak and sickly state. The Governor, acting upon his instructions, administered to their wants, as far as his means permitted ; and in this matter he was liberally seconded by the inhabitants of the colony, whose religious sympathies were aroused by the condition of the exiles. A considerable voluntary contribution in money and cattle was made for their benefit, and entrusted to their pastor, Père Simond, and others, for distribution amongst the necessitous. The sick remained for a time in the town, where suitable attention was paid to them, while the healthy were sent off to the country to farming. Some were settled on lands within the Cape and Stellenbosch districts ; but the principal number were placed at Drakenstein, and other places along the Berg River Valley, where their descendants still dwell. The Governor thought that this locality was the best suited for their settlement, it being his object to mix them with the Dutch and Germans already there, so that the one might learn from the other, and, thus doing, make better progress in the cultivation of the soil. He also

(pastor), Cellier, Cordier, Corpenant, Conteau, Couvret, Crogne, Daillieu (pastor), Debuze, Debeurier, Decabrière, Delporte, Deporté, Deruel, Dumont, Duplessis, Dupré, Dutoit, Durant, Dubuisson, Extreux, Fracha, Foury, Floret, Gauche, Grillon, Gardiol, Gonnay, Hugot, Jacob, Joubert, Lanoy, Laporte, Laupretois, Leclair, Lefebvre (surgeon), Legrand, Lecrivent, Lombard, Longue, Long, Le Riche, Lecrevant, Lombards, Maniet, Marcuene, Martiuet, Nice, Norman, Passeman, Peron, Pinnares, Prevot. Rassemus, Retief, Sellier, Terreblanche, Terrier, Tenaymaut, Terront, Valleté, Naudray, Vanas, Valtre, Verbat, Villons, Viviers, Vyol, Villion, Vivet, Viton, Vitroux.

\* This dispatch is dated 16th December, 1688.



allowed them to hold divine service, in their own language, on alternate Sundays, at Stellenbosch and Drakenstein, in addition to the usual Dutch services; for which purpose, the Rev. Pierre Simond was appointed clergyman, and received a grant of "as much land as he could manage;" and shortly afterwards, a freeman, named Paul Roux, was selected to be reader and schoolmaster. Having thus been placed in the enjoyment of those religious privileges for which they had suffered and emigrated, the refugees bent themselves assiduously to the task of cultivating the lands apportioned to them—

And taught the waste to yield them daily bread.

Aided by a handsome gift of six thousand rixdollars (about £1,200\*) from the Government of India, the poorest of them were enabled to obtain seed, implements, and other requisites of agriculture; and, within two years after their settlement, a considerable portion of the valley which they occupied was transformed into a fertile and populous district. As they continued to advance in the attainment of stability and prosperity, they however discovered that the "freedom" which they had been led to anticipate in their exile was but the shadow of a name; that the exercise of anything like independence of thought or action was denied them; in fact, "that the great tyranny of the French monarch from which they had fled was reflected in the petty despots who governed uncontrolled at the Cape of Good Hope."

Although the states of Holland were at this time renowned for their love of liberty, the policy which the Dutch East India Company had established at the Cape was of the most illiberal and restrictive character. The monopolizing commercial system which they thought fit to pursue, rendered the colonists in every way subservient to the Governor. The freemen or burghers were so trammelled and confined (said Commissioner Verburg, in 1672), that the absence of any real freedom was but too manifest. They could not purchase anything, except from the Company's store and at the Company's price; they were denied any commercial dealings with the natives, or with the crews of ships visiting the port;

\* Extract from dispatch of Simon van der Stell, 12th June, 1690: "The gift sent them (the French refugees) from the Government of India this year will be of much service; and how the sum, about six thousand rixdollars, has been distributed, your Honours will see from the papers which have been transmitted; and at what price required goods have been given them from the Company's store, you will be aware from the annexed specifications."

their produce was purchased by the Governor, at his own fixed valuation; frequently, too, one tenth of all their increase was required as a yearly contribution; and any disaffection or expressed discontent with the "wise and beneficent rule" of the authorities was punished by deportation to Batavia or elsewhere. None of the Company's representatives exercised those restrictive and despotic powers so rigorously against the colonists as the Van der Stells. The elder one ruled uncontrolled until 1699, when he retired to engage in agriculture, on extensive farms of which he had possessed himself, and was succeeded by his son, Willem Adriaan, as Governor. Both appear to have sacrificed the welfare of the colony to their own personal interests. They took advantage of the means which their position placed at their disposal, to enrich themselves and their fellow-officers in the government, while they crushed every attempt made by the inhabitants to assert even ordinary rights and privileges. At last, the oppression became intolerable;—a cry for protection and justice reached Batavia and Holland; and the iniquitous reign of the Van der Stells was summarily brought to an end by their recall in 1707. It is necessary to take this hasty glance at the political condition of the colony during the period preceding and following the settlement of the refugees, in order to understand the anomalous treatment they received from their new rulers. With a wise foresight, the States of Holland had encouraged their emigration, in the hope that their industry, talents, and morality would prove valuable sources of wealth to the colony; but the local government, although professing to act according to the wishes and example of the nation, looked upon the settlers as likely to be too revolutionary under a despotism such as that which prevailed here, and determined to enforce the same repressive regulations with regard to them as had been adopted towards other freemen. Unfortunately, a blank in the historical records between 1690 and 1695\* renders any regular detailed account of the proceedings of the time impossible; but the documentary evidence which remains will enable us to form a tolerably fair judgment upon the events which took place. The illiberal spirit of Simon van der Stell was evinced, at the outset, by the high rates which he charged the French

\* Such blanks as this, and there are far too many of them, are not creditable to our colonial government. Duplicates of the missing records are known to exist in Batavia, and probably elsewhere. Copies of them might easily be procured if our leading authorities took but the slightest interest in a matter which really merits their attention and their exertions.

for the farming implements supplied from the Company's stores. The home directors, in a letter of the 17th June, 1691, remark: "Your charging them fifteen guilders for a fathom of old rope, wanted to train their vines, is a thing unheard of!" and they directed that thenceforth all necessary materials should be sold at prime cost to French and Dutch, without distinction. But although, in this instance, they censured the Governor's conduct, they highly approved of his policy in another respect. The manner in which the refugees had been mixed with their earlier fellow-colonists exactly suited the desires of the Company, and they promised to send out schoolmasters capable of teaching both languages: "Above all, to teach the children of French parentage to read and understand Dutch, and thus to incorporate them with our nation." But while this scheme was in preparation, the refugees, under the guidance of their pastor, were endeavouring to consolidate themselves as a community, and sought to enjoy the privileges which were their birthright. A church had been erected at Drakenstein, in which they could worship God in the language and according to the custom of their forefathers; and they made application to the Governor to be allowed to elect their own vestry in that district. The result of the application we may learn from the following memorandum of a resolution of Van der Stell and his council, dated 28th November, 1689: \* "In presence of all the members, except Cornelis Linnes, the commander informed the meeting of the annoyance and the manifold difficulties occasioned to him by some of the French pretended refugees, who, under pretence of escaping persecution on account of their faith, quitted France, and went to other parts, particularly to Holland, under the cloak of zeal as members and supporters of the Protestant faith, and led a lazy and indolent life; and notwithstanding the Honourable Company, our lords and masters, having allowed some of them passages to this place, to gain a livelihood here by agriculture, and whatever else they might be able to do: now they live in an expensive manner, and (without our reflecting on the good ones) have shown that they do not answer the expectations which the Company had of them. We scarcely received ten or twelve of them strong and well, and yet all were treated better than our own nation, and plentifully supplied with every necessary to help them to a settlement. They have, however, hinted to this one and that, and even to the commander himself, that on the arrival of another minister, and the accession of

\* N. Z. A. Tydschrift, Vol. V., pages 264—265.

a number of their countrymen, they would be disposed to choose their own magistrate and ruler, and thus to withdraw the obedience due from them to the Honourable Company. That to this end they applied to the commander to be allowed to live together, and not to be attached to Stellenbosch or Drakenstein, and mixed up with the Germans. That they finally, about one hundred and fifty in number, men and women, young and old, having become stout and strong, undertook, even against the judgment of their minister Simond, to ask for a separate vestry (*kerkeraad*), not being satisfied with that which had lately been established at Stellenbosch; and for this purpose, they chose from amongst them, under the conduct of Pierre Simond, four persons to wait on the commander and council, namely, Jacob de Savoye, Daniel de Ruelle, Abraham de Villiers, and Louis Courtier, with the request for a separate vestry. Upon which, after mature deliberation, it was unanimously resolved, for the greater advantage of the Company, to restrain their French impertinences (*Fransoyen impertinentien*), and all their plotting, and check it in time; and, by judicious punishments, to expose their subterfuges to the community at large, and to warn them very seriously to do their duty." This resolution having been adopted, the deputation from the refugees were admitted to the presence of the council, and their pastor, Pierre Simond, having stated their request, "his Excellency read to them the printed form of the oath of allegiance taken by all free people,\* and dismissed them with a serious warning, to conform strictly to that oath, and to be careful for the future not to trouble the commander and council with impertinent requests, and to be satisfied with the vestry established at Stellenbosch." The haughty manner in which the Governor repulsed this deputation, and refused their very reasonable memorial, significantly shows the feelings

\* The following was the oath the refugees took on leaving Holland for the colony, as made and decreed by the Assembly of XVII: "I promise and swear to be subject and faithful to their High Mightinesses the States-General of the United Provinces, our Sovereign Masters and Lords, to his Highness our Lord the Prince of Orange, as Governor, Captain, and Admiral-General, and to the directors of the Company General of the East Indies of this country, likewise to the Governor-General of the Indies, as well as to all the governors, commandants, and others, who during the voyage by sea, and afterwards on land, shall have command over us. And that I will observe and execute faithfully and in all points, all the laws and ordinances made or to be made by Messieurs the Directors, by the Governor-General, and by the council, as well as by the governor or commandant of the place of my abode, regulate and behave myself in all particulars as a good and faithful subject.—So help me God!"



with which he regarded their exercise of a constitutional right, and it may readily be conceived that for the future their conduct was closely watched. The refugees themselves, although grieved at the disappointment of their expectations of freedom and liberty in exile, were too weak in number and powerless in means to offer any resistance to the despotic power which was wielded over them. Their temperate and virtuous character, moreover, prompted them to trust in that Providence by which they had hitherto been led. Consequently, for fully a year after, little mention is made of them, except so far as relates to their agricultural progress. Then we find, however, that Vander Stell had relented his ill-feeling against some of them at least, for, on the election of deacons and elders at Stellenbosch, in 1690 and 1691, he chose "Guilliam du Toit, Claude Marais, Louis de Berant, Louis Cordier, Abraham de Villiers, Pierre Meyer, Pierre Benezeb, and Pierre Rossou," for these offices. During the remaining years of Simon van der Stell's administration, the community continued wonderfully peaceful and industrious, yet their privileges were narrowed from year to year. The use of their language, except in reading the word of God, was prohibited at the public services; and their children were slowly being incorporated with the Hollanders around them, as the government desired.

The political difficulties which occurred in 1704, however, brought several of the refugees in opposition to the authorities. The bonds of despotism had been tightened by the younger Van der Stell, since his succession to the command, until the colonists could no longer endure his personal persecution and tyrannical monopoly of all means of commerce. A memorial to the Council of XVII was secretly framed and signed by sixty-one burghers, and forwarded to Holland. When the Governor, some time after, received intelligence of this, he was furious, of course, and commenced a series of the most cruel persecutions against all whom he deemed disaffected. His suspicions chiefly fell upon those whose intelligence and thoughtfulness marked them out as having most knowledge of political right; and among them were many of the refugees. Jacques de Savoye,\* an "oud heemraad," or magistrate, was apprehended and locked up in a cell, described as unfit

\* In 1689, Simon van der Stell thus wrote, regarding De Savoye, to the Chamber of XVII: "Jacques de Savoye and his company behave themselves according to our desire. His virtue and industrious zeal serve as a mirror and example to all the refugees, so that, in consideration of his qualifications, and his knowledge of the Dutch and French languages, we have appointed him 'heemraad.'"

for a human being's habitation. His son-in-law, named Meyer, a native of Dauphiny, was, some days after, introduced into the same place. "This Meyer"—says a writer of the time—"having escaped from the French King's dragoons, and having forsaken all the temporal advantages that God had given him, because he would bear no restraint on his conscience, lived for a time in Germany and elsewhere, and, finally, had come hither as to a sure retreat, where he hoped to spend the rest of his days in peace and freedom. But he found himself mistaken indeed; seeing that the Governor, as well as the great King of France, had dragoons at his command, through whom he could make the place uncomfortable, not only for refugees, but for his own countrymen also. He had as many means at his disposal for compelling them to recant the complaints of their memorial as the great King had to urge them to attendance at the mass." Others, who had signed the memorial, fled to the inland parts of the country, where they were free from the pursuit of the Governor's myrmidons. Among these were Guillaume du Toit, Francois du Toit, Hercules du Pré, Cornelis van Niekerk, Jacobus van Brakel, Uillem van Zyl, Jan Elbertz, and Carel Elbertz. The Du Toits had friends among the Governor's councillors, who went so far as to write a letter to Francois, entreating him to return and appear before the authorities, and assuring him that there would be no injury done to himself or his fellows. This letter was brought to an old Frenchman, a refugee, named Gilles Sollier, who was requested, since he had more means than the Government of ascertaining where the parties concerned were hidden, to forward the letter, and to use his personal influence in favour of its demand. The following is a translation of the letter addressed to them by this Frenchman, in which he tells them a quaint story, with respect to the security for their safe conduct :

Monsieur,—Be heartily greeted. A letter has been shown me, and read to me three times, and I have been requested to forward it to you, which I have declined to do, having no doubt that other means for its transmission will be found. The contents are that no injury will be done either to you or your fellows, and that Mons. Elzevier, and Mons. Bouman pledge themselves to take care of this. This is a delicate matter, and should be carefully considered. I remember, when I was in the service of the King of France, and in garrison at Charlemont, that all the drummers of the regiment deserted, and that I was commanded with four other officers to overtake them, which we afterwards did. We had hidden ourselves in a farmer's house, and, after having been there about an hour, our drummers came knocking at the door; afterwards, when they became aware of our presence, some began to offer resistance, and others attempted flight, when, after one of them had been mortally wounded by a gun-shot, a captain called out,

"Children, pray return,—no injury will be done to you." The drummers listened to this, and delivered themselves up. We bound them, brought them to Charlemont, where a court-martial, the following day, sentenced them to the severest possible punishments. While the unhappy men were enduring their sufferings, they constantly cried out, "Captains, you have deceived us, we trusted to your promise that no injury would be done to us." But these only answered "You are now in the hands of *the King*; it is not in our power to interfere in your favour."

In like manner you may be assured that if you come to the Cape—although you should appeal to your sureties, they will only answer "We cannot help you, you have to do with the Governor."

My advice is, therefore, to continue to secrete yourselves.

GILLES SOLLIER.

30th June, 1706.

The fugitives acted upon the good old soldier's advice, and hid themselves in the neighbourhood of the "Twenty-four Rivers" (Piketberg) until the persecution ceased, about the beginning of 1707. A dispatch from the Chamber of XVII then arrived, recalling the Governor and some of his councillors; and requiring his father (Simon van der Stell) to give an account of the manner in which he had obtained his various possessions. The sentences of imprisonment and banishment against the colonists were all reversed, and the tyranny of the local authorities was lessened in a considerable degree. The arbitrary proceedings which had taken place, however, rendered many persons discontented with the country, and several availed themselves of the first opportunity to leave it,—the clergyman, Pierre Simond, amongst the number. Those who remained continued for nearly a century afterwards to labour under the disadvantages of the Company's repressive policy. The vineyards, orchards, and corn-lands they had planted proved exceedingly fruitful; but their industry could not prevail against the crushing monopoly of those who forbade anything like free commerce. Unjust restrictions on the value of their produce (which filled the private hoards of local functionaries) still further operated to keep them dependent and poor. They saw their offspring increasing around them, but speaking in a "foreign" tongue, and ignorant of everything save the religious and family precepts taught them in their youth. True, there were a few copies of the Scriptures, and a metrical edition of the Psalms of David, by Clement Marot,\* distributed amongst the community; but literature generally was a thing unknown to them, and a very long period elapsed before a printing press was established. Their children thus had no

\* Pseaumes de David, Mis en Rime Francoise, par Clement Marot et Theodore de Beze," published about 1540.

other resource than to adopt an agricultural or pastoral life : they pressed on to "fresh fields" beyond the Drakenstein hills, where new farms were planted and multiplied, and the borders of the colony extended. How widely they were distributed, near the close of the last century, the reader may learn by referring to the volumes of Kolben, Thunberg, Sparman, and other old travellers, who never fail to mention the hospitality they met with in all parts of the inland districts from families whose names unmistakably prove their relationship to the refugees of 1688. But neither the increase of their number nor their extension of the Company's territory secured for them immunity from the exacting regulations by which the colony was ruled. Some trifling privileges had been, ere this, tardily conceded, such as that of selling the surplus of produce which the Company did not need, to foreign ships in Table Bay ; but these were insufficient. Another memorial was therefore presented (in 1779) to the authorities, praying that the burghers should be allowed the right of bartering their produce for that of other lands ; that the general laws of the country should be published ; that a printing press should be opened, and other requests granted. Deputations were also sent home to lay the burghers' complaints before the States-General of the Netherlands ; and they were successful in obtaining liberal promises of improvements in the administration of affairs in the colony. Free navigation was to be conceded, burgher privileges were to be defined, and other changes made. This, however, was never carried into effect, and the inhabitants, disappointed in their expectations, became generally discontented. A few years later, the effete Government of the Dutch East India Company was brought to an end by the surrender of the colony to the English fleet, in 1795.

Turning from these later passages of colonial history, let us revert to the Huguenot families who settled in the beautiful valley of the Berg River. A pleasing illustration of their strong affection for home is indicated by the manner in which they sought to make their adopted country an image of that of their birth. In addition to cultivating the "corn-fields green and sunny vines," to which they had been accustomed from childhood, they planted French names throughout the district which remain undying memorials of their parent source. Many of the farms in Drakenstein and Fransche Hoek are known by the titles of La Parais, Lamotte, Rhone, Languedoc, Champagne, Langemot, Laproer, Lateraduluc, Cabrier, La Rochelle, and the like. The place La Rochelle was the first plantation in the little hamlet of Fransche Hoek. It was formed by the brothers De Villiers,



who fondly wished to perpetuate the name of that glorious stronghold of Protestantism whence they came :

“And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters ;  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.”\*

Languedoc—another point of France where Protestantism had many staunch supporters—was also selected as the title of several places. One Jacques Theron gave the name to his farm in Klein Drakenstein. He had fled from Nismes, the principal town of Languedoc, and escaped to Holland, from whence, with the other refugees, he had emigrated in 1687. A letter which he received from his father, some years after his arrival here, has been preserved by his descendants ; and the following translation of it will give the reader a good idea of the Christian character of the old Huguenots :

Nismes, Languedoc, 2nd April, 1719.

MY DEAR SON,—I cannot express to you the joy which I felt when I heard from Mons. Tisquet that you were an inhabitant of the Cape, enjoying the protection of God, and that you were married and had a family. I leave you to conceive what joy you have given to me in my old age. I pray the Lord that he will extend his tender mercies to me, and allow me, before my death, from your own mouth to hear tidings of your welfare. I feel assured that if you receive my letter I shall yet taste this pleasure, by the goodness of God.

Your brother Moyze and his family greet you ; they are all well. Your sister-in-law, who was married to your brother after your departure, has two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, your nephew, is married and has a young son. Your uncle Moyze and Pieter Theron, their wives and children, are still well ; they cordially greet you. The sons of Moyze, your nephew, greet you, and all together express their warm feelings towards their aunt, your wife, and your little children. It is at the house of your nephew Daniel we write this letter to you ; and where, at the pleasure of the Almighty, to whom I have committed myself, I shall spend my last days. Four of the daughters of Moyze and Pieter, your uncles, are married ; they greet you ; in particular your cousin De Couvisou and his whole family greet you. His father, our eldest brother, is dead about eight years. His widow is still well, and sends you her greetings. This, my beloved son, is all I now write to you at present. I entreat the Lord that he will extend to you every blessing—when this letter will be handed to you. I beg you will address your letters to your brother Moyze, Au Faubourg des Preschein.

As for the news of the country,—France is at war with Spain ; this was proclaimed at Nismes, on the 30th December, with the sound of drums and trumpets, which was never hitherto done. Concerning our religion, we are told nothing. We hold prayers in our houses ; but strict inquiry is made as to the assembling of communities. If they have released the first who were sent to the galleys, they have, since the last two years, sent new ones again.

I end, my beloved son, with giving you my blessing again. Praying the Lord that he may establish you by his sanctifying grace,

I remain your loving father.

\* Huguenots' Battle Hymn.—Macaulay.

Rhone and Normandy are likewise places which have their respective historic associations; and so has the little village now called Wagonmakers' Valley, long known as the Valle du Charron. But these, and other deeply-interesting matters appertaining to the Story of our Pilgrim Fathers, require an article purposely and apart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## ALFRED AND THE PILGRIM.

THE Danish hordes, with brand and sword, like wolves are swarming round,

Their paths proclaimed by lurid skies, by blood-pools on the ground,  
From Mercia to Thanet's isle, and thence where Avon laves,  
O'er desolation, groans, and death, Guthrum's foul raven waves.

Where hides the royal Saxon now, that warrior good and great?  
Why arms not up the Wessex host, last champions of the state?  
Or slaughtered or dispersed they lie, through many a forest lair,  
Or craven, and with spirits crushed, yield homage in despair.

Now mothers wail for butcher'd babes, now shrieks the trembling maid;  
And convent homes are sacked and fired, nor shields the Church's shade;  
Vain 'twere to dream of bright exploit in rescue of the land,  
Starvation mocks with lingering death the last firm loyal band.

No palace roof owns Alfréd; even savage boars their den  
Might choose in brakes more joyous than his refuge in that fen;  
Yet round the fallen chieftain still some guardian few abide,  
Hearts fashioned of a faithful mould, true as the gold that's tried.

Alone the monarch, pondering, sits before an open book,  
And suffering and heart-anguish stamp a haggard, clouded look;  
Sharper than Scandinavia's steel has hunger's tooth been found,  
For fish, or venison, or wild fowl they search the marshes round.

Doth any tempest of wild thought rush through the great king's brain,  
That he must crouch like baited bear at risk of life and fame?  
Or that he lent believing ear to perjured Norseman's tongue,  
Who, smiling, swore each treacherous oath, then like false adder stung?

He calmly reads (he knows the font that can such grief assuage),  
Sweetly in patient thoughtfulness reads on from page to page,  
Words deep with philosophic truth, or warm with sacred lore,  
A book is an employment oft,—but this to him was more.

With footfall like a flake of snow, before him stood a form  
Donn'd with a pilgrim's habit, seeming famished and way-worn;  
With empty wallet in the hand, and drooping, modest mien,  
Desiring, not importunate, as merit best is seen.

"Now," cried King Alfred, flushed with joy, "now may the Lord be praised

That on his beadsman's depth of dole full graciously hath gazed,  
And deigned to send to His poor man one poorer still to take  
The alms I give, of what He gave, most glady for His sake."

The last loaf halved, and halved the wine, the pilgrim form departs,  
And laden with provisions come they home with joyous hearts ;  
But Alfred's alms untouched were found, placed down the door beside,  
And never mortal eye beheld which way that pilgrim lied.

That night the king lay sleeping, bathed in calm and light repose,  
When lo ! it seem'd a vision clear defined before him rose.  
St. Cuthbert, the devout of heart, stood near beside his bed—  
“Thro' all you've ever suffered, know I've watched for you,” he said.

“And now your discipline is over, happier days are nigh,  
I took that pilgrim form to-day your perfect faith to try,  
And as when darkest trials fell you trusted in God's hand,  
So God again to you doth trust the sceptre of this land.”

The morrow's sun gleams proud and bright o'er glad Athelney's fen,  
For tidings come of triumph won by Devon's valiant men,  
Of Ubba's pirates slaughtered, taken, too, the false Norse bird,  
And Saxons burning now to flash each axe at Alfred's word.

Thou borne-down heart, when life is poisoned, or earth's dear hopes fly,  
Still toward the everlasting hills look up with constant eye ;  
There may be yet in charge of thee some bright angelic friend,  
To comfort or restore thy peace, when grief has wrought its end.

E. S. W.

## MCLEOD'S EAST COAST OF AFRICA.\*

THE book of which the title is given below is, upon the whole, exceedingly readable and interesting. The style is fresh and graphic enough ; the incidents of travel or of adventure are numerous, and often exciting ; and the mass of political information comprised in the work is highly valuable and instructive. But viewed simply as a book, it has the fault of excessive diffuseness and unnecessary length. The main object of the author is to present the European public with a revelation of the miserable social and political plight of the Portuguese possessions on the east coast of Africa ; but he takes one hundred and fifty pages of the first volume before he manages to reach there at all ; and as many pages more of the second volume after he has finally abandoned his post. The lengthy introduction is mainly occupied with a description, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, of that everlasting voyage from England to the Cape, and the miseries endured on this particular occasion on board the well-known Lindsay mail-steamer *Ireland*. At page fifty-two, we reach Table Bay, have a renewed description and

\* Travels in Eastern Africa ; with the Narrative of a Residence in Mozambique, by Lyons McLeod, Esq., F.R.G.S., &c., late H.B.M. Consul at Mozambique. London : Hurst and Blackett. 1860.

an erroneous theory of the Table Mountain table-cloth, and are favoured with a transcript of Farmer Peck's well-known macaronic sign-board on the road to Simon's Town. Orders had been transmitted to the naval authorities at Simon's Town to convey Mr. McLeod to his consulate, in one of her Majesty's war-vessels, with all possible dispatch. The first arrangement fixed upon for this service was the refitting of the old *Dart*, which at one time had been tender to the flagship on the station. She was made up accordingly with black paint and putty, apparently all trim and taut enough; but saved the life of the consul by prudently and in advance springing a lucky leak while yet at anchor in the bay. She was laid up, and condemned forthwith, of course; and after a long delay of several months, Mr. McLeod secured a passage to the Mozambique in her Majesty's steamer *Hermes*, Captain Gordon. During this interval, our author appears to have collected a good deal of information relative to Cape Town and the interests of the Cape generally. He gets quite eloquent on our superior climate, expatiates largely on the rapid increase of our colonial exports, and gets up an argument in favour of the Table Bay breakwater, to which we may venture to direct the attention of the most obdurate of our colonial legislators. Here, too, he met with a Portuguese gentlemen, Senhor Joao de Soares, the eldest son of an officer of high rank at Mozambique. He was seriously ill at the Cape, and received the kindest treatment at the hands of our author and his wife.

From Simon's Bay, the *Hermes* proceeded first to Natal, and arrived there on the 1st July, 1857. Here Mr. McLeod detains us again, *suo more*, with descriptions of that rising colony, which are very just and true, but half of which the reader feels to be altogether foreign to the special purpose of the book. During the short stay of the *Hermes* at Port Natal, an American bark, the *Minnetonka*, anchored in the offing. Being apprised that a British cruiser was at anchor inside, she bore off immediately, and landed her mate and several men some miles further north, for the purpose of securing a supply of water. The boat was swamped, however; the *Minnetonka* proceeded on her voyage, and from her deserted mate and men the story of her destination was ascertained. She was a slave ship, from Havanna bound to Cape Corrientes, for a cargo of slaves, and had seventy thousand dollars on board for the purchase of her cargo. By degrees, it was learned that twenty-one slavers had been towed out of the Havannah, in open day, during the space of one month. These vessels left Cuba openly with the declared intention



of proceeding to Africa for cargoes of slaves. Fourteen of them were to make a run to the West Coast, and the remaining seven, being larger, were to proceed to the East Coast, to obtain their lading in the Mozambique Channel. This intelligence, of course, increased the consul's anxiety to reach his destination; and Captain Gordon, of the *Hermes*, was as zealous in the service as himself, bent, in the first place, on trapping the *Minnetonka*, or at all events on spoiling the game of her Cuban consorts. Previous to Mr. McLeod's departure, however, he was waited upon by a deputation of Natal merchants, who directed his attention to the difficulties they had to encounter in pushing British commerce into Eastern Africa. They stated that the rates of duty charged by the Portuguese authorities were too high, and at least fifty per cent. above the tariff established by the Government at Lisbon; that every conceivable difficulty was thrown in the way of legal traders; and that it was impossible to carry on legitimate commerce in those parts possessed by the Portuguese; while on every other part of the coast between Cape Delgado and Delagoa Bay, which did not belong to the Portuguese, they were forbidden to trade with the natives, under pain of their property being confiscated. And that these charges were not unfounded, ample proof was given, both before and shortly afterwards, in the arbitrary, iniquitous, and cruel treatment experienced by Mr. G. W. Duncan, the well-known, intelligent, and most enterprising commander of the little cutter *Herald*. Some months previous to this, he had discovered large quantities of the valuable orchilla weed on the British side of the settlement at Delagoa. He encouraged the natives to collect it, and returned, in a few weeks, from Natal, with a cargo of goods to exchange for it, only to find his enterprise sternly interdicted by Muchado, the Portuguese governor of Lorenzo Marques, who had, in the interim, availed himself of the Englishman's discovery by shipping off a large quantity of the weed obtained from the Zulus of Tambe. And a few months later occurred the well-known expedition of the *Herald*, which ended in her capture, and the removal of Captain Duncan and his crew, as prisoners, to Mozambique. On that occasion, the *Herald* had pushed up a neutral river of Delagoa Bay, opened an honest and mutually profitable trade with the independent natives, until he found himself pursued and overpowered by a lawless horde of mixed Portuguese soldiers and Zulus, commissioned by this same Governor Muchado to seize him, and convey him to Lorenzo Marques. But to proceed with our author's narrative (which we can find space to present

here only in its most abridged form), all the requisite arrangements at Natal being completed, Captain Gordon, in the *Hermes*, started in chase of the *Minnetonka*, now supposed to be about loading her cargo of slaves. Skirting the coast, the first bay passed was Port St. Lucia, "admirably adapted for throwing supplies of ammunition, and also useful commodities, into the Zulu country, from which they are carried into the Free State and the Transvaal Republic, thereby eluding the customs dues payable at the Cape of Good Hope and Natal." Northwards from this to Delagoa Bay, the coast is low, washed by the warm equatorial current, and well adapted for the growth of cotton, which product our author thinks should be commended by Government to the attention of Panda, the paramount Zulu chief of those extensive regions. On the 10th July, the *Hermes* entered Delagoa Bay, which furnishes a safe and almost landlocked anchorage mainly in the mouth of the English river. The southern shore of the bay is high and healthy; the north-western side, again, is low, swampy, and malarious; and in the centre of this latter slope is built the Portuguese town of Lorenzo Marques. In the rear of the post, there is a marsh which is at once the destruction and salvation of the settlement; "for while its pestiferous breath pollutes the atmosphere, and causes all in its neighbourhood to breathe the air of death, its slimy nature, depth, and treacherous bottom prevent the onslaught of the natives, with which the Portuguese are constantly threatened; for which reason, the only two field-pieces the garrison possesses, are pointed towards this, their best friend and worst foe." The town, we are told, consists of a miserable square of squalid-looking houses, surrounded by huts containing the natives whom the occupants of the ruinous-looking habitations have enslaved. The only trade of any extent carried on from this port is in ivory and slaves, which the authorities are enabled to conduct in complicity with the neighbouring chief who may be paramount at the time, and who being the victor, has abundant prisoners at his disposal wherewith to supply the odious traffic. From his discussion of the state of affairs at St. Lucia and Delagoa Bay, Mr. McLeod digresses again, to describe the present condition and future prospects of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic, could they but secure an outlet for their trade by either or both of these ports. His representations, on the whole, are wonderfully accurate, and his speculations occasionally amusingly quaint. As for instance:

These boers are very prolific, many of the women bearing upwards of twenty children. I am personally acquainted with three such mothers;

and after a careful calculation, I am inclined to believe that the average of the boer families is sixteen; and I may almost say, never less than twelve. It may well be imagined that a people who increase so rapidly, and with whom the south part of Africa is known to agree remarkably, require only an outport to become a great nation.

He tells us, moreover, that he had learned from undoubted authority of the efforts made by the Transvaal boers to purchase Delagoa Bay from the Portuguese, and the stop put by himself to the negotiations already far advanced, by reminding the British Government of the cession of a considerable portion of the bay and territory in question to Captain Owen, R.N., by King Keppel, in 1823.

The *Hermes* did not linger long at Lorenzo Marques, but sped northward, still in pursuit of the American slaver. All chance of success in the chase was baffled, however, by an expedient adopted by the slave-dealing interest ashore. Native runners were seen advancing along the sea-coast, and as they proceeded in their northward course, beacon fires were lit up on each successive mountain ridge, to telegraph to all concerned that a British cruiser was on a trail. On the morning of the 11th July, the *Hermes* stood abreast of Cape Corrientes. North and south, the smoke of these fires was seen, as far as the eye could reach, alarming the whole coast. The next scene we must quote in the author's own words, albeit the extract is a long one. The primary event described is not one of very special importance, but it is depicted in admirably vivid and graphic terms. The passage is a favourable specimen of the most picturesque chapters of the book:

Off Cape Corrientes nothing like a vessel could be seen, but, while searching the bight of land between Cape Wilberforce and Barrow Hill, a sail was reported from the mast-head. "Where away?" "Two points on the starboard bow, sir." "Port!—port the helm!" "Port it is, sir!" "The sail bears right ahead now, sir." "Very well. Steady as she goes, quartermaster!" "Steady it is, sir!" "Engine-room, there!" "Sir!" "Draw forward the spare boiler, and set on full speed!" "Ay, ay, sir!" "How is her head, master?" "East-north-east, sir!" "Steer very steady." "Ay, ay, sir!" Such were the rapid questions and answers exchanged immediately after the cry of "Sail ho!" from the mast-head man. The shoveling of coal, and banging of furnace doors, might be distinctly heard from the engine-room, on the quarter-deck. The whole ship was in a commotion, Cape Corrientes in sight, and a strange sail reported to seaward. The ward-room officers had just sat down to dinner, when the cry of "Sail ho!" made them all, with the exception of the doctor, who was too fond of creature comforts, rush upon deck. The master repaired to the steering-wheel, to superintend the steerage of the vessel. The senior lieutenant walked quietly forward to the fore-castle, and cast his scrutinizing eyes on the "long gun," and then on the stranger. The second lieutenant, unbidden, bent his way up the fore-rigging, his telescope slung over his shoulder, and perched himself on the fore-topmast cross-trees. Over his head, leaning on the fore-top-gallant-yard, he

perceived Mr. Bliss, telescope in hand, examining the stranger. Mr. Midshipman Bliss, who had kept the forenoon watch, having dined, and worked out the position of the ship, for want of some more interesting occupation, had betaken himself to sleep, and was having a very comfortable "caulk" when the cry of "Sail ho!" had disturbed him in a pleasant dream of home and promotion. With a sort of instinct he rushed immediately to the mast-head, and, although only half-awake, he was able to make out that the stranger was long, low, and rakish. To the lieutenant's hurried inquiry, "What do you make of her?" Mr. Bliss replied, "Well, sir, I do not know whether it is the haze or the sleep in my eyes, but she appears to loom very large." After overhauling her with his glass, the lieutenant remarked that she was "long, low, and rakish, but did not look much of a craft." Meanwhile, the steam was getting up in all the boilers, and the *Hermes* was closing on the chase. The gunner was moving mysteriously about the deck with priming wires, vent-bits, and detonating matches, evidently bent on mischief. The watch below had all gone on deck, and the ship's deck was crowded with anxious faces directed towards the chase. The senior lieutenant, who was no stranger in these waters, having served as a midshipman in the ship of a well-known commodore on this station, spoken of to this day as "Old Ben Wyvell," suddenly turned round, and facing the "bridge" on which the captain was looking out, exclaimed, "She's about, sir—the chase has tacked." At the same moment the middy's voice was heard from the masthead: "The chase is in stays, sir!" indicating that she was going about on the other tack. Soon after, the stranger was observed to bear up, and crowding all sail, to steer for the land. The excitement throughout the ship was now at its greatest pitch. Soon after it was reported that negroes in great numbers were observed upon her deck. Meanwhile, the chase was kept upon the same bearing, and, as the two vessels neared each other, for we gained on the chase, they approached closer and closer to the land. We were now off the harbour of Inhambane; and it was evidently the intention of the stranger either to beach herself, or to run into Inhambane harbour, under the protection of the fort, when we could not board her without the sanction of the Portuguese authorities. The vessel was urged to the utmost, under the power of steam, but still it was evident that the stranger sailed well, and, under her crowd of canvas, it was feared that she might attain one of the two objects which she had evidently in view. During the whole of the chase, the *Hermes* displayed the British ensign and pennant, but the stranger showed no colours. At last, moments became hours, and the stranger stood boldly on to destruction on the reefs, or safety under the Portuguese flag at Inhambane. "Clear away the 'long gun,' and load with blank!" In a minute was heard the report, "The gun is ready, sir!" "Very good—Fire!" Bang went the fifty-six pounder, and when the smoke cleared away, the stranger was seen holding on the same course. Meanwhile, we had shoaled our water, and the "leadsmen" were ordered into the "chains." Numbers of negroes might now be seen with the naked eye, on the deck of the stranger, which was a large brigantine, evidently armed to fight her way, as the muzzles of one or two guns were seen protruding from her side. "Forecastle, there!" "Sir?" "Load again—with shot!" "Ay, ay, sir." "All ready, sir." "Who fires the gun?" "Mr. Carr, sir, the gunner." "Tell him to drop a shot under the stern of the chase; but to be careful not to strike her." "Now, Mr. Carr, you hear the order—'Drop a shot under her stern, but do not strike her.'" "Very good, sir!" "Muzzle to the right." "Muzzle to the left"—"Well"—



"Elevate,"—"Lower"—"Well"—"Fire!" Bang went the gun, and the shot was seen to strike the water close to the taffrail; the water splashing over the quarter-deck of the chase. This appeared somewhat to alarm those on board. A flag was hoisted abaft, but, being rolled up, it was impossible to make out what colours she displayed. Still the stranger held on her course, every moment, apparently, hurrying her and all on board to destruction.—"With shot, load!" "All ready, sir." "Fire across her bows, but be careful you do not strike her!" "Ay, ay, sir." In less than a minute a fifty-six pound shot dropped under the bow of the stranger, covering her bowsprit with a cloud of foam. This appeared to bring her commander to his senses, for the anchor was immediately let go, and amidst the din of the chain-cable rattling out of the hawse-hole, and the most fearful yelling and shouting, interspersed with which might be heard the stentorian lungs of a ruffian uttering the most awful oaths, in the vilest of Portuguese—she came head to wind. As for ourselves, the leadsmen's cry of a "half three" told us that we were just on the reefs. By stopping and reversing the engines quickly, the *Hermes* was saved; but a few yards further, and we would have been on the coral reefs outside of Inhambane harbour. As soon as the safety of H.M.S. *Hermes* would allow, a boat, with a lieutenant in command, was sent to board the stranger, which, now that she was at anchor, was observed to display the Portuguese ensign and pennant. On the return of the boat, we learned that the stranger's name was the *Zambesi*; that her rig was that of a patacheo or brigantine; that she was a vessel-of-war belonging to his Most Faithful Majesty Don Pedro the Fifth, King of "Portugal and Algarves;" and that she had on board of her a Moor, who stated that he was in temporary command of her; while embarked with him was no less a personage than his Excellency the ex-Governor of Inhambane. The Moor appeared to be entirely under the orders of the ex-Governor of Inhambane, who wore the uniform of a Portuguese naval officer; and, when asked why he had not hove-to and communicated with a steamer, which, from her English ensign and appearance, must have been known at once for one of her Britannic Majesty's cruisers, he referred the lieutenant to the ex-Governor of Inhambane. This officer, who was very much confused, could, or would not, give any explanation of his personating a slaver, by which he had lost valuable time, and perhaps a prize, and her Majesty's ship had been greatly jeopardized. We subsequently learned that the ex-Governor of Inhambane was Senhor Leotti, a Captain de Corvette in the Portuguese navy, and that he had left Inhambane that morning, after an ineffectual attempt to usurp the Government from his successor, Major Olliviera. It will be further shown, during the course of this personal narrative, that this Captain Leotti, a commander in the Portuguese navy, had, in the *Zambesi* schooner, belonging to the royal navy of Portugal, communicated with the *Minnetonka* slaver that we were in search of on the 1st of July, the very day, it will be recollected, that we anchored off Port Natal, in the *Hermes*. It will be proved by the clearest evidence, taken on oath, in documents laid before the British Parliament, that this slaver, the *Minnetonka*, lay at anchor off Barrow-hill, outside of Inhambane harbour, flying American colours; that while so lying at anchor off Inhambane, where she had anchored for a cargo of slaves, the Portuguese schooner *Zambesi*, with the ensign and royal pennant of Portugal flying, approached the slaver *Minnetonka*, and instead of capturing her, as she was bound to do by treaties with Great Britain (for the slaver was within gunshot distance of beach),

made arrangements for supplying the slaver *Mimmetonka* with slaves. And it will be shown that when the British consul asked the Governor-General of Mozambique for a copy of the sentence of the court which had acquitted the ex-Governor Leotti, and the Moor commanding the *Zambesi*, of the charge made against them, the consul's house was mobbed by natives sent by the slave-dealers to endeavour to intimidate him; and during the stoning, which was indulged in by the natives against his house, his wife was wounded.

These are, unquestionably, formidable charges to advance against any government or people; but it is only truth to acknowledge that they are thoroughly substantiated in the narrative which follows.

From Corrientes, the *Hermes* proceeded northwards past the Bazaruto islands, where the *Ocean Gem* had been wrecked a short time before, and whose rescued crew were on board the *Zambesi*, and revealed the doings of her commander and his friend, the ex-governor; past Sofala, where Mr. McLeod indulges in an historical disquisition to prove the identity of that port and the ancient Ophir; past Killimane and the mouths of the Zambezi, *apropos* of which we have an interesting account of the Portuguese policy enforced in the country along the banks of that important river. Then we are brought to the independent Arab settlement at Angoxa, whose sultan maintains a lucrative trade with Zanzibar, but whom the Portuguese authorities of Mozambique do not permit to hold any communication whatever with British traders, of which last astounding fact the following proof is given:

In the year 1851 or 1852, the Sultan of Angoxa paid a visit to the Sultan of Johanna, one of the Comoro islands, and while residing there, made the acquaintance of an English merchant settled at that island. He informed the English merchant of a fact, namely, that he was an independent sultan, most anxious to trade with the English. He told him of the riches of his country; how that from Angoxa the simsim, or sesame, or guergelin seed (the oil of which vies with that of the olive) is taken in great quantities to Zanzibar, and thence to Europe; how fleets of dhows are engaged, during the trading season, between Angoxa and Zanzibar. He described to him the ebony and beautiful-figured woods of the country, the wax in abundance, tortoise shells and ivory; and in fact did all in his power to induce the merchant to visit him. The merchant, some time afterwards, having occasion to go in his vessel to Mozambique, called in at Angoxa to see the sultan, and make arrangements for future trading. I believe no trading took place. The vessel weighed, and left the river, outside of which was lying a small Portuguese schooner of war. As soon as the English vessel was beyond the protection of the sultan, and out of gunshot distance from the shore, and consequently out of the territory of the sovereign of the country, whether the Sultan of Angoxa or the King of Portugal, the small Portuguese schooner of war ranged alongside of the English vessel, and ordered her to keep company to the port of Mozambique. The merchant,

a man of law and order, hailed, to reply, that he was going there. They sailed in company together, and when they arrived in the harbour of Mozambique, the Englishman discovered that he was a prisoner, his vessel was confiscated, and to this hour he has obtained no redress. The name of the vessel which was thus seized was the *Reliance*, a brig under English colours; and the merchant was Mr. William Sunley, residing at Johanna, and at present her Majesty's consul at that island.

Captain Gordon, of the *Hermes*, visited the Sultan of Angoxa, and afterwards steamed away for Mozambique, where he arrived on the 18th of July. The consul was received by the authorities there with every demonstration of respect. A formal reception took place at the palace, where the governor-general, Vasco Guedes e Carvelhos de Menezes, was attended by his secretary, "a gentleman whose soft cat-like motion, clean-shaved face, white linen, neatly-fitted garments, scrupulously clean hands, dark piercing eyes, and white teeth (so large and so even—so fully shown when he smiled), the whole completed by a voice whose tone was melody, spoke at once the polished gentleman and the self-possessed Jesuit." The conversation soon turned on slavery, and slaves, and the *Minnetonka*; and the governor-general assured his British visitors that no slave could be purchased from Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay; "that the traffic had entirely ceased; that the Mozambique people were entirely opposed to the slave-trade; that they had turned their attention to legitimate commerce; and now that the British consul had arrived, he hoped to see him followed by British vessels, when the marvellous commercial resources of the province would be developed." He referred to his secretary, who confirmed all that his Excellency had stated with a bland smile. So much for professions; and now for the facts. The Cuban slaver *Minnetonka*, aided by his Portuguese Majesty's ship *Zambesi*, was at that very time being supplied with twelve hundred slaves, at seventy dollars per head, by the governor of Ibo. These wretches had first been collected for the French so-called free-emigration vessels, at forty dollars per head, but were transferred to the American, on account of the advanced price offered; and the governor-general of Mozambique received, from the said governor of Ibo, twelve thousand dollars as his share of the head money. The late governor of Inhambane, Senhor Leotti, had been ejected from his office simply because he had neglected to remit to his superior at Mozambique a fair share of the profits won by him from his nefarious trade in human cattle. Mr. McLeod advances these and other assertions of a still more serious character, with the utmost confidence and boldness. "I state facts,"

he says, "without divulging any secrets, and I defy the Portuguese Government to disprove them. Inquiry will only elicit other circumstances which ought to be made public."

Mr. McLeod's first anxiety was to secure a residence on the island, in the centre of the trade and activity of the place. Mr. Soares, who had come with him from the Cape, had promised to lease him a house of his, which, after his arrival there, and finding how opposed the Mozambique slave-dealers were to the presence of an English consul at all, he declared it impossible to be given for the purpose, and substituted instead another residence on the mainland. This the consul accepted on a tenure of twelve months. Soon afterwards, the notorious slave-dealing Governor-General Guedes was recalled by the Lisbon Government, and Colonel Almeida, a gentleman evidently bent, in all sincerity and honesty, on the suppression of the slave-trade, was appointed to succeed him. Efforts were made at once to embroil the British consul with the new governor, but, fortunately, without avail; and Mr. McLeod zealously co-operated with Colonel Almeida in checkmating the game of the slave-dealers. It was thus the consul furnished information that a three-masted ship was foraging for slaves in Conducia Bay. This was the celebrated French bark *Charles et George*. The war-schooner *Zambesi* was dispatched to seize her. She was accordingly conveyed to Mozambique, and handed over to the judge, who condemned her, "as he found that there were four thousand dollars on board of her, the handling of which he would of course have." A small French war-schooner was sent from Réunion, to demand her restoration. The judge immediately represented that the slave bark *Charles et George* was improperly condemned, and advised the governor-general to restore her. The reason, adds our author, for the head of the law reconsidering his decision was, that he was told he might retain the four thousand dollars found on board, and that one thousand more would be added if the vessel was restored. The governor-general was not to be trifled with in this manner, and decided that, as the judge had condemned her, he would send the *Charles et George* to Lisbon. The venality thus openly charged against the Mozambique judge, Mr. McLeod attributes to the Portuguese officials on the east coast generally. They are sent forth from Portugal on the most miserably inadequate salaries. They know their tenure of office must be comparatively brief; and as the only object of their expatriation is the accumulation of wealth, they make no scruple whatever in conniving at, and co-operating with,



and appropriating to themselves the lion's share of the enormous profits of the slave-trade carried on under their direct auspices. It is admitted that the Government of his Portuguese Majesty in Lisbon are perfectly sincere in their professed desire to abate, if not wholly to suppress, the enormities of the slave traffic from their African dominions; but so long as they maintain the niggard system on which they so long have acted, the only fruits they can expect are those which have so long been manifest. In such circumstances as we have described, it is by no means to be wondered at that the slave-dealers of the Mozambique should entertain towards the zealous and obtrusive consul feelings of the most cordial detestation. At this particular juncture, immediately after the condemnation of the *Charles et George*, H.M.'s frigate *Castor*, Captain Lyster, appeared on the scene. To her commander, Mr. McLeod explained the position in which he was placed; "that the slave-dealers, baffled in their attack on the new governor-general, twice besieged the consul's house, through the medium of their slaves, whom they sent to stone the consul in his house; that he was served with a notice to quit the house he was then residing in, and that there was not one in the town which he could get to live in; that some short time previous, having gone to look at a house in the country which he was told was to let, he was attacked by infuriated natives, who had been urged to this act by the slave-dealers, and that he escaped with his party, by having been shown a road which led him from the natives to his own house. He further showed Captain Lyster that he was without servants,—all the slaves, with the exception of a child, which would not leave, having been taken from the house. He claimed his protection, and asked him for a small boat by which he could communicate with the governor-general." To all which, Captain Lyster replied that he must immediately return to the Cape of Good Hope, and apprise the Admiral of the serious state of affairs at Mozambique; and requested the consul to close his dispatches, as his departure was immediate. And next morning accordingly, to the dismay of the consul, the frigate was seen bearing away from the anchorage, without dispatches either for the Admiral at the Cape, or the Government at home. The representative of Britain was left to his fate! And what that cruel fate was, for many a weary month succeeding, we must refer our readers to the book itself to learn. Mr. McLeod's narrative of the sufferings endured by himself, his brave wife, and his faithful English servant, is simple in style, but in matter most deeply interesting and affecting.

These trials were soon afterwards shared by Captain Duncan and the crew of the captured British cutter *Herald*. They co-operated with the consul and his family with the utmost fortitude, until finally Captain Duncan fell a victim to a deadly fever then prevailing, and from which Mrs. McLeod, and Mr. Hilliard, the late chief officer of the *Herald*, had the narrowest possible escape. When things had come well nigh to the worst, and the British consul had suffered the most cruel persecutions and most degrading insults, from which the governor-general, however willing, was powerless to shield him, a British ship-of-war arrived, whose commander, instead of communicating with the consul, "amused himself at the billiard table of the slave-dealer, Joao da Costa Soares, and then returned on board." The names of the ship and her captain are suppressed, and Mr. McLeod contents himself with simply stating that the latter is at present on half-pay. Soon afterwards H.M.'s steamer *Lyra* arrived also, and after a consultation with the senior naval officer, it was decided that the best course now to be adopted was to retire to Mauritius, or even to England, until such time as arrangements were made between England and Portugal for the reception of a British consul, in honour and safety to Mozambique. On the 18th of May, accordingly, Mr. McLeod and his family embarked on board the *Lyra*, and next day they were on their voyage to Mauritius. Of the embittered feelings of the slave-dealers against the consul, and all belonging to his nation, we must give the following startling illustration :

I have already stated that the remains of my lamented friend Duncan were interred near those of his countrymen, already buried there. The grave was dug by the express orders of the governor-general of the province; but when Senhor José Vincente de Gama commenced building a tomb over the remains, in compliance with my earnest request that he would do so, and charge the expense to me, he was interrupted in this Christian office by a ruffian named Thomas de Souza Santos, who stated that the ground belonged to him, and that he would not allow a tomb to be erected over the remains of the Englishman. When remonstrated with by Senhor de Gama, he made use of the vilest reproaches at his daring thus to honour the resting-place of a heretic; and when told that he was only carrying out the wishes of a countryman of the deceased, viz., the British consul, the rage of this brute Santos became ungovernable. He kicked the stones from off the sacred spot, and jumped upon the grave of him before whose living eye his vile and coward heart had often quailed. This insult was offered to England, while a British ship of war was lying in the harbour!

We have by no means exhausted the interesting portions of this very remarkable book. Its descriptions of the domestic slavery of the country, as practised by the Portuguese themselves, are of the most horrible character. Many of the

scenes of cruelty described—as bad as any perpetrated by Legree himself—were witnessed by the author personally, and others of still more fiendish brutality were reported to him. It is probably safe to make a very considerable allowance for the naturally and justly indignant feelings under which the insulted consul wrote this book. But allowing what discount you please on that score, it is clearly all too true, that the condition of the Portuguese settlements on the east coast of Africa is substantially what our author describes it. What it might become under a different system and a more enlightened policy, the work before us also furnishes ample materials from which to form a just and adequate estimate. Into that part of the subject, the past historic greatness of Mozambique, and the rich natural resources now awaiting development from Delagoa to Delgado, our limited space prevents us from entering this month. We may take some other opportunity of returning to it, and to many other pleasant gossiping chapters on Mauritius, Aden, and the overland route, which we have here overlooked altogether. In the meantime, we heartily commend Mr. McLeod and his work to the attention of our readers.

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## FOX-HUNTING AT THE CAPE.

THE March number of this Magazine was graced by an excellent portrait of an officer in the East Indian cavalry service, popular in his profession, and distinguished as a sportsman and a gentleman. His loss was regretted, because the acknowledged services which he had rendered to this colony and to the British arms in India, as remount agent, have not been rewarded by the permanence of his appointment as an Institution of the colony.

The object of the present article is to express the regret which is felt because an *actual* Institution of long standing is apparently approaching to dissolution in the colony, to which it has so long been an ornament.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, two packs of fox-hounds were maintained in the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Town. One was hunted by Mr. van Reenen, who was at all times happy to find himself accompanied by the sporting gentlemen of Cape Town in his highly successful career; but the more favoured pack was that hunted by Mr. Blair, also in the neighbourhood of Cape Town.

Mr. Blair spared no expense in renovating his pack by annual importations of the purest blood from England. His kennel, the shell of which yet remains on Wynberg-hill, was maintained with all the requisite accompaniments of complete cooking apparatus, clean and wholesome sleeping quarters, and well-mounted, hard-riding "whips;" for he hunted the pack himself, mounted on blood-horses of great value.

The Cape Downs formed the scene of sport: foxes were plenty (for strychnine was unknown), and it has happened that two foxes have been killed on one morning, independent of a scurry after a third, when returning from the "kill," with tired cattle.

It is a bad colonial practice to call the Cape fox a jackal. He is no more a jackal than a tithe-proctor. He is the *canis mesomelas*, or black-backed fox of South Africa. The jackal (*canis aureus*) is a totally distinct animal. Our fox travels alone, or, as every sensible animal except that utterly useless one an old bachelor, does, with his *vrouw*. He preys upon lambs, and kids, and fowls like a gentleman, when he can get them. When he can't, the carcass of an ox furnishes him with a treat. His home is an "earth," bored deep underground by his laborious and incomprehensible exertions. When "found," he goes like a greyhound, and gives his pursuers from five to fifteen miles of a race which tests their riding and the blood and training of their horses.

Our excellent friend, Mr. Jorrocks, was wont to open his lectures with the statement that "fox-hunting is the sport of kings—the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of the danger." But we have run down a paragraph written by a king himself, and a clever fox in his own idea of state-craft, namely, King James the First. In his Majesty's directions to his son, Henry, Prince of Wales, the promising lad who died a youth in 1612, the king writes:

And the honourablest and most recommendable games that yee can use on horseback, for it becometh a prince best of any man to be a faire and goode horseman: use, therefore, to ride, and daunt on great and conragous horses. . . . I cannot omit here the *huntyng*, namely, with running houndes, which is *the most honourable and noblest sort thereof*; for it is a theivish form of hnntyng to shoote with gunnes and bowes—and greyhounde huntyng is *not so martial* a gayme.

Nearer our own time, a learned divine furnishes us with the following tribute to the dignity of the chase:

There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favourite pastime of joyous old England, when the gallant knighthood and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs and virtuosoes of the chase, and the full-assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great emprise; and the panorama of some



noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene; and every adventurous heart is braced for the hazards of the coming enterprise; and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty.

Our sporting language has altered considerably since the king called fox-hunting a "martial gayme;" and the reverend sportsman described as "the hazards of the coming enterprise" that which we denominate a "header," or possibly a "cropper."

After Mr. Blair's departure there was a lull; but ere long the splendid pack of fox-hounds imported by her Majesty's 7th Dragoon Guards restored the sport, and Major Bower of the Indian army, established and hunted a fine pack with eminent success.

Sir Harry Smith became governor; and his staff was ever in the field, riding as those should do who won their medals on the plains of Aliwal and Chillianwallah, foremost in the charge.

A great number of gentlemen of the civil and military services in India were, in those halcyon days, on leave to the Cape, and they supported the hounds with their presence and their purses.

The head-quarters were fixed at Mr. Rathfelder's hotel, with occasional discursions to the Fox and Hounds inn, at Eerste River. Mr. Rathfelder is yet amongst us, and, even at the risk of his disapprobation, it may be not unseemly to bring forward the name of the courteous host and indefatigable sportsman, who made his hotel the rendezvous for hunters; and more, maintained the pack through the summer months of many a year without remuneration.

In 1850-1 these gallant Indians left the Cape in a body; and, owing to the regulations recently enacted regarding salaries, they have not been succeeded in anything like the same numbers as before. A few residents made an effort to continue the chase, and, owing to the unexpected arrival of Mr. H. F. James, with a pack of hounds, the sport was kept alive for a few years longer.

The following are a few extracts from the notices published in the newspapers, which show that a cheery, and at times, admonitory note, claimed encouragement to the hounds:

On Monday, a fox was found near Figkraal, about nine o'clock a.m.' not more than eight miles from the cab-stand, and the hotels, and the barracks, and the livery stables, and the bootmakers; but the public were occupied on their rolls and coffee, whereas they might have been flying over grassy mounds, skirting dewy-starred riet-bolls, leaping tiny

brooklets, and all to the inspiring music of a game little pack of canine choristers. Reyuard had had previous experience of their speed; he therefore went off at a slapping pace across hills, "*terrasque jacentes*," and, after a run of more than an hour and a quarter, was run into when forced upon the sand-hills, and in vain seeking refuge amongst the clustering bush which here and there stands out from the waste; the pack emulating their former prowess, and pressing him hard from the "find" to the "finish."

Another describes a run of fifty minutes, and commences thus:

The hounds left the keunel at half-past six a.m. A more lovely morning could not be imagined, and we have only to regret that the young gentlemen of Cape Town continue to lose such opportunities of acquiring a firm seat on horseback and breathing the bracing air of morning. A fox was found close to Zwarteklip at nine a.m., and he went towards Zandvliet at a rattling pace. \* \* \* \*

Now we find a lady in the field, and the notice of a slapping run of more than an hour concludes with the words:

Those who had the good fortune to be *out* will never forget this fast and brilliant run, during the whole of which the owners of top-boots were obliged to ride carefully, boldly, and judiciously, to enable them to live alongside a young lady; and in which one rider of good repute acknowledges to the proprietorship of two falls! We ask, why are not the Cape hounds properly supported?

The season of 1852 closed with a notice, from which we extract:

The country here was firm pasture land for miles, interspersed with numerous pools, patches of thick, stroug rushes, and mounds with impervious bush, and the chase became a glorious gallop as the gallant fox sought shelter in each clump of bush, but in vain. One turn more to the sand-hills, and back again to the turf, where he was viewed—his long gallop reduced to a canter—again around a lake studded with bushy knolls, and again tally-ho! Presently, the poor fellow was seen trotting; and, ere long, the fourteen couple had run into and disposed of the largest fox we have ever seen in this colony. He measured four feet one and a half inch from his nose to the tip of the brush. It was estimated by those best qualified to judge that the run was not short of twenty miles; and that over such a piece of country as we may never hope to ride again.

*Jubilee* was the leading hound throughout, supported by *Dairymaid* and *Challenger* (Indian), *Joyful* and *Nimrod* (Indian).

In thus closing our brief accounts of a season during which there have occurred no more than two complete "blanks," whilst the runs have been more frequent and more brilliant than for many years past, it is but natural to express regret that a sufficient number of admirers of the chase are no longer to be found among us.

It is to be understood that early rising is necessary to the hunting of the fox at the Cape. He should be found not later than nine a.m., as, an hour later, the cool air of the morning has yielded to the sun's rays.

From 1854 to 1856 the pack was not supported, and a few couple of hounds only were kept by Mr. Rathfelder, for the sake of the cheery note with which they welcomed, at dawn, his entry on his labours of the day.

In 1857, several officers of the flag-ship and the *Penelope*, man-of-war steamer, gave their valuable support to the chase, and a pack of seven or eight couple was found in the field. Three couple of English hounds were imported, at a cost of seventy pounds, which included the passage of the keeper sent out in charge. A splendid Cheshire hound was presented to the pack by a personal friend. A couple of hounds from the famous Kilkenny pack were likewise presented by a friend; and eventually some five or six couple, further, from the best packs in England, were imported.

The meets were extended to the village of D'Urban, and, eventually, to the hospitable mansions of Joostenberg and Mulder's Vley; the latter twenty-four miles from Cape Town. The splendid sport which resulted is fresh in memory, and many a letter has, since then, been received from the gallant friends, now scattered over the world, who combined to make the season of 1858 a brilliant one.

A description of one of these runs lies at hand, and its insertion will doubtless be excused, for the sake of the pleasant memories connected with the event.

On Mouday, at six a.m., twenty well-mounted sportsmen turned out from Rathfelder's hotel, "the game lieutenant" R. N. riding his second horse from Simon's Bay through the dark night, and changing his wet clothes and his horse in time for the start. The race-horses *Comical*, *Scipio*, *Ensign*, *Redpath*, *Seuweed*, and *Biesbok* were amongst the number out, and a certain roan horse, ere long to be well known to fame. After carefully working out a homeward-bound fox, the whole pack gave tongue upon him, at half-past seven o'clock, beyond Zeekoevley; and the surveyor, cap in hand, lifted them across a plain of sand at racing pace. We have not seen such a burst for years. The fox then reached the bush, making in the direction of Zandvliet over a series of almost perpendicular ridges. A slight check here brought up the tail hounds, and off again towards the sea at express train pace. A heavy sound was heard—what is that? "*Jacta est alea*," said one; that is to say, "Jack Tar is thrown." A burst of laughter welcomed this free translation. Fifty minutes had now passed, and a check occurred which brought up the field. A scientific cast was made towards the "rock" earth, and Reynard was found again. He started off at view across a beautiful plain of firm ground, and after a splendid spurt of eight minutes was run into by *Modesty*, *Rambler*, *Trouncer*, and *Now Friend*. Every one was highly delighted with the day's sport, which amply compensated them for the trouble and expense which have been incurred.

The season of 1858 was prolonged nearly a month beyond the usual period, but sport was good, and the Master had determined to give the subscribers good value for their

money. He had promised the ladies of Cape Town that they should witness a fox-hunt close by Cape Town; and, on the 13th of October, the good citizens enjoyed the sight, from Claremont racecourse, of thirty-seven gentlemen going at top speed after the gamest "bagman" that ever ran. It was a flat race of six-and-twenty minutes.

Eleven of the thirty-seven were up; the rest nowhere.

The season of 1859 commenced brilliantly with seven very fast runs and five kills during the first month. But the weather became most unfavourable. "The times were out of joint," and between hot winds and torrents of rain, the sport was only partially maintained.

Horses and forage had risen to an unprecedented price, and many who had every desire to hunt were positively unable to mount themselves on cattle capable of going the pace.

The wind has now carried the drift sand from Table Bay across the Downs, covering thousands of acres of the happy hunting fields.

These sand-drifts have reached the main road, and, worse than that, threaten the railroad which is to be opened for conveyance this time next year.

The foxes have retreated upon the bush-clad hills of D'Urban and Joostenberg. There, on firm riding ground, the chase may be maintained. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood are bold and dashing horsemen. Their hospitality is proverbial. The sportsmen of Cape Town acknowledge, with ready thanks, the liberal entertainment with which they have been welcomed during the past hunting seasons, and it cannot be deemed indecorous to name specially the honoured host at Mulder's Vley, whose mansion has been ever open to them. His kindly countenance never wore a more genial smile than when twelve or fourteen scarlet coats and spicy tops shone out amongst the forty guests who sat around his table laid out in that long hall.

Ah! well may be remembered those happy days which are passing away before the money-making mania of the Cape!

The writer of this article has borne an active, but over-taxed share in the sport which gives pluck, and courage, and health to its followers; and, as this may be his last appearance on the stage, he ventures a description of a scene to which he fears he must now bid a long farewell.

The actors will forgive the mention of their names, for that is due to the kindly friends who have hailed the arrival of the Master of the hounds with sunny smiles and words of heartfelt welcome.



At noon, the veteran Jack Thomas, the best rider in the colony, either 'cross country or on the course, meets the whips (old Gomez, who invariably knows how the fox *must* have gone, and Jacob, who rides wherever the leading hounds are racing) at Montagu Bridge, and accompanies them to Mr. Beyers' mansion at Mulder's Vley.

The hounds are carefully kennelled in beds of warm straw by dusk of eve, and after the lapse of an hour or two, the sportsmen from their offices in town arrive,—their horses having been forwarded by grooms.

Oude Baas, for that is a name known wider than that of Christiaan Beyers, meets them on his stoep, and invites them within doors. Here a crowd of visitors and friends reiterate a hearty welcome.

Bagatelle, vingt-et-un, racing games on cardboard, and whist, fill up the time until supper is served; and afterwards these games are resumed until the fox-hunters are inclined to rest.

Ere dawn, the voice of Harry Gird is heard through the long hall, wakening up the heaviest sleeper. Coffee and tea are handed round by candle light, and the first-dressed find the hall full of country friends, spurred and booted for the chase.

Dantje Wessels, the brothers Niekerk, John Uys, and the other hardest riders of the district, are all ready, urging the laggards to "look sharp."

Twelve couple of hounds are brought out, and an admonitory crack of the whip bids them restrain their ardour, and fall behind the huntsman's horse.

All is now in order, and we trot down to the cover.

Tally-ho! shouts Niekerk, and twang goes the horn. The hounds are laid on the fox, who is slyly creeping away down a wagon path towards Joostenberg.

Now the huntsman calls out "Steady, gentlemen, don't ride on the hounds," and a glorious burst is witnessed. The whole pack are on him with a fair start; and now that *they* have got away, let *us* go on. A deep ravine lies before us, but we scramble through, some lucky fellow always showing the way. A field of young corn, twenty acres in extent, lies before us, and we skirt it, thus losing much time, but we must not ride over our friends' "land." Ere we have caught up the hounds, they have reached a patch of rhenoster bush, and the fox is trying his cunning there; a buck springs up, and a young hound babbles on him, but that will not disturb old *Gossamer*, who is racing before us, leading the pack.

On we press, and a plain appears, over which the pack are now racing quarter of a mile in front. "Now, gentlemen,

you are in for forty minutes of a race," says Jack Thomas, putting his elbows close to his sides, and hugging his horse along so safely and so bravely. The riders close on the hounds over the firm racing-ground, and at length Tally-ho! is heard. Gird's eagle eye has viewed him far ahead. The fat fellows begin to tail, a desperate ravine checks a few more; but the game ones continue with closed teeth and firm hands and seat. The Lichtenberg road lies right across us, with deep dykes on either side full of water. At it you go, lads; but three or four take a pull, and the lightest weights get over.

The field is now reduced to some ten or so, with a long tail behind. Tally-ho! again, and the fox is run into in the plain, after thirty-eight minutes of a rattling gallop at top speed.

The brush is given to the daring fellow who took the ravine in stride, and all return to Mulder's Vley for dinner.

Here is, indeed, an Institution. Hospitality unbounded. No description is required, for there is probably not one gentleman in Cape Town who has not sat at that long table, either as volunteer rifleman, visitor to the Paarl, agricultural society man, or belated traveller.

By night we lingered on the lawn,  
For underfoot the herb was dry;  
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky  
The silvery haze of summer drawn:

And calm that let the tapers burn  
Unwavering, not a cricket chirred:  
The brook alone far off was heard,  
And on the board the fluttering urn.

While now we sang old songs that pealed  
From knoll to knoll, where crouched at ease  
The white kine glimmered, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field.

It has been customary to commence the season immediately after the first rains in May, or to fix a date soon after the 10th of that month.

Twelve couple of hounds, now chiefly the property of three or four persons (who have, during the year 1859, bred them, and, during the long summer, maintained them), can be collected together by any practised sportsman who may have leisure to get them into training, and to hunt them.

There are, amongst these, four couple of safe and staunch hounds, a few couple which have been hunted last year only, and the remainder are slashing young ones of the purest blood.

The land-owners from Joostenberg to Groenfontein are waiting for a leader of the sport, and, meantime, withhold the destruction of the foxes.

Offers of purchase have been received from country correspondents, but it may be worth while to pause before breaking up the pack. Surely it is possible to maintain them even at a less cost than that of last year, and to hunt one day in the week only, with a view to the success which will easily follow the opening of the railway, a period now eleven months distant.

It would be such a "jolly" thing (and no other word conveys the meaning properly) to run away from Cape Town, at even, to the hotel which will be built at the station near Joostenberg; to rise at five a.m., and dash over the slopes of the adjoining hills and across the firm plains, with here and there a leap; to kill the fox at eight or nine a.m., and return in an hour and a half to the terminus on the Parade. In our private rooms to change our pink and tops for a sombre suit of official cut, and present ourselves at our morning's work cheerful and invigorated, and (believe the word of one practised in the effects of this treatment) with energy redoubled, and head clear for business, and heart open to the better feelings which attend on healthful recreation and social fellowship, and honest, harmless enjoyment.

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## REMINISCENCES OF SOUTH AFRICAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.—(*Continued*).

BY C. M'ELSHENDER O'DAOD.

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### "LONG GRACES AND FEATHER BEDS"!!!

In the name of all that's preposterous, what could have induced any man in a state of sobriety to give a note of hand at thirty days' sight on two such subjects? Subjects requiring the utmost delicacy of touch, as most people of mature years may discover by turning over their own private stock of recollections about them for the purpose of selecting anything fit for publication in five pages of light literature.

"Long Graces! and—" However, being fairly committed, we must face the danger of charges of irreverence as we can, but under protest always that we are far from intending to cast ridicule on a subject which had, perhaps, better be avoided altogether in sketches of the present tone, or on

what we have always held to be a bright point in the household practices of our old isolated Cape farmers of thirty years ago.

Time may have produced polished boarded floors, chairs of superior make, the snow-white table linen, the silver forks, and the Parisian fashions of six months' date, in place of stamped clay, riem veldt-stoelen, iron prongs, and the wagon kappie, voerchitz, and leather crackers. Real Omar Essence and such like may even have driven the prevailing attribute of the latter into oblivion; but, however much elocution may have improved, we defy the present generation to excel their forefathers in that devout abstracted attention which seemed to show that—by what to stranger's ears was an unintelligible see-saw in two tones, suddenly ended by a deep and abrupt "aam"—their thoughts were led upwards in the beautiful language of the originals, which may be referred to in the Litany of their Church.

We may, we trust, be permitted to tell one anecdote in illustration of this complete abstraction from worldly thoughts during the long grace:

A keen sportsman, more hungry than pious (at that time at least, whatever may have been the case afterwards, and who does not deserve that we should spoil our story by concealing his name), arrived breakfastless at a house well known for hospitality. He had barely time to off-saddle as the family sat down to dinner, but saved his distance before grace. In front of him stood a bowl of salad, deliciously green, ornamented with six snow-white hemispheroids,—peeled eggs, in short, the very sight of which produced a thrill along his gums. One hasty glance showed all eyecids devoutly closed, and two of the hard-boiled went silently down his throat by a boa-constrictorish compression; another glance, two more disappeared; and the "Amen" was uttered as the sixth almost stuck in his gullet for want of moisture. The hostess had pride in her salads, and prepared, as usual, to mix. The sportsman's face was a picture of innocence during the reproachful inquiry as to the eggs, and Phillida the servant's assertion that they were there. He preserved his imperturbability during the allegations against Phillida's veracity and Phillida's suggestions about witchcraft; but a little Nigger, who had happened to squint between the hinges of the kitchen door, upset him at last by pointing his finger towards him, and declaring as well as he could for laughter, that "die baasje het allemall de eyers opgevrete toen seur Jannie gebid het" (that gentleman had devoured all the eggs while Master John was saying grace).



In former days, if all stories be true, Cape graces were even longer than they were thirty years ago. It is said to have been the custom to invoke blessings not only on the food and partakers thereof, but on the Governor, the Dutch East India Company, clergymen of the church, and no end of dignitaries, relations, &c., &c. Some housefathers, who liked their dinner well cooked, but not overdone, are said to have had special attendants of the kitchen posted at the back of the dining-room door, with strict orders to bolt and give notice to put the rice-pot on the fire the instant the East India Company was mentioned, as it had been proved that the remainder of the grace allowed the exact time required for the dishing up of that food in perfection.

But a few weeks in a farmer's household, of course, revealed little weaknesses not so apparent under the dignified reception of strangers. The slave maidens were not always models of punctuality and cleanliness; and the lady of the house might, after a necessary visit to the kitchen, come in with the last dish, and with short breath, hot cheeks, and ruffled plumes. Under such circumstances, is it to be disbelieved that an exceptional case might occur, when a youngster was pressed into service in the following harsh terms—"Jan; kom hier jou rakkers kind, vee aff jou neus; bid" (John; come here you vagabond, wipe your nose; say grace).

Or that perhaps a traveller might have seen a dinner closed off in a style somewhat at variance with the usual rules of decorum, as *par exemple* :

"Mama, nog een stukkje poddong" (Mother, a little bit more pudding).

"Nee, mij kind, je het genog geeet: nou dank" (No my child, you have eaten enough: now return thanks):

A command promptly obeyed from habit, at least so far as the disappointed sufferer could exert self-control; convulsive sobs breaking out about half way through, and gradually rising long before the proper close to an ear-splitting howl of grief, which was either smothered in an apron, or finished outside the house, by particular request.

Such exceptional cases might occur, but generally speaking the conduct of all concerned bore witness by its decent gravity to the thankfulness of their hearts, very different from the sudden pause in the full tide of conversation, the few muttered words, and the immediate resumption of the topic under discussion, which seemed to show that the form had little power over the thoughts of some of those with whom we have dined in more polished society. There was a gradual sobering down of the whole party before the farmer's grace, and

after it, the necessary civilities of the table only were exchanged for some time, and even these in subdued tones.

In dealing with general characteristics, we must, of course, overlook many a story we could tell, for in out-of-the-way districts, a very rough style of speech, and rude abruptness of manner might sometimes be met with. Experience soon teaches that the meaning of words is of more importance than the words themselves, but it is to be doubted whether any amount of philology would have prevented a right-thinking man from feeling "goose skin" about the scalp, on hearing the head of a family, whose language might not have passed current at upper-crust Cape Town tea-parties, open the proceedings at the mid-day meal, by asking "Waar's Jan?" (Where's John?) adding hastily in his perplexity, on being told he was "Na de land" (Gone to the corn-field) "Ach dan, wie duyvel zal nou bid?" somewhat equivalent to "Holloa! who the deuce will now say grace;" only it sounds worse in Dutch.

And pray what is the moral of this excessively improper story? It is the worst we know connected with the subject, and it may well be asked what good can possibly be done by its publication. We have only to say, we write, we don't publish, and the printer may omit it; but our pen got into the middle of it, with the idea that we were protesting to those who might have encountered like people, and heard like stories, that even in that case, bad as it was, there was an incongruity of language, and nothing more. There was no greater indication of profanity than in a solitary instance long recollected, in a respectable religious Scottish family of some consideration in their own land.

The widowed great-grandmother of the present generation ruled her household with much propriety, and always said grace herself, at the head of her own table; but on one occasion, when she was disturbed by some restlessness of the junior members of her family, she wandered from the beaten track into a most unintelligible mangling of the single "carritches," ending in—"Titles, ordinances, attributes, words and works, world without end, life everlasting, Amen: diel speed ye a', for ye've garrit me stick the grace."

Very blamable, no doubt, but please to pause, oh gentle reader, in your sweeping denunciation, and think what portion thereof you should apply to the manners of the time, and what you may fairly hurl at the individual. Let the desire to illustrate the ways of a past generation be the writer's excuse; and as to the editor, why, the fact is, we

have neither said yes nor no to his request for a continuation, nor have we scribbled up to the last possible moment of delay. If this appears at all, it must be because he has calculated on it, and can't well fill up otherwise.

So much for long graces; dare we hope we are safely quit of them?

And what shall be said about feather-beds? How shall a selection be made among the many oddities which rise through the mists of the past in the shape of bed-room fellows. Those upon whom we should never have been thrust in the best or only "slaapkamer," but for the generous spirit of hospitality; and those who never could have been quartered with us but for a simplicity of manners and customs, which civilization and wickedness have probably banished to a great distance from Cape Town now.

Oh, the unspeakable luxury of burying in down those saddle bruises so humbling to manly pride! How satisfactory the feeling of freedom with which the cramped and stiffened limbs could be thrown about in varied positions, without fear of stoppage of circulation. Minor annoyances might, under such circumstances, be disregarded, aye, even although the imagination had been aroused by recollections of the past, or the warning voice of one who ought to have known what was what, to wit, the host himself—who in one case, with a frankness unusual in the higher walks of life, thus addressed his guest, before saying good night:

"Het Mynheer bayan faak?" (Are you very sleepy, sir?)

"Ja, ordentlyk" (Yes, rather).

"Magtag, ik is bly, van't de paay passa langzaam is braaf scherp" (By jingo, I'm glad, for the B-flats are sharp set).

It is really to be regretted that there is no fun in telling of the great majority of instances, in which a healthy, tired traveller did just what he would have done at the Red Lion, or the Blue Boar, or the Marquis of Granby, after fifty miles of English highway, namely, put out the candle, pulled up the clean white fresh sheet to his chin, and—found it was to-morrow morning immediately.

Somehow or other, we catch ourselves always sinking among the exceptional cases, and we must now speak of an expected guest, who after such a night of profound repose, in a prepared couch, mounted his steed, with much shaking of hands, and "fared on his way."

When he, like an old traveller, thought he had ridden "the other half hour," that is an hour and a half, he pulled out his watch with the idea of giving his horse the proper off-saddle and roll; that is, he would have pulled out his

favourite handsome little Geneva gold watch, but, to his surprise, there was no such article in his fob—hem!—which word, by-the-by, verifies the antiquity of the story. We don't wear fobs now, but waistcoat pockets. The usual self-catechization of course ensued—what did I do with it?—where did I see it last?—I know I had it when I went to bed last night, for I recollect it was just twenty-three minutes and a half past nine when I blew out the candle; whercupon, the trusty after-rider was dispatched to the rear to search the bed-room.

Night came, so did the after-rider, and found the traveller under another roof—but no watch. Everybody had searched everywhere, and it could not be there, and master must have lost it somewhere else.

Philosophy *is* useful occasionally; it supported our friend on the can't-help-it principle; so, after a sigh of regret for his old acquaintance, and a shake of the head, the watch was posted to profit and loss in his mercantile mind. Long afterwards, some three months and odd days, one of the household of his host walked up to his desk with the watch in his hand; and the explanation, duly translated from the vernacular, amounted to this, “that the watch had been found under the pillow; and it was very extraordinary that it had not been discovered at an earlier date, for at least twenty different people had slept in that bed since the traveller had passed the night at the house.”

And now we are beginning to warm up to our subject, but the conviction that we have scrawled copy enough for five pages, and that five pages of this sort of thing is a sufficient dose at a time, puts a stop to our efforts at tight-laced selections.

(MAY BE CONTINUED.)

## THE IMPORTATION\* AND ACCLIMATIZATION OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

A MOST interesting lecture on the above subject was recently delivered before the Zoological Society at Paris by the former Secretary of State, Monsieur Drouyn de L'huy, an extract from which will be the more welcome, I think, as similar questions occupy the attention of enterprising colonists.

At a moment when you are building museums, and importing plants, fishes, and improved stock of all kinds from various parts of Europe, some of your readers may be desirous to know how other nations have striven in the same direction:



Asia (says the lecturer) was celebrated in the days of antiquity for her splendid gardens; Alexander the Great deviated with his army from his military road to behold the remnants of the enchanting gardens of Semiramis; those of ancient Persia were compared to Paradise by the poets. The botanical gardens of the Emperor of China, situated north of the great wall, are described by ancient travellers as the most perfect that art could produce. Humboldt mentions that a thousand years ago rare plants were cultivated by the priests in China, Japan, and India, around the temples.

From distant climes, triumphal cars brought plants and trees to the gardens of Lucullus, Mæcenas, Pompey, and Cæsar. The Romans had warmed winter-gardens. Pliny mentions that, in winter, they produced fine lilies and other flowers by irrigating the soil with warm water; they had also vines and fruit-trees in pots in their rooms. From excavations at Herculaneum, we know that they had window-glass, but its use for hot-houses was not known to them. About the year 1400, a convent in Greenland was heated by the evaporation of a warm spring in the neighbourhood. Albrecht the Great, 1260, had a reception-room in the Dominican convent at Cologne, where flowers and trees were in full blossom in the middle of winter, which was deemed a miracle of the saint, while it was merely a simple but elegant hot-house. It was only as late as 1660 that hot-houses came into general use. The gardeners began to cultivate the pine-apple about this time. Linnæus mentions that, in the year 1731, the first banana tree was in blossom in Europe, in the garden of Prince Eugene at Vienna. Lorenzo, of Medicis, imported flowers from the Orient, and set the first example of a botanical collection in Europe; and others gradually followed.

We live on acclimatized products. The greatest part of European grains and vegetables have been brought together from different countries as follows: Wheat is indigenous to Asia, rye to Siberia, rice to Ethiopia, cucumbers to Spain, artichokes to Portugal, karvel to Italy, watercress to Crete, cabbage to Germany, red cabbage to Egypt, and also onions and parsley, cauliflower to Cyprus, spinach to Asia Minor, asparagus to Asia, pumpkins to Astracan, lettuces to Chos, shalots or eschalots to Ascalon, beans to India, horse-radish to China, melons to Africa and the Orient; to America we owe the most important of all vegetables, the potato. Of fruit trees, Asia gave us the lambert-nut, the pomegranate, and the walnut, quinces, and the vine, Armenia the apricot, Media the lemon, India the orange, Mesopotamia the fig, Pontus the hazel-nut and the cherry, Lydia the chesunt, Syria the plum, Mauritania the almond, Greece the olive, Arabia the coffee-tree, China the tea-tree, Mexico the cocoa; fennel is from the Canary Islands; the clove-tree comes from the Moluccas, the castor-oil tree from India, laurel from Crete, elder from Persia. Of flowers, we have the narcissus and carnations from Italy, lilies from Syria, tulips from Cappadocia, jasmine from India, coxcombs from Pera, dahlias from Mexico. The elm is only known since the sixteenth century; the first acacia came to us in 1635, planted by Robin, and still stands in the Jardin des Plantes; chesnuts appeared at the same time; St. Louis brought the first rose-tree to France; tulips are known from the 17th century; mignonette came from Barbary only a hundred years ago; and the first dahlia was transplanted to France from the royal garden at Madrid in the year 1802.

Alexander the Great sent his master Aristotle to foreign countries to gather plants and the products of those countries, in order to acclimatize them at home. The Romans exerted themselves to acclimatize fishes, so that their lakes might contain those of all countries. The scarus

was brought from the Caspian sea into the waters of Sicily, the sea barb was acclimatized in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, Licinius constructed reservoirs for foreign fishes, and Lucullus, to admit the sea, cut for that purpose a canal through Mount Pansillipus, a work of such magnitude that Pompey called him the Xerxes of the Toga. After the death of Lucullus, the fishes in his reservoir were sold for £25,000. Hirtius was the first to classify fishes. He built a reservoir for the cultivation of the lamprey, and furnished six thousand of these fishes at the feasts of Cæsar's triumph. The first statesmen of Rome occupied themselves with the cultivation of fishes, and carried this to a complete mania; they constructed reservoirs with artificial ebb and flow, to prevent the water from becoming stagnant. Arches were thrown across these reservoirs to overshadow them, and serve as a retreat to the fishes during the heat of the day; and compartments with wire nets were constructed, to prevent the scale-fishes from entering and disturbing the others. They domesticated the fishes to such a degree, that they knew the voice of their masters, and came, when called, to kiss their hands. Registers and pedigrees of stock were kept, and the progeny of the best blood sold at extravagant prices. Pliny tells us the eels of the holy fountain of Jupiter were so tame that they fed out of the hand, and wore golden earrings. Crassus went into mourning when his favourite lamprey died. Cicero, angry at such a height of fish-mania, called these senators fish tritons. Their folly went so far, that some added to their names those of their favourite fishes, thus Licinius Muræna and Sergius Orotæ.

The cultivation of the bee was likewise much favoured in Rome. The best variety of them was brought from Greece. Dogs were imported from Sparta, and rams of a superior breed from Tarent. A high wall enclosed the Vivarium to keep the wolves away, being completely glazed to protect it from insects. Rell-mice and different sorts of large snails were brought from Africa to be fattened for table. Varron had an aviary with a double row of pillars for different birds. Sergius constructed the first oyster-park, and to him these mollusks owe their European celebrity. It is supposed that Sergius had the large basin of Fusaro dug for their cultivation. Cardinal Salotto, in 1631, constructed gigantic works at the Lagunes of Comaichio, and a hydraulic engine to attract and improve the fishes from the Adriatic sea. The fish cultivation in France at Hunigue, St. Briene, and Arcachon, flourishes greatly. The newly-constructed oyster-banks at the island of Rhé count already 1,300 banks after two years' establishment. We learn from Sergius that their breeding-time is from June to the end of September, and, in variance to other shell-fishes, they keep their eggs in the shell; but as soon as the young ones are hatched the mother leaves them to go into the water, where they search for a serene place, and propagate by millions; there the sea has the appearance of being covered with fine living dust; and myriads would be lost if art did not provide resting-places for them and prevent the waves from carrying them to and fro.

One of the greatest aids to French agriculture was the introduction of superior merino sheep. Colbert made the first trial, but did not succeed; Dubanton repeated it in 1766 at Montbard, and produced a merino-wool which rivalled the Spanish. The first rams were brought from Spain to France in 1776. He then established the celebrated sheep-walks at Alfort and Rambouillet (1785) of 360 rams and ewes brought from Spain.

When Cortez conquered Mexico he found a menagerie in a palace of jasper, with enormous basins of salt water for sea-birds, others with

with fresh water for land-birds, and artificial morasses for insects, &c. The birds were fed there as they were accustomed to feed in the wilderness. Montezuma had three hundred guards in his museums and menageries for that purpose. How looked natural science in Europe at that time? It was, as Bacon says, the dream of a few elect. Mexico had her zoological gardens in the fourteenth century, and it was not till 1793 that the first one was established in Europe!

Monsieur Drouyn de L'huys then proceeds with the recital of his investigation; and your excellent Governor, Sir G. Grey, who was at the same sitting named a member of the Zoological Society of Paris, will no doubt be able to provide Mr. Layard with a copy of the highly-interesting lecture, to which I thought it necessary to draw your attention by this extract.

JULIUS MOSENTHAL.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, 2nd March, 1860.

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## NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO OVAMPOLAND.

BY FREDERICK GREEN, ESQ.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

IN the month of August, 1859, I returned, in company with my brother Charles, from a fourteen months' trip to the interior, having penetrated as far as the Matabele territory, *viâ* Lake 'Ngami.

Mr. Andersson, it is generally known by those interested in his late explorations, had left Damaraland in March, 1858 (about three months prior to myself); and his intended journey lying through a country inhabited by a people who had acted so treacherously towards me and the missionaries with whom I chanced to be travelling in the year 1857, I felt rather apprehensive for his safety, and anxiously looked forward, on my return from the interior, to intelligence of his movements and whereabouts. Further, however, than having heard of his first failures in reaching the Cuenene River by an unexplored route northwards, and his having made another trial through the same line of country as that by which my own journey was accomplished, I could glean no tidings of him.

I was thus kept in suspense until the following month, September, when I was agreeably surprised by receiving a packet of letters in his handwriting, among which I was happy to find one addressed to myself. I eagerly devoured its contents, and was grieved to learn that he had been a great sufferer from a malignant fever, and, at the time of his writing, remained still quite prostrated from its effects.

His situation was by no means an enviable one, as, owing to the excessively dry state of the country, he was unable to effect a passage homewards, nor could he prosecute his journey northwards, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the banks of the Okavango (from which he was only distant about forty miles) at that season of the year.

Considering these circumstances, I resolved to proceed at once to his assistance; and after a consultation with his servant, John Pereira, the bearer of his letters, I decided upon starting as soon as I could make the necessary arrangements, which took a week to mature. I at first proposed undertaking the journey with pack oxen, as being the most expeditions mode of travelling, speed being of the utmost consequence in passing through a country in many places entirely destitute of water. Upon further deliberation, however, I decided upon taking one wagon, as I found I had not a sufficient number of pack oxen to carry my own supplies and those for Mr. Andersson's relief. Having hastily repaired one of my wagons, all of which had been very much shaken by my previous journey, I effected a start on the 26th September.

Mr. Andersson's letter was dated from  $17^{\circ} 46'$  south latitude and  $18^{\circ}$  east longitude, and written on the 1st August. John Pereira was six weeks in performing the journey to Otjimbingue with pack oxen, and he stated that he had delayed as little as possible on the road. I therefore hoped to join Mr. Andersson in at least as short a space of time, as my wagon was very lightly laden. On the 30th September I arrived at Schmellen's Hope, the present residence of the renowned Namaqua chief, Jonker Afrikander, and on the following morning I was gladdened by a visit from the chief himself, bringing me information respecting my friend's position. In the course of our consultation, Jonker communicated to me that a party of Damaras had been expressly sent from the Ovampo chiefs, Johikongo, Chukuru, and Neaganyara, who reside at Ondonga, bearing the following unwelcome tidings: That Ishipanga, the paramount chief who succeeded the late Nangoro, entertained very hostile feelings towards all strangers, and had expressed a determination not to allow any to enter his dominions, and that consequently Mr. Andersson was in a position of the utmost peril. Further, that upon the day of their departure, news had reached Ondonga that Ishipanga was preparing to send a commando against Mr. Andersson and party, and that it was therefore very doubtful whether I should find any of them alive.



The state of my feelings on this announcement can be better imagined than described. I breathed an inward prayer for his deliverance from such blood-thirsty and treacherous enemies; I thought of his own shattered health, and of the weakened state of his party, who were equally sufferers from the dreadful fever already referred to; and that if these dastardly cowards should fall upon him in his helpless condition, there was no loophole for his escape.

If I was anxious to proceed to his assistance on receipt of the first intelligence from him, I became doubly so on hearing of the new perils which threatened him. On further cross-questioning the Ovampo messengers, I elicited that Mr. Andersson had been warned of his dangerous position by Ishikongo, and that communications had been sent to Ishipanga, entreating him to desist from carrying out his murderous design. This somewhat relieved my apprehensions, as it was possible that I might succeed in joining him before Ishipanga's commando made their attack. John Pereira, it appeared from the messengers' statement, had narrowly escaped with his life when passing one of the Ovampo cattle-posts, although himself quite unconscious of the danger at the time. Affecting generosity, the men of this village, at which Pereira had remained for nearly two days, presented him with an ox to slaughter, their object in doing so being to delude him into the belief of their entertaining the most friendly regard for him, and while he was unsuspectingly feasting with his companion on the good cheer they had provided, to fall upon and dispatch them. This cowardly design was frustrated by some of the headmen of the village opposing the massacre, on the grounds that Pereira (who is a native of the Brazils) was neither a white man nor a Hottentot; and, eventually carrying their point, he was allowed to finish his repast, and proceed on his journey unmolested.

Jonker appeared to place every reliance on the statements of these Ovampo messengers, and took great pains in explaining to me the object of their mission; but gave me no hopes of finding my poor friend alive. I must not omit to mention that the chief particularly requested me to communicate the intelligence of Mr. Andersson (which the messengers brought) to Mr. Hilder, the superintendent of the Walwich Bay Mining Company, which I of course complied with.

On the day following the interview, I recommenced my journey, and on the 7th October struck the Omuramba Omotako, a periodical stream, in the bed of which I found the wagon tracks of my journey to the Ovampo in the year

1857 still visible,—an evident proof of the extreme aridity of the climate. 'Following the course of the river bed, upon which Mr. Andersson's more recent wagon tracks were also quite visible, I turned off on the 14th, on horseback, upon the latter in a northerly direction, and traced them on to the Omombonde (Galton's Lake). The wagon came up with me two days afterwards, and outspanned at this fine fountain, to which I had ridden in advance, in the hopes of killing an elephant, it having been reported to me that they were very numerous in the neighbourhood. The parched-up state of the country was almost beyond belief, and during my ten years' wanderings I have never experienced anything approaching it, except in the Kalihari desert. From the time of my leaving Jonker's residence, upon one occasion only did I find a standing pool of water at which the oxen could drink without the intervention of a bucket.

The poor Damaras who inhabit this district were of great service to me; indeed, without their aid in pointing out and opening the different waters, my oxen would never have stood the severe work, as I was travelling the greater part of the night as well as portions of the day. Fortunately for the prosecution of my enterprise, I was favourably known in the country through which I was now travelling; in fact, I had no sooner reached the Omuramba than news of my arrival was sent on from one village to another, far in advance. The origin of this popularity, if it may be so termed, was my having shot there several elephants on a previous journey, thereby abundantly supplying with meat many villages of these poor half-starved creatures. With the exception of Bushmen, these Damaras are the only natives who seemed to feel any real attachment for me. They had many sad tales to narrate of the tyranny of the Namaquas, who had again commenced their old practices of attacking and robbing them of their children, which they were far too weak and helpless to prevent. They were of course extremely anxious that I should remain a short period among them, to kill them a fresh supply of food; but on being informed of the nature of my errand, they endeavoured in every way possible to expedite my journey. They even sent parties on considerably in advance to re-open old water pits in the sandy bed of the river course, where to procure sufficient water for my cattle was extremely laborious, and would have caused me serious detention if I had been left entirely to my own resources in searching for it. These services, so invaluable to me, were rendered quite gratuitously, and I had hoped to have in some measure repaid them by shooting an elephant for their use when I rode on in advance of the

wagon to Omombonde on the 14th. The rains, however, had commenced, and five days of a steady down-pour caused the elephants to forsake the fountains and disperse themselves over the country; nevertheless, I was so fortunate as to come up with five bulls which had drank at the fountain on a very wet night (a most unusual occurrence), and I succeeded in killing the largest one with a single shot. I also wounded another of the same troop, but lost him. The Damaras, who to the number of about two hundred had accompanied me, were in ecstasies with my success, and I was almost as much pleased on their account, for at this time food was exceedingly scarce, and they were all in a half-starved condition.

On the 22nd, the weather having cleared up, I pushed on again, following the tracks of Mr. Andersson's wagon, in the direction of a range of hills, to the eastward of which I had passed on my former journey to Ovampoland; they are called by the natives the Otjecheka. I passed many traces of fine old bull elephants, but my anxiety to reach my friend was such that I could not afford to delay to follow them up. I therefore continued my journey onwards, and on the 30th I reached the Omuramba U'Ovambo.

During the journey from Omombonde we had many heavy thunder-storms, which invariably overtook us on the march. Such a continued fall of rain had, as I have already mentioned, the usual effect of dispersing the elephants from the fountains, and consequently I saw very few traces of them, after passing the Otjecheka Hills. On the day of my arrival at the Omuramba, some Bushmen paid me a visit, and informed me that Mr. Andersson had reached this river, and was then only distant from me three days; as I thought it was very probable, I placed reliance on these statements, and forthwith slaughtered a goat to regale my visitors for their welcome tidings. Notwithstanding my anxiety to push on, I was delayed in the afternoon by a heavy thunder-storm. On the following day I was enabled to reach a number of pits, which formed what I supposed to be a large fountain; they are called by the Bushmen Kudeppa. I could not help contrasting the present state of the country with its appearance in 1857, and scarcely recognized the river as being the same that I had previously followed. Places at which I formerly found abundance of water were now completely dried up, and digging in search of it was fruitless labour. I had even had very good fishing at some of these same pits, the produce of my angle having been a fish common to most of the streams north of the Orange River, possessing a strong affinity to the eel tribe in its habits, and in taste when cooked. It is usually known as the barbel, although I think not iden-







C. J. BRAND, Esq., LL.D.,  
Speaker of the House of Assembly.

tical with the inhabitant of the English streams of the same name. From the position of this water in contiguity with a bed of limestone, I had supposed it to be a permanent fountain, and was greatly surprised at finding myself mistaken. From this circumstance, and other observations which I made, it would seem as though the desiccatory process which Dr. Livingstone mentions as being in operation on the western confines of the Kalihari desert was likewise proceeding here; but I have not yet had sufficient experience of the country to form a decided opinion on the point.

Upon my arrival at Kudeppa, I met with another small party of Bushmen, and upon making inquiries of them respecting Mr. Andersson, they informed me that they had heard gun-shots on the previous day, which were doubtless from some of his party shooting elephants. I therefore determined upon sending Pereira on, to ascertain if the reports of the Bushmen were correct, and he left at noon, with instructions to proceed as far as Omutua Ondjou, the fountain at which my first informants told me Mr. Andersson was encamped. This was about three days' journey by wagon from Kudeppa.

The following morning I was not a little disappointed at the return of Pereira, accompanied by the Bushman Chief Nangoro, and a host of his tribe, bringing me intelligence that I had been misinformed. The only information that I could obtain from this party was, that they believed Mr. Andersson to be still safe, and at the spot where Pereira had left him in the month of August, but that any effort on my part to communicate with him would be quite fruitless, as an impassable sandy desert lay between us. This statement, so contrary to what I had been led to expect, caused me great uneasiness, and I resolved to push on near to Omutua Ondjou, where, owing to the winding of the river, the distance was reduced three days' journey, and then send Pereira forward with pack oxen, to endeavour to reach Mr. Andersson.

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## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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NO. XV.

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CHRISTOFFEL JOSEPH BRAND, ESQUIRE,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

THE name of this gentleman's family was favourably and honourably known, at the close of the last century, not merely to the Government and people of the Cape, but to

the many strangers, and particularly to Englishmen, who paid the unfrequent visits to our shores which the existing circumstances of the world then admitted. The world lives so fast, now-a-days, that we can scarcely feel it to be true that the grandfather of one who is still in active life amongst us, entertained Captain Cook and his companions, on their voyages, and earned from them the grateful recognition of his kindness, which are recorded both by Mr. Forster and Captain King. The former, referring to their arrival in Table Bay, speaks of him as of an old friend already well known to some of the party, and mentions their retirement, after having called on Governor Plettenberg, to the "house of Mr. Brand, where we were received with that hearty welcome, which makes men forget national characters, and convinces them that real worth is not confined to certain climates or nations." And on the visit of the last expedition to Simon's Bay, on its way home, after the loss of its illustrious head, we learn from Captain King that "Mr. Brand, the governor of this place (he was then the Resident at Simon's Town), came to visit us as soon as we had anchored. This gentleman had conceived a great affection for Captain Cook, who had been his constant guest the many times he had visited the Cape; and though he had received the news of his melancholy fate some time before, he was exceedingly affected at the sight of our ships returning without their old commander."

The subject of our present memoir was born on the 21st of June, 1797. At this time, we believe that his grandfather was still Resident at Simon's Town, a post which he afterwards left for higher offices at the seat of Government. When the first English fleet arrived in Simon's Bay, in 1795, to take possession of the colony, on behalf of the Prince of Orange, Mr. Brand still occupied the position of Resident there; and the communications between the Government of Cape Town and the officers commanding the expedition were chiefly carried on through him. After negotiations, which extended over several weeks, the well-known result took place, of General Craig's contest with the Dutch and colonial troops at Muizenberg, and his march upon Cape Town. At Simon's Town, of course, no resistance of any kind could be offered to the formidable force which had anchored in its bay.

We learn that the Speaker owes his second christian name, Joseph, to the mutual friendship which sprung up between his grandfather's family and the late Sir Joseph Banks, during the visit of the great naturalist to the Cape, in company with Captain Cook, in 1771. His father, Mr. J. H.

Brand, also entered public life in the colony, and attained to the bench of the old Court of Justice, when it was replaced by our present Supreme Court, in 1828. He then, with most of the other members, retired on a small pension, which he enjoyed until his death.

At this time, the Speaker was an advocate, in practice in the Court of Justice. It was to him, and the other members of the bar, a change of the most serious character, that at the period of life to which they had attained, the language of the court should be altered, and what was, in many respects, an entirely new system of jurisprudence, be introduced. It is the fact, we believe, that only three members of the old bar found themselves able to enter on the duties before them, with satisfaction to themselves. Others struggled for a while, but with doubtful success, and most of the old practitioners, after a time, ceased to struggle. And even of the three who did succeed in facing the change,—the late Mr. Joubert, the present Mr. Justice Cloete, and the Speaker—he had, perhaps, the greatest difficulty to encounter, for we believe that he had, in a less degree than either of the others, enjoyed the advantages of a previous intimacy with the English language. Mr. Joubert had indeed pursued part of his studies in Edinburgh; and Mr. Cloete had enjoyed the benefit of much English intercourse in the colony, during a period when our new language became, for the first time, much studied at the Cape,—the few years immediately following the close of the war in 1815; and during those years, Mr. Brand was necessarily engaged in the pursuit of legal learning in Holland.

Mr. Brand's first lessons in any branch of his profession seem, however, to have been from an Englishman, the late Mr. J. Samuel Merrington, who is respectfully remembered by many persons in the colony as an honest lawyer and valuable citizen. On leaving school, in 1813, he entered the office of this gentleman, then, and for many years after, in practice as an attorney in Cape Town. After serving with him for a few months, he became a clerk in the Court of Justice; and was, thereafter, admitted to practice as a solicitor before the Court of Petty Civil Cases. In 1815, however, he proceeded to the University of Leyden, where, in 1820, he took the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and also that of Doctor in Literature, usually considered equivalent to the degree of Master of Arts in the English Universities.

Dr. Brand's dissertations in connection with his two degrees (both appear to have been taken at nearly the same time) are on somewhat remarkable subjects. The one, *De Deo Socratico*,



perhaps, possesses, at this time, no further interest than would attach to any other youthful student's discussion of such a topic. But the legal dissertation was *De Jure Coloniarum*; and it certainly did not shrink from demanding, for colonists, all the rights, and acknowledging that they were liable to all the responsibilities of free citizens of the metropolis from which they or their fathers had been sent. The paper is mainly historical, describing the origin, progress, and character of Phœnician, Carthaginian, and Greek colonization, and applying to modern colonial affairs the principles traced in them. The work is full of the most liberal sentiments, oddly illustrated, as a student's dissertation ought to be, by an amount of learning which scarcely seems appropriate to a subject now happily familiar to the commonest mind. We dare not quote any of the Greek with which our author diversifies his discussion; but it is worth while to give in the new doctor's own words, the theme and purpose of his juridical discourse: *Habeat unaquaque colonia suam propriam legislatoriam potestatem: metropolis nil nisi auctoritatem?* And, really, the limits he places upon this "*auctoritas*," and his view of the nature of the union which ought to exist between a country and her colonies, show an amount of thought as to the position of his native land, and an appreciation of the true elements of her future welfare, and of the true character of her former condition under the East India Company, highly creditable to the author's understanding, and his feelings of patriotism.

A ludicrous story is told of the disagreeable sensations with which Colonel Bird, then Colonial Secretary, and in reality the despot of Cape affairs, at first read the dissertation, when the usual complimentary copies came out, and were distributed among the new Doctor's friends. The Colonel was a good scholar, and could read the sedition easily enough, although disguised in Latin and Greek. Happily, some one had the wit to remind him that the Government was quite safe so long as political blasphemy was committed in a tongue, as the Prayer-book says, "not understood of the people." Yet he conceived no affection for Mr. Brand, whose profession, however, placed him in the very exceptional position, for those times, of freedom from any chance of mischief at the Colonel's hands.

Having returned to the Cape in 1821, Mr. Brand practised in the old Court of Justice, until the time we have already mentioned, when he became one of the first advocates of the new Supreme Court. Shortly before this, the South African College had been founded, and Mr. Brand

for a considerable period, nearly two years we believe, until more permanent arrangements could be made, shared with the Rev. A. Faure, the duty of instructing students in the classical languages. For some years, he was afterwards understood to be connected with the press, and during the political controversies which raged pretty fiercely in Cape Town, between 1830 and 1840, Mr. Brand was active, and, at times, it was thought, too vehement in his opposition to the Government of the day, or rather, as he considered, to the one-sided view they and their supporters were inclined to take of aboriginal rights, and the relative position of Cape slave-owners and their property. He continued, however, to win for himself an increasing reputation as an able advocate; and especially on questions involving the principles of the civil law, became, by degrees, a high authority in our court, even while its bench could boast of the late Mr. Menzies, and although its bar was honoured, for the greater part of the time, by the leadership of the able lawyer and accomplished gentleman who is still our Attorney-General.

When Mr. Montagu proposed, in 1845, to divide the colony into judicial circles, and establish separate courts in the colony, with one Court of Appeal, at which the judges were periodically to meet, he contemplated Mr. Brand's appointment to the additional judgeship which would then be created; and her Majesty's Government, in the contingency of Mr. Montagu's proposals being passed into law, were understood to have intimated that his appointment would be confirmed. The measure was not, however, carried. In the course of Mr. Brand's practice he became the leading counsel, having with him the present Judge Watermeyer, and his son, Mr. J. H. Brand, for the defendants in the remarkable case of *Letterstedt versus Fairbairn* and others, arising out of the proceedings of the Anti-Convict Association; and he then distinguished himself by the display of much judgment and readiness of resource, in the position of extreme difficulty and, indeed, of threatened ruin, in which some of his clients were placed. In 1850, when Sir Harry Smith called on the municipalities and divisional road boards to elect four gentlemen to the vacant seats in the temporary council, he was returned, with Sir A. Stockenström, Mr. Fairbairn, and Mr. Reitz; and, with them, he resigned a few days after their meeting, when the Government insisted that other legislative business should be undertaken, as well as the establishment of the new Representative Constitution. The political controversies which ensued about this time, naturally alienated the then leaders of the Government from a gentle-

man who had taken such earnest part against them; and when Mr. Justice Menzies died on circuit towards the close of 1850, the vacant judgeship was not offered to Mr. Brand, but, after a temporary occupation of the office by Mr. Bowles, the Registrar of the Court, Mr. Justice Bell was sent out by her Majesty's Government. Other vacancies on the bench which later Governments felt more at liberty to offer to Mr. Brand, have been, however, declined. On one of these occasions, we believe that Mr. Brand did a graceful service to an old friend, by reminding the Government that Mr. Cloete, then Recorder at Natal, was an older member of the Cape bar than even himself, and that the opportunity ought to be offered him of taking his place as a judge in the court of which he had been so long an advocate.

At the general election of 1854 for the first Parliament of the colony, Mr. Brand was elected for Stellenbosch; and, at the meeting of the House of Assembly, was chosen its Speaker. He still sits for Stellenbosch, and was, last year, again voted to the chair of the House. It is only faint praise to say that he has performed the duties of the Speakership with satisfaction to the House and the country.

Out of his profession, and the House of Assembly, Mr. Brand is best known in the Masonic brotherhood; among whom, besides owning many other hieroglyphic titles not intelligible to the profane world, he is the duly constituted Deputy of the National Grand Master of the Netherlands, His Royal Highness the Prince Frederick Henry.

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## THE LIBRARY ADDRESS.

THE annual meeting of the South African Public Library was held on the 28th of April. We had purposed, in connection with this, to offer some remarks on the condition of this noble institution generally; and specially on what we conceive to be its easily remediable deficiencies. Our space, however, is limited; and, for the present month, we must forego our intention, that we may make room for as copious extracts as possible from the very admirable address delivered by the Rev. Professor Cameron, the chairman of the meeting. The subject selected by him, for his discourse, was the **RELATION OF LITERATURE TO LIFE**. The best eulogy we can pass on his treatment of this large and most suggestive topic is simply to reproduce the substance of the lecture:

The truth of the assertion that the literature and the life of a people are intimately connected with each other may be seen, in its broadest and simplest form, by the order in which the various branches of litera-

ture have everywhere been developed. The analogy between the growth of the individual and that of the nation is a very close and striking one. In each case there is a period of youth, of manhood, of old age and decay. With the individual, youth is ever the season of sentiment and poetry, of imagination and passion. The mature reason and calm reflection of manhood reject as childish the attractions which are all-powerful to youth. Poetry must yield to science, or philosophy, or the stern business of life; or, at least, if poetry is to retain her hold upon the man, it must be that poetry which searches into the depths and springs of human life, not that which plays merely upon its surface. So it is also with a people. Before they have reached the stage of complete national existence, with definite political organization and fixed principles of legislation; before the energies of the people have been directed into regular channels of action, and a national character, for arts, or arms, or commerce, has been firmly established—in this the period of infancy and youth, imagination and passion are more vigorous and more largely developed than judgment. The earliest literary attempts, therefore, among any people, will naturally be such as are inspired by, and address themselves to, that faculty which is in the ascendant. In a word, the age of poetry precedes that of prose compositions, because fancy rather than judgment, is characteristic of a simple people. Their life is free and joyous, with little of anxious thought and perplexity. They have not learnt as yet to speculate upon the mysteries of human life, or tried to solve the riddle of the painful earth. And of a life thus simple and free from constraint, their literature is the most perfect expression. It is poetry of the simplest kind—a certain elevation of thought and tenderness of sentiment, combined with a soft harmonious flow of words, so arranged as to fall gratefully upon the ear and be easily retained by the memory. The character of this early poetry will, of course, be derived from the prevailing tastes and habits of an uncultured people. It is sure to recount with regret those traditions of a golden age in the past, and to which the hearts of men will ever cling, and to hold out the promise of a happy future, when the lost paradise shall be restored to man. It will always tell of the delights of simple and pastoral life, the deeds of heroic men, the praises of beautiful women. These are the general characteristics of this early poetry, wherever it is found. And a careful survey of the poetic literature of different nations could show us how, in each case, the special form and character and spirit of the poems are determined by the peculiar circumstances of the people,—images, for instance, and illustrations and allusions occurring constantly in some which are wholly wanting in others.

But with the advancement of a nation in civilization and culture, there comes, of necessity, a corresponding change in its literature. The ignorant and uninquiring wonder of childhood is succeeded by an eager and intelligent thirst for knowledge. The faculties of reflection and judgment have become matured, and they find abundant scope for their exercise in everything around. When men have begun to live together in well-regulated social communities, and to recognise certain definite principles in law and politics; when the spirit of enterprise has brought them into contact with other nations, and from a merely agricultural they have grown into a commercial and manufacturing people, there will be of necessity an increased intellectual activity, and a demand that the newly-awakened faculties should be recognized and addressed by the literature. It is no longer amusement only that is sought, but information also. Their travelled men must tell them of the men and



manners of distant lands. Mere phenomena fail to satisfy them; they would know the reasons of things,—not merely that the fact is thus, but *why* it is thus, and not otherwise. Thus the spirit of inquiry has given birth to science and philosophy. The minstrel who added the charms of poetry and music to the banquets of heroes, becomes the representative of a past age. His place of honour is taken by the philosopher, who tells of the nature, and causes, and significance of things, who can gratify the noble passion for knowledge, and charm their secret from the heavens above and the earth beneath. Inevitably, therefore, a change must come in the forms of literature. There is something worth knowing to be told to men who are eager to know it. The message will be received for its own sake, not merely because it is told in a pleasing manner, with the attractions of harmonious numbers and musical accompaniments. The traveller lately returned from other lands tells the story of his wanderings and adventures in the style of ordinary conversation as the thoughts and recollections spontaneously suggest themselves to him. The moralist records his sentiments in language severe and simple, as becomes the dignity of his subject. He who has studied the phenomena of the natural world announces his results as he reaches them, without reference to any artificial standard. Such is evidently the origin of *prose* compositions. And if the poet, who lives in an ideal world, surrounded by the many beautiful things which his imperial imagination has created, would still speak to the heart of his nation, he must strike the deeper chords and ring out the fuller music of his lyre. The mere metrical narrative of actual occurrences will not touch the heart of the cultured people, as it did when they were rude and uncultured. The historian has taken the place of the minstrel. There must be the calling into existence of new things by the poet's magic art. He must clothe in a dress of beauty, and render plain to the apprehension of his fellow-men, by means of noble images and clear analogies, the glorious beings which people his own intellectual world. And he must deal not with the outer surface, but with the inner being, of the human heart; setting forth its strongest passions, its profoundest sorrows, its loftiest aspirations, its purest joys. In a word, the epic and lyric forms of poetry will give place to the dramatic speech, and melody will become subservient to action. The elder Muses will resign the sceptre to their queenly sister of Tragedy,

When prose compositions have once been established as part of a nation's literature, their manifest tendency is to improve in excellence with the advance of the nation in other respects. The simpler forms of prose—the purely narrative for example—will, in time, be superseded by works of wider scope and more ambitious effort. History will gradually become blended with philosophy. The historian will consider that a main portion of his task remains unaccomplished unless he has traced the events which he records to their remotest causes, and points out their results, actual or probable. The loose and careless diction of earlier times will be exchanged for one of greater accuracy and force. In short, the difference between the writers of an early age and those of a nation's highest glory will be exactly the difference between the eager and impetuous story of a youth and the more stately and dignified narrative of a man.

And just as the literature has always been a faithful reflection of the political and social improvement of the people, so also it has invariably begun to decline when the highest period of national existence has passed away. When the spirit of freedom is quenched, and an over refinement is drawing away the energies of the higher classes, and

corruption is spreading far and wide among the masses, there is certainly little hope of brighter days for the literature of that nation. The disease which is preying upon the heart of the people will speedily invade its literature. The false will usurp the place of the true; the excessive love of refinement will lead to the sacrifice of strength of material to polish of surface; and the genius of literature, instead of standing upright in the proud consciousness of a lofty vocation, will be found kneeling disgracefully before the idols which have secured the nation's homage.

The lecturer next proceeded to illustrate these principles, by references to the literary history of Greece and England:

Of the earliest period of Grecian history we have no trustworthy records. But the life and spirit of the times are admirably preserved for us in the poems which bear the name of Homer. He is the poet of infant Greece—painting faithfully the manners of a simple age, delighting in the valiant deeds and patient endurance of heroic men, full of enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and raising his eyes with pious wonder to the crowded abode of the gods. We have no prose representative of this age; for, as we have seen the first stirrings of intellectual life among a people naturally express themselves in poetry. But as we follow the career of the people, and trace the growth among the different states of political institutions; after hearing of illustrious lawgivers in those two great rival cities around which the whole history is gathered, of Greek ships sailing in every part of the Mediterranean, and Greek colonies settling on every accessible shore—at this, the period of youth and active enterprise, we find that poetry has assumed another form, and we meet with the first great names in the glorious catalogue of prose writers. The central event of this period, the youthful manhood of the race, is the struggle with Persia. The invasion of the great eastern monarch had the effect of suspending for a while the jealousies and intestine discords of the Grecian states. The whole Hellenic race rose as one man to defend the liberties of the west from the aggressions of the east. And of this glorious period there are two special representatives; Herodotus, the historian of the Persian wars, and Æschylus, the father of Greek tragedy. In the pages of Herodotus we have the most accurate transcript of the age. Eager curiosity, easy credulity, unaffected piety; his very language rich and full, yet flexible and careless, seems fitly to represent the nation at the time when they were beginning to be conscious of their strength, but had not as yet assumed the dignified bearing of perfected manhood. And Æschylus is the poetic representative of this age. He was himself an important actor in the great struggle against the Persian power, having fought at Marathon and Salamis. "Thus he flourished," as has been well said, "in the very freshness and vigour of Grecian freedom, and a proud sense of the glorious struggle by which it was won seems to have animated both himself and his poetry." Power, rather than polish, is the characteristic of his tragedies, as it was of his age. The boldness and sublimity of his conceptions is well marked by the magnificence of his language. In the tragedies of Sophocles, again, dramatic art appears in its highest perfection. Dignity is combined with grace, majesty is heightened by association with mildness. So his contemporary, Thucydides, the historian of the Peloponnesian wars, is distinguished from his predecessor, Herodotus, not more by the ripeness of his judgment than by the masculine strength and dignity of his style.

These two—Thucydides and Sophocles—are the types of Greece in her highest glory, before her sun had begun to decline. It is sufficient to say that the age which listened to the oratory of Pericles, and looked first upon the friezes of the Parthenon, was also the age of Sophocles, and Thucydides, and Socrates. From this point the political career of Greece is downward. A disgraceful peace with Persia was followed by a pitiful surrender to the Macedonian power; not even the eloquence of Demosthenes could effectually rouse her from the sleep of death. And, at length, every vestige of Hellenic freedom was buried beneath the ruins of Coriuth. The beginnings of this downward course are faithfully shown in the contemporary literature. Euripides in tragedy, and Xenophon in history, are the types of approaching decay. There is an exquisite polish, but we miss both the strength and the grace of their predecessors.

The professor's review of English literature we are reluctantly compelled to omit altogether; and must content ourselves here with adding simply the concluding sentences of his eloquent discourse:

Living, as we do, in times of great and growing excitement, there is special need that we should be reminded of the claims of literature. Doubtless, it is the feeling of many among us that they are so deeply immersed in the world of men and action, as to have no leisure for the world of books; nor do they see any practical utility in an acquaintance with literature. Upon such I would urge the claims of literature on the very ground that it is *not*—in your sense of the words—practically useful. Your thoughts are sufficiently engrossed with the calls of business, the accumulation of wealth, the cares of the outward life. You are in danger of forgetting that there are higher and nobler things than these. Communion with the mighty spirits of bygone ages will be the best corrective of this tendency to live for the material and the present alone. A wise and careful use of the precious intellectual treasures which God has put within our reach, will not make you a better merchant or a better tradesman; but it will do far more—it will make you a better MAN. It will enlarge your sympathies; it will feed your mind with noble thoughts and associations; it will lift you above the confusion and strife of the noisy world; it will create for you a glorious world of things invisible to mortal sight. This surely is the great danger of our day—to rejoice too much in material progress, and forget the claims of our intellectual and spiritual being. In the words of our great living poetess,

“We throw out acclamations of self-thanking, self-admiring,  
With, at every mile run faster, ‘O the wondrous, wondrous age,’  
Little thinking if we work our SOULS as nobly as our iron,  
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage.”

It will be a good thing for us all to leave, as often as we can, the dusty highway of life, and wander into the broad fields of literature—a good thing, intellectually and spiritually, to exchange, when we may, the excitements of competition and the anxieties of business for converse with the calm spirit of the past, for admiring contemplation of the glorious things which have been done, or seen, or said, by the world's master minds. Then only do we worthily acknowledge our vast obligations to them, when we are using with wisdom, and enjoying with thankfulness, the treasures with which they have enriched us.

## REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1860.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing the receipt, during the past month of several articles of much interest to the Museum.

Mr. Gird, of the Paarl, has presented to the art collection an elegant and curiously-shaped dress sword, of Dutch manufacture—*tem. circa* 1730–60.

Mr. Bidwell, of the Mixed Commission, has added an exquisite cup of the finest Dresden ware.

Mr. W. Hiddiugh has lent several interesting pieces of metal and glass work, swords, bocala, &c.

From Capt. Berkely, of H.M.'s steamer *Lynx*, an Arab gun has been received through Mr. Fairbridge. This weapon was taken at Zanzibar from Said Burgosh during the late rebellion of that prince against his brother, the legitimate Sultan of Zanzibar. The barrel is English, and has the Tower marks upon it. It appears to be an old duck gun, mounted on an Arab stock, composed of wood and ivory, and profusely inlaid with brass.

Mr. J. Rivers has contributed the head-dress of a Damara lady of rank; and Messrs. Holden and Chapman, recently returned from the interior, have added numerous articles of domestic use, and a miscellaneous collection of birds, reptiles, &c.; most of which are new to the Museum.

Mr. Wilson, of the Gas Works, has prepared for the Museum a most beautiful pathological specimen—the osteology of a snake, mounted in a superb manner. This will be found one of the most attractive objects in the Museum.

Mr. Bowker, of the Mounted Police, has been fortunate to procure for us a specimen of an extremely rare animal, the *Aulacodus Swinderianus*, a species of spiny-clothed Rodent, of which not more than four specimens are reported to be known, one of which is said to have come from Natal. This doubtful locality may now be considered as established, as the specimen obtained by Mr. Bowker came from the country beyond the Kei. In form, the creature resembles a huge rat, and at Sierra Leone is known by the name of *ground rat* or *ground pig*, and is said to feed on the ground nut, cassava, and other roots. It is a nocturnal animal, and burrows deeply in the earth.

Our specimen is not yet mounted, and is much damaged, but I hope something may be made of it. Our best thanks are due to Mr. Bowker for this very interesting addition.

Messrs. Arnot, Jackson, Volsteadt, de Villiers, de Graf, and many others have been among our contributors this month, and several novelties have been received from them. They will be more fully noticed in the catalogue, which is now commenced.

This reminds me that I should, now that the Museum is open to the public, briefly describe the system on which its contents are classified



and arranged, in order that the student may know where to look if he wishes to study his subject in detail.

The *Mammalia*, *Birds*, and *Reptiles*, are classified according the system of Baron Cuvier. In a few days, as soon as I can get the thin rods destined to support the labels properly bronzed, I shall affix to the *Mammalia*, now occupying the centre of the room, their proper orders. At present the collection is too limited to admit of its being divided into genera. From the scantiness of the accommodation likewise, and the unequal size of the specimens, even the orders are rather broken,—the smaller being transferred to the wall cases; but a reference to the numbers attached to them will easily enable the inquirer to follow the arrangement of the great naturalist.

Orders Nos. 1 and 2, *Bimana* and *Quadrumania*, will be found in the old case on the north wall; and No. 3, *Carnaria*, is partly in this case. In the centre and in the old cases on the south wall, I have kept the families as much together as circumstances would permit; for instance, the *Cheiroptera*, or bats, are together; the *Insectivora* are together, and so on. All the *Dog* family occupy one case; and the lesser cats share another with the noble leopard lately presented to us by the Hon'ble D. van Breda, Esq., order No. 4, the *Marsupialia* are in a case by themselves. Order No. 5, the *Rodentia*, are altogether, with the exception of the porcupines, which, being arranged in a group, cannot find room on the shelves, and, indeed, are useful in their present position to show an unbroken chain in the system. Again, the *Edentata*, Order No. 6, contain several small and one large animal; the latter the *Orycteropus*, is on the floor, while the smaller are in the case. Order No. 7, *Pachydermata*, has a still greater disproportion between its members, the diminutive dassie (hyrax) being allied to *Behemoth*, the hippopotamus. Order No. 8, the *Ruminantia*, occupy the largest portion of the floor, only a few of the small antelopes being in one of the old cases on the north wall by themselves. Order 9, *Cetacea*, occupies its right position at the end of the room, and is the worst represented of all.

Hereafter, when the galleries are added to the room, the *Mammalia* will occupy the entire sides of the room, leaving the centre of the room free for more horizontal cases; the birds, reptilia, &c., will occupy the galleries, so that each class will have its own portion of the apartment.

As at present arranged, the *Ornithological* collection is divided into *orders* and *genera*; and as soon as I can spare time from other and more pressing calls upon me I shall label the *genera*; now, only the *orders* are indicated.

The *Conchological* collection is arranged according to the Lamarekian system, *orders*, *families*, and *genera* being all indicated.

The *Coleoptera* are arranged according to the system of De Jean. The *Lepidoptera* are now being revised with the assistance of my friend Mr. Trimen, who, for the last eighteen months, has devoted himself exclusively to South African Lepidoptera, and will be arranged partly

according to Doubleday and Westwood's Genera of Diurnal Lepidoptera, and partly by the British Museum catalogues.

The *Crustacea*, *Corals*, *Sponges*, &c., are, as yet, in too small numbers to enable any classification to be attempted: but I hope in the course of a month to have the lower portion of one or more of the horizontal cases converted into drawers for the reception of these, and for the coins.

The arms and native weapons, as at present disposed, cannot be closely inspected, and the elaborate carving on the New Zealand clubs, paddles, &c., is thus in a great measure lost. This will be obviated when the galleries are built; they will then be placed in groups on the balustrading, an arrangement which will admit of their being examined in detail, while they may be disposed in such a manner as to add to the picturesque appearance of the room.

Many curious weapons have yet to be arranged on the wall over the case containing the birds.

The minerals remain as they were originally arranged by Mr. Calvert according to the system of Birzelius. The finest specimens of the fossils (principally plants) collected by Mr. Wyley, the Colonial Geologist, are simply *exhibited* in the horizontal cases adjoining the bird case. I must candidly avow my entire ignorance of mineralogy; and not having made fossils my particular study, I prefer to leave them in their present unarranged condition, than by faultily classifying them to mislead. It is not to be expected that one man, even if he be an Owen or a Cuvier, can be a proficient in every branch of science; nor can one pair of hands do more than a certain amount of work. Much, very much, remains to be done, and I am fully sensible that the requirements of the Museum are getting beyond the limited time at my command, even with all the indulgence shown me by the head of my department, and the sympathy of my fellow-clerks, to whom my best thanks are due for their generous assistance in lightening my more strictly legitimate duties.

Some explanation of the circumstances which delayed the opening of the Museum until the 1st of April is perhaps necessary, and I cannot do better than give it here. The chief cause has been the default of the contractors in not having the building sufficiently advanced. The arrival of the cases of specimens from Mr. Verreau, which compelled us to rearrange the entire collection, and necessitated much carpenter work, which could not be pressed forward, and the fact that the whole labour and thought for the arrangement devolved upon myself, is sufficient to account for the delay.

It would be unjust to my assistants, Messrs. Kirsten and Butler, who cheerfully laboured in doing and undoing, trying here and trying there to deprive them of their due meed of my thanks; and last, not least, when I have thanked Mr. Tasker Smith, who undertook the care and management of the case containing the arms, &c., I have acknowledged the services of every one who has rendered me the slightest assistance.

E. L. LAYARD, Curator.

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR MARCH, 1860.

*Deduced from five observations daily.*Hours of observation, 1<sup>h</sup>, 5<sup>h</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup>, 17<sup>h</sup>, 21<sup>h</sup>, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

| 1860.        | Barometer at 329 Fm. | THERMOMETERS. |       |       |       | Dew Point. | Hum. of Air. Sat. = 100. | BAROMETER, minus Tension. | WIND.           |                    | RAIN.        | Cloudy Sky, in tenths. |
|--------------|----------------------|---------------|-------|-------|-------|------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------|--------------------|--------------|------------------------|
|              |                      | Dry.          | Wet.  | Max.  | Min.  |            |                          |                           | Hourly velocity | Direction.         |              |                        |
| Mar.         | inches               | °             | °     | °     | °     | °          |                          | inches.                   | miles.          |                    | inches.      |                        |
| 1            | 29.745               | 67.86         | 63.54 | 74.6  | 62.2  | 60.2       | 77.4                     | 29.222                    | 11.3            | NW                 | .002         | 7.4                    |
| 2            | 29.896               | 63.00         | 57.30 | 69.9  | 53.0  | 52.4       | 69.0                     | 29.494                    | 13.2            | SSW                |              | 7.8                    |
| 3            | 29.947               | 65.56         | 58.96 | 69.9  | 52.2  | 53.6       | 65.8                     | 29.534                    | 19.2            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ W  |              | 6.2                    |
| 4            | 29.912               | 70.56         | 62.58 | 72.8  | 66.4  | 56.5       | 61.2                     | 29.452                    | 20.4            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ W  |              | 1.6                    |
| 5            | 29.827               | 75.32         | 65.30 | 82.7  | 66.0  | 58.2       | 55.8                     | 29.341                    | 15.4            | S                  |              | 0.3                    |
| 6            | 29.818               | 72.50         | 64.34 | 87.3  | 59.4  | 58.7       | 67.0                     | 29.322                    | 8.3             | W                  |              | 4.8                    |
| 7            | 29.905               | 66.52         | 63.14 | 74.0  | 60.5  | 60.5       | 82.2                     | 29.378                    | 5.2             | WbN                |              | 4.8                    |
| 8            | 29.914               | 66.38         | 61.56 | 74.8  | 58.8  | 57.8       | 75.0                     | 29.436                    | 6.5             | SbW                |              | 2.4                    |
| 9            | 29.956               | 66.82         | 61.64 | 74.8  | 59.2  | 57.5       | 72.6                     | 29.473                    | 9.4             | WbS                | .050         | 5.0                    |
| 10           | 29.946               | 64.56         | 55.82 | 69.0  | 59.7  | 48.7       | 56.8                     | 29.602                    | 20.7            | S                  |              | 1.4                    |
| 11           | 29.956               | 66.56         | 59.74 | 72.0  | 62.2  | 54.3       | 63.2                     | 29.533                    | 22.5            | S                  |              | 0.5                    |
| 12           | 30.027               | 69.70         | 62.08 | 74.5  | 63.8  | 56.4       | 63.8                     | 29.568                    | 15.4            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ W  |              | 0.5                    |
| 13           | 29.953               | 69.76         | 64.24 | 78.6  | 62.8  | 60.1       | 72.4                     | 29.433                    | 15.5            | SbE                |              | 1.5                    |
| 14           | 29.861               | 70.34         | 64.36 | 76.0  | 64.6  | 59.9       | 70.4                     | 29.345                    | 22.8            | S                  |              | 0.1                    |
| 15           | 29.916               | 69.54         | 63.10 | 79.0  | 62.5  | 58.2       | 68.6                     | 29.427                    | 18.5            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |              | 3.2                    |
| 16           | 30.008               | 65.60         | 58.12 | 71.0  | 61.4  | 52.1       | 62.0                     | 29.618                    | 26.5            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |              | 4.2                    |
| 17           | 30.025               | 66.32         | 56.74 | 72.0  | 60.8  | 49.1       | 54.4                     | 29.675                    | 21.4            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |              | 0.6                    |
| 18           | 29.821               | 68.74         | 58.92 | 78.0  | 58.4  | 51.4       | 56.0                     | 29.439                    | 14.7            | SbW                |              | 0.6                    |
| 19           | 29.930               | 63.24         | 57.18 | 72.4  | 56.6  | 52.2       | 67.8                     | 29.537                    | 15.8            | S                  |              | 6.6                    |
| 20           | 30.100               | 60.78         | 53.92 | 67.7  | 54.0  | 48.0       | 63.2                     | 29.764                    | 10.6            | SbW                | .047         | 4.4                    |
| 21           | 30.278               | 61.00         | 52.14 | 66.2  | 55.2  | 44.6       | 55.8                     | 29.981                    | 10.8            | S $\frac{1}{2}$ E  |              | 3.0                    |
| 22           | 30.192               | 64.98         | 55.86 | 71.5  | 59.4  | 48.4       | 56.0                     | 29.850                    | 19.4            | S                  |              | 0.0                    |
| 23           | 29.955               | 67.04         | 58.70 | 78.2  | 52.1  | 52.3       | 61.6                     | 29.561                    | 11.0            | SbE                |              | 0.0                    |
| 24           | 29.886               | 68.46         | 58.74 | 87.6  | 54.3  | 51.8       | 60.4                     | 29.495                    | 5.4             | W                  |              | 4.8                    |
| 25           | 29.941               | 68.88         | 61.48 | 77.2  | 63.7  | 55.9       | 64.8                     | 29.491                    | 12.6            | SbE                |              | 6.6                    |
| 26           | 29.978               | 63.64         | 57.44 | 72.0  | 53.7  | 52.4       | 68.0                     | 29.584                    | 8.9             | SW                 |              | 1.5                    |
| 27           | 29.997               | 63.10         | 59.66 | 72.0  | 54.2  | 56.9       | 82.0                     | 29.531                    | 6.4             | SWbW               |              | 4.4                    |
| 28           | 29.926               | 67.24         | 62.86 | 77.0  | 58.0  | 59.5       | 78.0                     | 29.416                    | 7.9             | SW                 |              | 4.0                    |
| 29           | 29.967               | 63.68         | 61.04 | 70.0  | 59.2  | 58.9       | 85.2                     | 29.467                    | 8.6             | W $\frac{1}{2}$ S  | .456         | 8.8                    |
| 30           | 30.045               | 61.42         | 55.00 | 69.7  | 51.3  | 49.6       | 66.2                     | 29.689                    | 4.8             | SW $\frac{1}{2}$ S |              | 4.4                    |
| 31           | 30.138               | 59.44         | 53.34 | 67.5  | 53.0  | 47.9       | 67.0                     | 29.797                    | 5.9             | SbW                | .080         | 9.2                    |
| Mean, 29.960 |                      | 66.40         | 59.64 | 74.19 | 58.66 | 54.32      | 66.8                     | 29.531                    | 13.39           | SSW                | Sum<br>0.635 | 3.6                    |

  

| MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION. |         |         |         |         |         |          |         |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|----------|---------|
|                                                    | 5h A.M. | 9h A.M. | 1h P.M. | 5h P.M. | 9h P.M. | Highest. | Lowest. |
| Barometer—Cor. to 32°. inches                      | 29.948  | 29.987  | 29.951  | 29.940  | 29.974  | 30.334   | 29.708  |
| „ Press. of dry air, „                             | 29.533  | 29.555  | 29.524  | 29.501  | 29.541  | 30.029   | 29.174  |
| Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees                         | 60.59   | 67.10   | 72.83   | 68.14   | 63.37   | 87.0     | 53.9    |
| „ Wet bulb. „                                      | 56.75   | 60.09   | 62.03   | 60.71   | 58.59   | 68.5     | 49.3    |
| Humidity of the air. p. cent.                      | 78.0    | 64.8    | 53.8    | 63.4    | 73.8    | 100.0    | 22.0    |
| Dew Point. degrees                                 | 53.5    | 54.5    | 54.1    | 54.9    | 54.6    | 63.1     | 38.3    |

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# THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## WOMEN, AND THEIR USES!

So much has already been written about women, in almost every point of view, that we can scarcely hope to add any new light on any single separate aspect of the subject. Still less is our courage equal to grappling with the whole question, especially in a magazine article. Even Alphonse Karr, who had a whole volume at his disposal, repudiates any notion of systematically dealing with the subject; and distinctly announces that he has "no idea of writing either a book or a treatise or of proving anything in regard to women." He "intends merely to say what he knows and remembers, what he has seen and read, and this quite in a desultory way." With much the same purpose we have chosen the heading for this paper, as meaning everything, or nothing; and as a sort of text which will fit any sermon which we may append to it.

As it is not our ambitious aim to write of the sex in general (holding, with an intelligent friend of ours, that woman is a great mystery; and, with Karr, that "a man understands woman almost as little at the end of his life as at the beginning"), so neither do we propose to discourse eloquently on the rights of women, legal or social; nor on the employment of women; nor on the duties or special functions of women; their "particular worth, or general missionariness;" on none of these, specially or entirely, are we to speak. A passing glance we may give to them all, as it may serve our purpose; but all that we aim at is, just to set down a few thoughts we have gathered in our intercourse with society and our observation of life; and, notably, from the perusal of Miss Nightingale's recent work on Nursing and Nurses.

It is somewhat curious to observe under what different forms this subject now, from time to time, reappears. Its agitation seems to have been of recent date—at least in England—and we have already seen various phases. In former times, women seem to have been much more contented



than now. They did not wrangle for their rights, and, perhaps, they did not feel that, as a class, they had any wrongs; at least, they have left no trace of them on the page of history! Probably, they wisely acquiesced in existing arrangements; and men, as a reward, were willing "to start from their seats or rush across the room" (if we can imagine our elaborately-attired forefathers capable of such rapid movements) "to pick up a fan or a handkerchief, or to open a door, though," according to a recent writer, "these acts just as much originated in a sense of man's superiority, and tended to perpetuate woman's weakness, as to knock her down and stamp upon her." There can be but one opinion as to which is the pleasanter mode of proceeding; and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that women had a good time in those days, when they lived without *ennui* and Mrs. Ellis; and when they appear even to have had

"The right of comprehending husband's talk  
When not too deep, and even of answering  
With pretty 'May it please you,' or 'So it is.'"

Now, if women, at any stage of England's career, have been in a state of slavery, or social bondage; or had, in some measure, if not in intelligence yet in literary attainment, retrograded, while the mass of men had made great strides in educational advancement; it must be conceded that it is to the intelligent minds of the early part of this century, and especially to Professor Playfair and Sydney Smith, that women owe their emancipation,—“the former claiming for them the department of science, the latter that of literature and independent thought.” The mass of men were at first little disposed to admit these claims; they sneered at literary ladies, female pedants, and *bas bleu*, and thought that knowledge would make women unfeminine, not domestic, and so forth. Gradually, however, they found out their mistake; their stockings were still darned; their puddings still made; and there were not more buttons “absent *without leave*” from their shirts than formerly, even though their wives and daughters could take an intelligent share in conversation, and interest themselves in something beyond their own wardrobes and their neighbours' doings; and now woman's right to enter any field of knowledge is so fully accorded, that, except in some remote region, where men are much behindhand, it seems like a thing of the past to make a question of it.

With the exception, however, of the highest classes, the education of all women is singularly deficient in adaptation. A boy, in addition to his general education (which, if classical,

is peculiarly fitted to promote habits of thought and of attention), has a specific professional training. His sister, on the contrary, has nothing of the kind. The instruction she receives is often of the most mechanical character; she learns languages, not as in themselves means of mental cultivation, or as keys to unlock wondrous stores of human thought; *but* as so many items in her list of smatterings; and in her pursuit of history, science, or literature, anything like philosophy on the one hand, or *practical application* on the other, is unknown. Small as are these attainments, the cultivation and discipline of her heart, which is in most women a larger element than the intellect, is even more deficient. Unable to rule her own spirit, she is little fitted to govern a household, even if her ignorance of the material requirements of such a position did not render her success in it hopeless on other grounds; uninstructed in the control of her own passions and emotions, she is not likely to render much aid to her children, and the selfishness, indolence, and love of display which her whole education has tended to foster are likely to be great drawbacks to the happiness of those around her.

The evil results of these mental and moral deficiencies become exceedingly apparent when we view women in the light of mistresses and householders. Half of the complaints of the deterioration of servants in the present day, which are rife everywhere, are, we are inclined to think, not only well founded, but easily to be accounted for. They spring essentially from lax supervision, from absence of thought and care, and of everything like habits of reflection, in those whose devotion to the domestic deities is too purely selfish to embrace the formation of self-respect and religiously punctilious principles in the matters of service and duties in the breasts of the beings who sit at the lower end of the social board. More is now expected from servants than in days of old, while their education is deficient in precisely that element which would enable them to meet these new requirements. Formerly, when little was expected from a mistress beyond a personal superintendence of her servants and the physical care of her children, servants had the advantage of being carefully trained under her own eyes, and it was, probably, only after years of such experience that they were expected to act upon their own responsibility. Now, education and society make other and larger demands on the heads of families—demands which, as we have shown, they are often very unequal to answer. The mistress can no longer be chief butler and baker, and seamstress and parlour

maid; and if she be in any measure fit for the higher duties which devolve upon her, she is much more worthily occupied in discharging *them*. It follows that servants have to rely more upon themselves, to exercise more independent thought, and to be personally responsible for their special departments. Often, however, servants are not prepared for this, and, unfortunately, mistresses, even had they time or inclination, have not always the power to remedy their own deficiencies. In spite of early neglect, there is no doubt that much might be done for servants by instilling notions of responsibility and proper self-reliance; by teaching them to look upon their work as their *business*, which it is as much a discredit to them to manage badly as it would be to their master to fail in his calling; and by rewarding them with all the credit of success.

Without, however, entering too deeply into the nature of those relations which ought to exist between the employers and the employed, amongst women, we shall attempt to draw the attention of our readers to the actual good which the fair sex are capable of doing in the matter of nursing. Never, perhaps, has a more useful or a nobler book issued from the press of late than the unpretending thin little volume \* in which are recorded the experiences of a genuine, practical, good woman; one who, in her proper sphere of usefulness, has devoted her highest and best energies towards the alleviation of needless suffering and the prevention of avoidable disease.

Who is there, even in this colony, that can recal to his memory any one of the horrible scenes which were daily enacted in the Crimea, without associating with the effort the well-earned fame of one whose deeds have been the theme of orators, the text of preachers, and the admiration of a sympathizing world! At a time when our army, a prey to the incapacities of leaders, both at home and abroad, was diminishing away rapidly from the effects of fatal neglect; when want, cold, hunger, and destitution were doing their worst to decimate the bravest troops which even England had ever produced; when men were dying by hundreds, like sheep with the rot, and starving in the midst of plenty; when death, with his remorseless scythe, was sweeping down all that was brave, and gallant, and youthful, and reaping for us a harvest of tears and of blood,—was sparing neither flower nor weed, neither green corn nor ripe, but marking his track with the prostration of noble hearts and of

\* Notes on Nursing, &c., by Florence Nightingale. London: 1860.

budding hopes, withering them into premature decay;—there arose in the glorious little island a general cry of horror, detestation, and pity. Stimulated by the press and its own emotions, private sympathy usurped the duties of public offices; meetings were held, speeches were made, and subscriptions entered into, and that which had so long baffled the combined wisdom of ministers succumbed, as all the continent well knows, to the energy and resolution of a single woman. To that woman—to Florence Nightingale—it is mainly due that a determined onslaught has been made on the cherished abuses of domestic life, with its mistaken charities, and kindnesses, and self-sufficiencies in the chambers of the sick.

Miss Nightingale does not certainly mince matters or assume any false delicacy, when she goes to the heart of her subject, by descanting on the *encouragement* which private people are apt to give to the encroachments and spreading of disease by neglecting their true duties, as real and genuine nurses, and in writing, that “the symptoms or the sufferings generally considered to be inevitable and incident to the disease, are very often *not* symptoms of the disease at all, but of something quite different,—of the want of fresh air, or of light, or of warmth, or of quiet, or of cleanliness, or of *punctuality* and care in the *administration* of diet; of each or of all of these.”

It enters, therefore, quite naturally into her views to regard disease *as a reparative process*, and to hold that everything ought to be done for the patient *at the least expense of his vital power*, and with a most implicit reliance on the ability of nature as a curative agent. Over and over again, in her book, she insists upon it (and how truly every physician and surgeon will only be too ready to admit), that medicine and science can only remove obstructions to the functionary action of organs; that nature alone cures and renovates; and all that nursing can and ought to do, is to put the patient in the best condition for nature to act upon him; and to strengthen the doctor's hands, by giving him accurate reports of vital phenomena, and true observation of what occurs when he is absent. “In dwelling upon the vital importance of *sound observation*, it must never be lost sight of what observation is for! It is *not* for the sake of piling up miscellaneous information of curious facts, *but* for the sake of saving life and increasing health and comfort. The sick body is not to be regarded as a reservoir for stowing medicines into; nor the surgical disease only as a curious ‘case’ specially made by the sufferer for the attendant's special information.” What the doctor wants, is the truth; not the nurse's *opinions*, but her “*observed facts*,” since *he* has to form his judgment



on what has actually been made manifest of the patient's real condition, and to reason on the symptoms, as signs for his guidance and instruction.

To prove how little the sick are to be trusted in their replies to leading rather than precise questions, and the mischief they thus create, by telling unintentional lies to their advisers, Miss Nightingale adduces many instances, in the matters of appetite, sleep, pain, and discharges of natural functions, where, either from shyness or listlessness, their answers only mislead; and then suggests that (to remedy the necessity of patients being called upon "to take thought of themselves," or to watch imperfectly or harmfully the progress they are making, one way or another) "the most important practical lesson that can be given to nurses is, to teach them what to observe—how to observe—what symptoms indicate improvement—what the reverse—which are of importance—which are of none—which are the evidences of neglect, and of what kind of neglect," &c., &c.

The want of fresh air and of cleanliness, as great provocations to disease, is certainly well made out by our authoress. Nothing seems to have escaped her eyes, already so well tutored in Crimean hospitals, while discoursing on these topics. She seems to be a determined foe to dust in every form and shape; and attacks the walls, the floors, the papering, curtains, and carpets, and finds dirt and causes of discomfort in the sick-room in most alarming abundance. "Without cleanliness you cannot have all the effect of ventilation. Without ventilation you can have no thorough cleanliness. What are merely trifles to those who are well, and are scarcely more than eight hours in a room, become really poisonous or depressing agents to the sick, who cannot change by any movement of their own, their air, or light, or warmth, or get out of their beds, or the smoke, or smell, or dust, and must 'put up' with what you wont alter for them. A dirty carpet is saturated with the enormous quantity of organic matter from the feet of people coming in. This poisons the air, hangs on the paper, soils it, is absorbed into the blood (when in a state of gaseous exhalation), and, mingling with dust, clings to ledges, and makes the room musty and close." She explains how these may be remedied, by painting the walls with oils, and having the floors *lackered*, as in Berlin, so that water in the one case, and wet rubbing and dry rubbing in the latter, may effectually cleanse away impurities. After giving a somewhat humorous account of what is meant by "putting to rights" a room, she shows what ought to be done to ensure comfort. "From the chairs,

tables, or sofa, upon which the things have been during the night, and which are, therefore, comparatively clean from dust, the poor 'things' having 'caught' it, they are removed to other chairs, tables, sofas, upon which you could write your name with your finger in the dust. The other side of the 'things' is, therefore, now evenly dirtied or dusted. The housemaid then flaps everything, or some things, not out of her reach, with a 'duster:' the dust flies up, then re-settles more equally than it lay before the operation. The room has now been made tidy, that is, a thing has been removed from one place which it has kept clean for itself, on to another and a dirtier one. Now, 'flapping' is only admissible for pictures or paper; the only way to *remove* dust, is to wipe everything with a damp cloth; or to make the wind blow through the windows, at the rate of twenty miles an hour."

Coming now to the questions of bedsteads and bedding, she startles her readers by stating that, though "feverishness is generally supposed to be a symptom of fever, in nine cases out of ten, it is a symptom of bedding. The patient reintroduces into the body the emanations from himself, which day after day saturate his unaired bedding; either through the agency of the effluvia into the under side of the mattress, or from a 'well-slept-in' bed, saturated with somebody else's damp, long before he added his own to it." Denouncing wide beds and four-posters, curtains, hangings. &c., low-crowned chambers, boarded-up fire-places, and badly-placed windows, Miss Nightingale adopts the hospital "*iron* bedstead, with rheocline springs, which are permeable by the air, up to the very mattress (no valance of course); the mattress to be a thin hair one, as the only really useful article for nursing a real patient on." If the bed be of the height of a sofa, and placed in the lightest spot in the room, so that the patient may see out of the windows, and get in and out of it easily by himself, he is much more likely to be satisfied with his confinement, than by reclining high-up in a lofty old-fashioned four-poster, gazing at nothing, and feeding on his thoughts. In all the London charities, these beds are universally accepted as the most serviceable in every way.

We have been much struck by the plea here set up, for providing *variety* of objects for the contemplation of the sick. Arguing more for the effect of the body on the mind, than the mind on the body, Miss Nightingale quotes her personal experience, when recovering from fever, in support of the statement that "*variety of form and brilliancy of colour*, in the objects presented to patients, are actual means of recovery;" but that "it must be *slow* variety; *e. g.*, ten or

twelve engravings *successively* shown may make you cold and faint, feverish or sick; but hang one up opposite you one on each successive day, or week, or month, and you will revel in the variety. Form, colour, will free patients from painful ideas better than any arguments; and where they are too weak to laugh through books or amusing conversation, some impression from nature, such as bright-coloured flowers, red (not blue) will supply their wants, for you little know how anxieties are intensified to those who can have no change; how the very walls of their sick-rooms seem hung with their cares, and are making all sorts of faces at them; how the ghosts of their troubles haunt their beds; and how impossible it is for them to escape from a pursuing thought, without some help from variety."

It would be exceeding the limits of the space at our disposal,—and, after all, render but an imperfect idea of the very practical and useful nature of the hints abounding in this work, on the subject of nursing people *when sick*,—were we to give all her views on diet,—*when* to be given, *how* given, on the necessity of good cooking, of quiet, and of avoiding sudden and surprising effects on the vision, feelings, or hearing. Suffice it for our purpose if we mention the advice she gives,—as to *watching*, at what hour patients like their food best, and to never permitting untasted substances to remain within his sight, for fear of starving a man by disgusting his stomach. She advocates the use of milk strongly, and seems to underrate the advantages of beef tea. Be this as it may, Liebig's receipt for the same is most useful; and, in continental hospitals, its employment has been known to have been followed by the most marked and rapid effects. The secret of its success resides in the fact of *cold* water being used in its preparation, instead of hot. To every pound of raw beef, chopped small, free of bone or fat, he causes to be added a pint of cold water. The vessel being then placed on the fire, so soon as the contents *begin to boil*, it is to be taken off, and the soup thus made passed through a flannel strainer. The clear brown fluid which escapes is then to be flavoured with pepper and salt, to one's taste, and a couple of spoonsful drunk at a time. Some of our medical friends state that, either hot or cold, the beef tea *thus* made is equally agreeable; and that, from the ease with which it is concocted, the simplicity of its ingredients, and the cheapness of really good meat thus applied to the restoration of strength, they know of nothing dietetic which could supersede its use in the sick-room, or so completely secure nutrition in so concentrated a form.

Turning now to her advice as to how disease may be made avoidable in its practical application to measles and other epidemics, at present afflicting this colony, we are led to considerable reflections, as to how wise and humane sanitary management is the best safeguard against infection.

"There are not a few popular opinions," she says, "in regard to which it is useful, at times, to ask a question or two. For example, it is commonly thought that children must have what are commonly called 'children's epidemics, current contagions, &c. ;' in other words, that they are born to have measles, hooping-cough, perhaps even scarlet fever; just as they as are born to cut their teeth if they live.

"Now, do tell us, why must a child have measles?"

"Oh! because, you say, we cannot keep it from infection; other children have measles, and it must take them, and it is safer that it should.

"But why must other children have measles? and if they have, why must yours have them too?"

"If you believed in and observed the laws which inculcate cleanliness, ventilation, white-washing, and other means, and which, by the way, *are laws*, as implicitly as you believe in the popular opinion (for it is nothing more than an opinion), that your child must have children's epidemics, don't you think that, upon the whole, your child would be more likely to escape altogether?"

True nursing, in her opinion, ignores infection, except to prevent it. To look upon diseases as we do now, as separate entities which *must* exist, instead of looking upon them as conditions, like a dirty and a clean condition, and equally as much under our own control, or rather as the re-actions of kindly nature against the conditions in which we have placed ourselves, is evidently a continual mistake. Diseases are not individuals arranged in classes, like cats and dogs, but are conditions growing out of one another. Hark to the experience of Miss Nightingale:

"I was brought up both by scientific men, and ignorant women, distinctly to believe that small-pox, for instance, was a thing of which there was once a first specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself in a perpetual chain of descent, just as much as if there was a first pair of dogs; and that small-pox would not begin itself any more than a new dog would begin, without there having been a parent dog.

"Since then, I have seen with my eyes, and smelt with my nose, small-pox growing up in first specimens, either in close rooms or over-crowded wards, where it could not by any possibility have been 'caught,' but must have begun.



Nay, more, I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another. I have seen, *e.g.*, with a little overcrowding, continual fever grow up; and with a little more, typhoid fever; and with a little more, typhus; and all in the same ward or hut.

"Would it not be better, truer, and more practical, if we looked upon disease in this light? for diseases, as all experience shows, are adjectives, not noun-substantives. If a neighbour's child is seized with small-pox, the first question which occurs is whether it had been vaccinated. No one would undervalue vaccination; but it becomes of doubtful benefit to society when it leads people to look abroad for the source of evils which, seemingly, exist in abundance at home!"

We shall now give our last and largest extract from this most suggestive little volume; and this, with the less apology, because it appears to be a digest of our domestic defiance of Hygiene.

"There are other ways of having filth inside a house, besides having dirt in heaps. Old papered walls of years' standing, dirty carpets, uncleansed furniture, are just as ready sources of impurity to the air as if there were a dung-heap in the vestment. People are so unaccustomed from education and habits to consider how to make a house healthy, that they either never think of it at all, and take every disease as a matter of course, to be 'resigned to' when it comes, 'as from the hand of Providence;' or (if they ever entertained the idea of preserving the health of their household as a duty) they are very apt to commit all kinds of 'negligences and ignorances' in performing it.

"A dark house is always an unhealthy house—always an ill-aired house—always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, &c., among the children. People lose their health in a dark house; and, if they get ill, they cannot get well *in it* in a hurry.

"Three out of many negligences and ignorances in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens. First. That the female head in charge of any building does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. How can she expect those who are under her to be more careful to maintain her house in a healthy condition than she who is in charge of it? Second. That it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and to clean rooms while uninhabited, which is simply ignoring the first elementary notion of sanitary things, and laying the ground ready for all kinds of disease. Third. That the windows, or one window, is considered enough to air a room. Have

you never observed that any room without a fire-place is always close? And if you have a fire-place, would you cram it up, not only with a chimney-board, but, perhaps, with a great wisp of brown paper, in the throat of the chimney, to prevent the soot from coming down, you say? If your chimney is foul, sweep it: but don't expect that you can ever air a room with only one aperture; don't suppose that to shut up a room is the only way to keep it clean. It is the best way to foul the room, and all that is in it. *Don't imagine* that, if you who are in charge, and don't look to all these things yourself, those under you will be more careful than you are. It appears that the part of a mistress now is to *complain* of her servants, and to *accept* their excuses; not to show them how there need be neither complaints made nor excuses.

"But, again, to *look* to all these things yourself does not mean to *do* them yourself. 'I always open the windows,' the head in charge often says. If you do it, it is by so much the better, certainly, than if it were not done at all. But can you not ensure that it is done, when not done by yourself? Can you ensure that it is not undone, when your back is turned? This is what being *in charge* means. And a very important meaning it is, too! The former only implies that just what you can do with your own hands is done. The latter, that what ought to be done, *is* always done.

"And, now, you think these things trifles, or, at least, exaggerated. But what you *think*, or what I think, matters little. Let us see what God thinks of them. God always justifies His ways. While we are thinking, He has been teaching. I have known cases of hospital 'pyæmia' quite as severe in handsome private houses as in any of the worst hospitals, and from the same cause, namely, foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt *anything* at all from it. They went on *thinking*,—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or it was singular that 'all the servants had whitlows;' or 'that something was much about, this year;' 'there is always sickness in our house.' This is a favourite mode of thought, leading *not* to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general whitlows, but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is 'sickness being always there' a justification of its being 'there at all?'"

We have made this long extract, to show with what evident earnestness, and purity of aim, Miss Nightingale has applied herself to the task of sanitary reform. Her book gives us many glimpses of how sad and terrible must have been the nature of those foreign and domestic experiences, from out of the awful depths of which she now drags to light our

habitual neglect of, and indifference to, the consequences of defying atmospheric, dietetic, and physiological laws. With the frightful emphasis of truth she appeals to the public of England, whether the ever-increasing degeneration of many families (as shown by the poor, little, feeble, washed-out rags of children of a noble and originally healthy stock, suffering in this world, morally and physically, throughout their useless, degenerate lives), is not significant of something more than mere accident, and seriously inveighs against those people who are going to marry and to bring more such into the world, without consulting anything but their own convenience as to where they are to live and how they are to live.

Lest, however, it should be objected that she speaks of evil-doing only in general terms, and that "pycemia," or the presence of purulent matter in the veins, might have been provoked by many other excitants than simple neglect of hygienic worship; she tells her readers what *was* the cause of this hospital pycemia being in a large private house of one of her friends in London.

"It was that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink, was carefully conducted into all the rooms, by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the footpans; it was that the chamber crockery was rinsed with dirty water, or improperly cleaned; it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed; it was that the carpets and curtains were always musty; it was that the furniture was always dusty; the paper walls saturated with dirt; the floors never cleaned; it was that the uninhabited rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired; it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air; it was that the windows were always tight shut up at night; it was that no window was ever systematically opened, even in the day; or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the servants were not taught to open the windows; to shut the doors; or they opened the windows upon a dark wall, between high walls, not upon the airier court; or they opened the room doors into the unaired halls and passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that handsome house, I have known, in one summer, three cases of hospital pycemia, one of phlebitis, or inflammation of veins; two of consumptive cough—all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson! Yes,

God always justifies His ways. He is teaching, while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life. And all from the most easily preventible causes."

In conclusion, we cannot but urge on our fair readers, that it is worth their while, not only to read Miss Nightingale's "Notes," but to *purchase*, and to prize them. They will find in her warnings, truer rules for the preservation and security of their influences *in* life, and *over* the lords of the creation, than in all the fripperies of wardrobes, or modern female codes of conquest and supremacy. While we neither desire to see women becoming amateur physicians, nor yet accomplished graduates in medicine, we think, with Miss Nightingale, that the cultivation, in things pertaining to health, of observation and experience in women, who are mothers, governesses, nurses, or servants, is just the way to do away with amateur physicking; and if the doctors did but know it, to make the nurses obedient to them—helps, instead of hindrances. Such education in women would, indeed, diminish the doctor's work; but no one really believes that doctors wish that there should be more illness, *in order to have more work*. The art of healing is getting every day more and more out of the region of drug compounding and "exhibiting;" and is thus proportionately ennobled, and rising to its true position. Science, morals, philosophy, religion, wit, knowledge of human nature, logic, and deep love of truth, are all recognized as tributaries to it; it is no romance for a lady's leisure,—no appendage to the care of a husband and children; but a worthy field for the efforts of the noblest intellect, and claiming that intellect in its *entireness*. Requiring, as it does, the devotion of a lifetime, and evidencing at the close that even that has been too little, medicine is incompatible with the fulfilment of women's natural functions and true destinies as wives, mothers, and mistresses of households. Let anyone but read the work of Dr. Sir James Forbes, "On Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease," and he cannot but rise from its perusal with feelings of respect and gratitude for one of the most active benefactors of his profession and of mankind. If women would know *what* their real use consists in, it is in the faculty of observation, quickness of perception, sympathetic cleverness, and soothing friendliness. Here they are far superior to the generality of men: but in reasoning on the data, and inducting from the facts, with which their hearts and eyes make us acquainted, Man rises to his natural height, and towers above them as the stronger, and wiser, and more lordly creature.



## FROM CALCUTTA TO THE YANGTSE-KIANG.

## A DISCURSIVE DIARY.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

Penang, July 2.

I HAVE eaten mangosteins. Behold, my life has not been altogether in vain.

And is this all? "Have you been a week away from Calcutta, have you travelled over nearly 1,500 miles of sea, have you visited one of the oldest of our settlements, and experienced the wonders and beauties of an Indian sea, and have you nothing more to tell us than that you've eaten mangosteins? Bah! your life has been altogether vain." Sir, your ignorance of mangosteins is your only excuse; but I will try and tell you, nevertheless, what I have seen and suffered, marvelled at, admired, and rejoiced in. Seven days from Calcutta! One day steaming down the melancholy Hooghly, passing a few vessels, and a few corpses floating along with crows perched a-top of them, anchoring off Kedgerree at six o'clock, wondering whether our friends remembered us in their evening drive, half-wishing that we also could call for a buggy and take our drive upon the course. Pegasus alone was at our disposal; and, alas, no hat, no vehicle to harness him to. Night hot; wandered in search of sleep, but was not successful.

Second day. The winds and the waves roaring. Hateful sea. My brain goes round, and I am altogether miserable,—too miserable even to move, though sitting in a scorching sun, the consequences of which were visible on the third day, when I discovered my face to be a huge blister, swollen, red, and raw, and left eye completely closed. Sea quieting down, my brain begins to settle, not sufficiently, however, for me to be able to read; and, oh, the insult, and my impotence to avenge it, when they asked me to go down to breakfast and eat a mutton-chop! May the perpetrator be punished in some other world, may his ghost be on an everlasting sea, and may spirits perpetually torment him with shadowy chops!

Fourth day. Calm sea and peaceful brain; read all day, save while I was downstairs eating; and so on, through the week. Three men have died on board, of cholera, since we left.

On 29th June, we passed the north coast of the Andaman islands, and I was delighted to see land. The sea is pleasant, but it is monotonous; however, I like it, and fall into the

monotony of ship life very pleasantly. The total absence of excitement, and the regular round of occupations or no occupations is very delightful. One never has to wonder what one will do next; one knows that everything goes on regularly, without any connection with what one may do or say; one need not even look about one, for there is but our small poop-deck and the unchangeable sea. A man who desecrates and destroys this perfect stillness of life, by setting vehemently to work to understand the engines, or expends his energies on studying the ropes, deserves never to enjoy rest or quiet again. One can read as much as one chooses, and that is sufficient to keep one's mind from going quite to sleep. My great amusement on board is watching the African firemen when they draw up the burnt coal. Their energy is perfectly delightful; they sing while they haul away, and one, who seems the most lively of the party, dances vigorously,—dances not only with his legs, but with his head, neck, shoulders, arms, hands, toes—every knuckle and every joint in his body is brought into play. It is the same conventional kind of dance that accompanies the ordinary nigger melodies; but the tunes of their songs seem to have nothing in common with them.

The men are huge muscular creatures, and seem to delight in working; and nature appears to have moulded the African countenance on purpose to laugh and be laughed at. Their grin is a perfectly healthy grin, as if they appreciated the joke of being an African, and of having such a wonderful countenance; they seem to see endless fun in their having been created, and they are quite a pleasure to me, after being accustomed to the sneering, snarling grin of the natives of India.

On the day we passed the Andamans, a servant of one of the passengers chose to throw himself into the sea, and began to swim vigorously away from the steamer. A boat was lowered, and he was picked up before he had been long in the water; but before he got to the ship, he tried to jump in again. He had been a mehter, in the service of General Low, and there had been nothing peculiar about him before; but whether the idea of going to China upset him, or whether four days on the wide sea, and then a sight of land, had been too much for him, I do not know; I fancy he was insane.

And so on, as I said before, with calm weather, and no interruption till Friday, July 2, when, about midday, we found ourselves steaming through a narrow channel, and under a beautiful hill clothed with verdure down to the water's edge, into the harbour of Penang.

As a friend of mine likes to tell me "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and I should be glad never to loose from my recollection the view I had from that harbour. The hill was shadowed, not covered with low clouds; and the sun, shining by gleams, lighted it up in a way one may not often hope to see. The water in the harbour was of a bright green colour, not the blue green one has out at sea; and the few houses along the beach added to the picturesqueness of the view, and gave it a habited and homely look, which it only wanted to be complete. Then the mere sight of so much vegetation was refreshing to the eyes, after the barrenness of the sea, and certainly at Penang nature seems to have showered all the vegetation and fertility that she has withheld from other regions of the globe. Surely, I said, a man might pitch his tent here for a month with much satisfaction, and his soul should be thankful for so much beauty. A month! yes, but you must be on board again at half-past four, and we start punctually at five. At half-past four? that leaves us two hours and thirty minutes in which to see Penang; and the waterfall and the view are full five miles away. We will put off the waterfall till we return, and we will employ our two hours in seeing the town. Accordingly, we got into what would be called a very neat palkee gharee in Calcutta, and commenced driving vaguely about the streets. It is conventionally called driving; but, in reality, the syce holds the pony's head, and runs alongside at a most honourable pace.

The whole population of Penang almost seem to be Chinese. With their yellow faces, little eyes, and broad cheek-bones, they go up and down the streets, all seemingly engaged, but never excited. There is no lounging, neither is there any of that intense heat and eagerness of manner, which are both so characteristic of an Indian town.

The houses and shops are clean, some of the latter very picturesquely fitted up. Most of the shops have signs hung before them, and others have words cut over the doorway, and most brilliantly gilded. A few Malays are seen, but they appear mostly to be engaged in the lower kinds of trade requiring more physical strength than anything else. I saw water-carriers, and smiths, and such-like Malays; but all the principal shops were entirely tenanted by Chinese. Besides these, a few Madras sepoy were to be seen lounging about in their hot clothing, and with those extraordinary hats which seem to have received their shape from some hideous nightmare of the inventor.

The number of shops where fruit and fish are exposed for sale is quite extraordinary, and two thirds of the people one met seemed to be carrying fish about with them. Just outside the town, one is blessed with a superb view of the mountain in front, and the richness of the scene is indescribable. Never have I beheld vegetation so luxuriant, every hedge seems to grow into a forest, till one wonders whether fevers are not rather prevalent there. The few houses of the European residents along the beach are very prettily situated, and are built more like the small houses and villas of England than like those we build in India.

The hottest month here is said to be April or May; but certainly, at present, the weather is very much cooler than in India at this time of the year. Of course, the Chinese tried to cheat us in our purchases; but, unlike the Bengalees, they refused to abate a jot, did not excite themselves about it, and seemed quite unconcerned as to whether they should succeed or no.

On coming back to the steamer, we discovered that our bowsprit had been carried away by an Arab ship. A survey had to be held, and the Arab captain came, supported by a species of lieutenant. The excuse given by the Arabian was that he was *blind*! It was quite true the captain of the ship was blind (somebody inhumanly remarked that he should not have gone to sea). The man had been in command of the vessel for many years, and had been very successful; and when he became blind it was thought it would be unlucky to displace him. He was therefore retained in command of the ship, to give her good luck, and an assistant was appointed to navigate her. His being blind was not considered sufficient reason for running against us, and rather heavy damages were assessed. The captain was a quiet, respectable-looking old gentleman, and spoke beautiful Hindostanee. And so, at six o'clock, we again steamed out of Penang harbour, under a Malay pilot, whose mouth was twisted up one side of his face: it was supposed to have turned the corner under the influence of the moon's rays. I wonder whether, when Dian stooped to kiss Endymion, it had the same effect on his mouth!

This is all, or nearly all, that I have seen since I left Calcutta; and again I say, the sum of my delight has been mangostein.

Well, what is this mangostein like? I will try to say what I think of it, but words can but feebly express its excellence.

Like all most beautiful things, it is not to be appreciated at first sight; it woos no one by its external charms. A plain



red fruit, one might well pass it by, and think nought of it; but open the shell, and perfect is its beauty,—fresh as Venus Anadyomene, white as the purest snow, but more lovely (for it is soft and transparent as the delicate inner skin of the earliest snow-drop); the sweet fruit sets in the beauty of its five-fold curve, surrounded by an outer wall of pink, purer, more delicate than ever blushed on snow-clad Alps at early dawn. The Venus de Medici shall not be compared to it. She is too much of the earth, earthy! Her touch would taint its purity. Delicate and dissolving is it, as moonlight playing on the waters. Not luscious like the pine-apple, which Charles Lamb says, if not actually sinful, is of such a penetrating influence that a tender conscience would do well not to venture on it. The mangostein is pure as Eve before the Fall; mayhap, it was the very fruit that tempted her. Verily, it was worth the experiment, and she should stand forgiven by her descendants for having tried it.

But let us not wrong the mangostein. It might surely have exalted Adam to a knowledge of good and evil, but could never have borne such bitter consequence.

Possibly, our first father, in his haste and clumsiness, under the influence of the serpent, or his wife, approached it without due reverence, and, ignorant of its delicate nature, bit the rind. "Heavens! what a bitter morsel," he may have exclaimed, and in his blindness thrown away the rest: so misery and sin entered into the world. Indeed, there is a subdued idea of melancholy in its taste, "like the wind through some ruined cell," and it must have derived this from our first father's foolishness.

It is spiritual and tender as the most ethereal of Shelley's lyrics; and like them, it must not be hastily devoured: its influence must be allowed to steal gently over and subdue you, and its dreamy richness will penetrate into your inmost soul. After all, I think it is most like Mrs. ———

Bosh! Why should I trouble myself to write all this nonsense?

The mangostein is simply a white fruit, in a red shell, and has a very delicate flavour, and has no more to do with our father Adam than it has with Venus Anadyomene!

Two days from Penang brought us to Singapore, where we anchored in the new harbour,—the entrance to which, through a narrow channel, and round a bluff of white rock, is as picturesque as that into Penang harbour. The number of islands all thickly covered with vegetation, and the warm hills along the mainland, gave us a very pleasant view, which prevented us from being utterly wearied out by the hour's

detention that occurred to us outside the harbour while waiting for a pilot. There seems to be a very extraordinary rule at Singapore, that a Malay pilot may not bring in a vessel, under a penalty of one hundred dollars; and, at the same time, a European pilot does not at all appear bound to come and take charge, unless it suits his convenience.

We drove from the harbour to the town, through ineffable stinks and indescribable stench, alongside of an open sewer, till we came to the Hotel de l'Esperanza, where we took up our quarters.

Thence to church, which was pretty full, and where I am convinced we turned some great people out of their places. The padre, a mild, baldheaded little man, hiccupped out the service in a doleful manner, that caused in me an inordinate desire to rise and pat him on the back—I didn't. The people looked pale and sickly, even to me coming from India. Bonnets strange and antiquated; and such a coat as I saw in front, it must have been built in the Pleistocene period, and been intended for the dress habiliment of an ichthyosaurus, or "that monstrous eft who of old was lord and master of earth."

The next morning I obtained a magnificent view of the town and harbour of Singapore from the hill at the back of our hotel.

The Governor's house is situated on the top, and thither we were driven by a wild shigram, that insisted on taking us up to the front door, an honour we with difficulty resisted. N.B.—I cannot sufficiently admire the philosophy which kept A. in bed this morning after he was well awake, a philosophy self-consistent, therefore perfect in its way, making me ashamed of my irregular industry, and deciding me that I had much to learn before I was fully capable of appreciating indolence in all its beauty. The whole of the morning we wandered about to different shops in a desultory way; the streets principally full of Chinese, half-naked muscular coolies, and broad chubby children, with a skin the colour of untanned leather, here and there a European sailor, probably drunk, and a pretty fair sprinkling of Malays. The streets did not strike me as being particularly broad or particularly wholesome, but still it is a place which seems enjoyable enough. I observed that in the offices they do not keep punkahs,—a miserable attempt to deceive themselves into the idea that it is not hot; they say there is generally a sea breeze which keeps them sufficiently cool. I should have liked to go over the gaol, but had no time, and must put it off for another visit. They had a report here that

Sir Colin Campbell was dead, and that Lord Canning had resigned. An American captain had brought them the story from Calcutta. Heaven knows where he picked it up, but one thinks how grievously the colonists must be at the mercy of newsmongers, if a story of this sort, given without any authority, or any support, should be generally believed.

When we came on board in the afternoon we found that a difficulty had occurred about a case of opium consigned to Singapore, which the first officer declared had been delivered, and the Chinaman appointed to receive the goods refused to give receipt for. Ultimately, the chest was found on board, but we were delayed till two o'clock at night by the affair, and, moreover, lost the services of the under-steward, who was sent on shore about the unfortunate chest, and never returned, so that the captain was at length obliged to leave him. He was a considerable loss, but it could not be helped, and we had to amuse ourselves with speculations as to what had become of him.

Monday, July 12, we passed the Ladrões at an early hour, and steaming among clusters of hilly islands, clothed now in mist and now in sunshine, and passing through greenish water, we turned round a sharp point, and found ourselves entering a lake, or land-locked bay, surrounded by hills of irregular height, changing their colour under the influence of every passing shadow, some clothed with trees, and some reflecting the sun from granite quarries; and up this bay, dotted here and there with small bluff islands, and enlivened by many ships, we steamed along till we saw the hills recede. Between the water and the mountain nestles a white town, creeping along the water's edge, and this, we are told, is Hongkong.

So now we are at Hongkong, and what shall we do? "Oh! we will do as we're told." But who is to tell us what we are to do? "We'll go and deliver our letters." Accordingly, we land, and we see two sedan chairs, and we shout very often and very loudly the name of the place we wish to arrive at. So, after some unintelligible expostulations, our bearers take us up and march off with us.

We are being carried away at a tolerable pace in some direction or another, when we find ourselves rapidly pursued by two officers in uniform, looking very hot, and not a little disgusted. To our great humiliation, we discover that we have taken the gentlemen's chairs. A. sits and apologizes to one officer, while the other officer hits the bearers with his umbrella. A. discovers a connection in the owner of the ravished chair, and our pursuers, becoming reconciled to us,

point out the Hongkong club, and kindly suppose there is nothing more they can do for us. Well there is plenty more, but as our only claim on you is that we boned your chairs, and gave you a hot run in the July sun, we must not expect too much of you. \* \* \* \*

What next? "Next, let us go and get some money." Accordingly, we set out to the house on which we had a letter of credit, and were carried three miles in our chairs, through a long and rambling street, ending in desert and a dreary granite pass, across a piece of flat ground about one hundred yards long and two hundred deep—supposed to be a race-course, and the only piece of flat ground in the island, named also the Happy Valley—up a beautiful little hill, thickly wooded, and laid out as an ornamental landscape garden, past a large square house with granite pillars (by the way, everything in Hongkong is made of granite; it serves all possible purposes, from house-building to tomb-stones), down a steep descent to the other side, to Mr. Jardine's office. And what does this word office mean? You will suppose a square block of low buildings, with dusty ledgers and musty atmosphere, and greasy stools, occupied by fusty quill-drivers in greasy coats. So I imagined; but it is not so. It is a very fine three-storied house, built with some slight aspiration to gothic beauty, but, withal, substantial, compact, and perfectly adapted to the end in view, with long corridors floored with teak; and on the upper story, in delightfully furnished rooms, live some eight *assistants* to the house, who have a kind of mess together, and keep themselves and all they have (excepting wives, who are not allowed) up there, on salaries which members of B.C.S. might envy.

We went and presented our letter, in which we were termed *esteemed constituents* by Messrs. Colvin, Cowie, & Co., and not a little to our surprise, and very much to our delight, we were offered all possible entertainment. The upper house was full, but we "did not mind sleeping in the lower house," and, in short, we have been treated with a magnificent hospitality, and a personal kindness that makes it doubly valuable. Horses and boats put at our disposal; an *entrée* secured me in the club; everything that the heart of man can desire have we received, and all on the ground of being strangers and "esteemed constituents." After this, the bitterness of our soul subsided, and we no longer cursed Hongkong, but went on our way rejoicing, with praises in our mouth and a two-edged sword, or its modern representative, a revolver, in our hands. A revolver! What on earth should you carry a revolver about with you for? Well,



it is strange that we English, with that wonderful aptitude for government which the *Times* tells us is our distinguishing characteristic, should have held a little island, not twenty miles in circumference, for the last fifteen years, and that with all our shipping in the harbour, and a large garrison of European and Bengal troops, and with an enormous police-force, and, above all, with a regular Colonial Government, not one of your mongrel John Company's affairs, but a Governor who is a member of the peace society, and a friend of Bright's; and an ex-M.P., Attorney-General; and a Legislative Council of real colonial merchants—with all these advantages, and a good many more to boot, it is strange that one should not be able to go out two miles in any direction of the town without danger of an attack, that outrages should be considered the order of the day, that the perpetrators should never be punished, and that, altogether, Hongkong should be infinitely worse governed than the worst district in India: yet I fear that there's no doubt of the fact.

Just before we came, a man was attacked within a mile of the town, robbed, and severely wounded. On hearing the story, I innocently inquired whether the aggressors had been caught. I am told "Oh dear! no, nor is there the least chance of it." The authorities merely remarked how stupid it was of the man not to look to his revolver. At Mr. Jardine's house, I was astonished, on going to dinner, to be challenged by three different sentries. After convincing them that I was a "friend," I learnt that Mr. Jardine, living as he does, and having a small colony of his own, at some distance from the town, is obliged to keep up regularly an organized body of police of his own. He arms them with muskets, has them drilled, and equipped in a very neat uniform. It was only in February last, about four months ago, that there was a regular attack made on his office and godowns, by a mob of Chinamen, in which several of these police lost their lives, and the mob were only dispersed by guns and grape. Even now there is a loaded gun brought out to the gate every night, and pointed so as to command the bazaar. And this is what we call having possession of the island. The Canton mandarins, among other means of annoyance, have lately taken to ordering all Chinese servants, and others, to leave Hongkong, and to cease from all dealings with the barbarians, under pain of confiscation of their property, and death to their families.

These men have been living in the colony for years, but they are no more our subjects than they were fifty years ago; they are all leaving the colony and hurrying home. This is

a natural but by no means agreeable result of our way of *holding the island*.

One more story I heard, which amused me, as it was told in perfect good faith, and without its being supposed to illustrate anything but a gentleman's good shooting. About three weeks ago, a young Englishman going out to bathe, undressed and bathed, left his clothes on the shore, while his revolver was in the boat he had rowed in to the spot. While he was swimming, he espied three Chinamen come down and gather up his clothes. He got to his revolver, and let fly; he stopped two of the Chinamen, and the third left the clothes and bolted. I asked whether the third man was caught. "Oh, no; there was no notice taken of the affair," was the answer.

These stories are not worth much, perhaps, as they are very likely to be exaggerated; but the mere fact of the gossip of the place tending in such a direction is a significant fact. When we went out to dinner at a house not actually in the town, we took revolvers as naturally as people in other places take umbrellas. Such a state of things is not pleasant to live in. It seems like a want of all government, the only principle being "each man for himself" and "Devil take the hindmost." It is time to say something now about John Chinaman himself, but he is a strange and very indescribable animal. He has been called a "faggot of contradictions;" so he is. Everything he does, thinks, or says, is a direct contradiction to the ideas of the rest of the world; but Heaven knows how these contradictions are bound together into one faggot! They certainly are so; but how? perhaps by means of the pigtail.

Talking of pigtails, there are as many pigtails as there used to be wigs in the days of our ancestors,—pigtails broad, coarse, and thick, done up anyhow, with wild and wandering bristles interrupting the surface; others, smooth as a lady's hair, and tapering in perfect symmetry; some with a tassel of twisted silk at the end; and others with an irregular tortuous course of a twisty nature, and not by any means to be brought into order. Then some people, coolies and such like, wear their tail taken up and twisted round their head; but a table-servant would scorn anything so low, while one or two such I have seen wear their tails neatly folded round their neck, and, with the silken tassel at the end, it quite answers the purpose of the black silk nets which were in fashion a year or two ago. The tails apparently never come quite down so low as to be trodden on, but they avoid it by very little. Then John's dress, too, is various. The ordinary dress that

I have seen in Hongkong is generally made of some dark-blue material, and consists of a short tunic, or rather a long jacket—fastening down the right side with buttons like military frogs. Beneath that, a pair of loose, baggy, payjamas, and a pair of boots made of black cloth above, and with a huge white sole, about an inch thick. The shape thereof resembles the ideas of one's childhood regarding Noah's ark. This is the ordinary John whom one sees going about the streets; but John, as a domestic servant, is a much more gorgeous creature. He will have the same sort of tunic or upper garment; but it will generally be white, of linen or holland; and instead of the ordinary payjamas, he will have a pair of blue breeches, baggy, and hanging about like those worn by our ancestors in Charles II's time; and, moreover, like those, taken in at the knee, or, more probably, stuffed into his long white stockings, which are bound below the knee by a pair of white or yellow satin garters. His shoes are the same as the others. Altogether, he has a most presentable appearance, and he makes a particularly good table-servant. It is a dangerous thing, at any time, to enter into an investigation of a lady's dress, and for a bachelor there is no saying where the danger may end; still, of all dresses in this world ever worn by daughter of Eve (I except the Cuttack tribe discovered by Mr. Samuels, for they dress not as the daughters of Eve, but rather as did Eve herself), that of the ordinary Chinese women appears the simplest. The Chinese ladies may dress differently, but I have never yet had an opportunity of seeing one. The women one sees in the streets, and in the boats, are all that I can speak about. In the first place, they do not wear a pigtail; but they have a strange conglomeration of hair at the back of the head, something in the shape of a Glengarry cap, or an open bivalve, fastened down with a huge comb. Their neck is bare; then they have a tunic like that of the men, save that it comes down as low as their knees, and has wider and more extensive sleeves, and then they have below that payjamas, exactly similar to those worn by their lords. If they wear any shoes at all, they wear them of a very peculiar shape—not the fearfully contorted things we read of (those, like tight-lacing, I believe, are principally confined to the upper classes), but still it is a very small shoe, with a very deep sole, which slopes away from the shoe, and gives it altogether a most rickety appearance. There is the entire female costume, as appears on a very cursory inspection; perhaps closer examination might discover hidden dangers, but be that far from me.

I hear of military mandarins wearing embroidered petticoats, and bead necklaces, and carrying fans; and I have seen in shops the hat with a red glass button on the top, which they wear; but a live mandarin I have not seen. I trust I shall see one some day; but while one has 400 dollars offered for one's head (an honour, by the way, which is novel, and takes some time to appreciate), the wish is not very easily gratified.

As to the manners and customs of the Chinese, what shall I say? Are they not told in the books of Sir John Davis, and Messrs. Hue and Fortune? I can only tell of that which I see, and not that which is to be seen. I have discovered one or two things which are peculiar—first, that John Chinaman when he goes into mourning wears white, and that he cleans his boots with whiting instead of blacking. Also, I have examined the mystery of chopsticks, and I have learnt how to hold them. You hold the upper part between the thumb and the palm of the hand, and guide the chopsticks with the first and second finger respectively, and holding the basin which contains your food (generally some gummy maecaroni-like substance) near your mouth, you shovel it in with your chopsticks without much difficulty; but, sir, you must be careful not to hold your chopstick between your thumb and forefinger, as you will find it a method as inconvenient as eating with your knife. I have also learnt by a most sad experience that John is very fond of music; that on every possible occasion, connected or unconnected with his daily life, John (especially John when living in boats) thinks it his duty to make himself happy, and a spectacle to the world, men, and angels, by keeping up a deadly beating on a gong, and letting off melancholy crackers at intervals, and otherwise exciting himself; but to what purpose I have never discovered.

He has also instruments of music,—wind-instruments like a bagpipe, which, I thank Heaven I never heard (I am not a Scotchman), and a stringed-instrument, like the Neapolitan Zitta, which has no more intonations than a single stretched horse-hair, and which sounds more like the machine used in India for flax-beating than anything else that I am aware of. John, too, has one great eccentricity, that of not being allowed to wear any hair on his face until he comes to the respectable age of forty-seven; in fact, as far as I can see, all the hair that John possesses is in his pigtail, and to see him under the hands of his barber is a perfectly delightful sight. He lifts up his head in a patient asinine manner, and lets the barber work his wicked will upon it, with an expression



at the same time of quiet, contented helplessness which is perfectly suited to the situation, and which no other animal besides John and the donkey possesses. I was immensely amused to-day by a little incident that Albert Smith would have made great capital out of. A Chinese merchant, old enough to wear a bristling moustache, and ugly beyond all conception, though resembling in general outline the figures on japanned card-boxes, was standing near us, and A. began sketching his portrait. John soon discovered what he was about, but instead of moving away, put on all his demureness and perked up his face with a kind of conscious unconsciousness that one would have expected from a school-girl of fifteen. The portrait was finished, and John showed by signs that he would like to look at himself. With his delight at seeing his resemblance done by an amateur barbarian, I was inexpressibly charmed. His face expanded into a huge grin, a struggling chuckle forced itself up from the voluminous fold of his chest, his very moustache stood on end with delight, and he pointed to that and to his nose, with a gesture which I interpreted to mean that these features had not quite been done justice to, and that he would like a full face and whole length figure taken. However, as that was not to be, he carried about his portrait, showing it to different people with huge grins and inarticulate chuckles, and ultimately carried it down below in a state of high glee and triumph, and returned with a friend of his to have his portrait also taken. The whole scene was ludicrous in the extreme, but it was one which cannot be done justice to on paper. One of the most peculiar characteristics of John Chinaman, at least about Hongkong, and I believe generally over the empire, is his amphibiousness. He lives just as comfortably on water as on land. In the bay opposite Mr. Jardine's is a little colony of boats, in each of which a family live, and is brought back to its regular resting-place except when actually employed. The boats are small, flat-bottomed, or nearly so, with matting roof, and are worked by a kind of scull fastened to the stern, which sends them along at a great pace, and which at the same time takes up very little room in the water. I go out and call a boat, not one of those I have just described, but one to take me across the harbour, built in a style of mixed Chinese and English,—that is to say, there is a well in the stern and a rudder, so far it is English; otherwise it is entirely Chinese, and in it I find a family of seven people. Yes, really seven people. First, a little boy, with bright black eyes and a shaven head, who holds the rudder and steers; close to him, a smaller boy of the same description, who sleeps.

Then, in front of us there's the mater-familias, who rows stroke; but previous to starting she takes a very small baby, who is having one of its many breakfasts, and straps it on behind her back, in a regular tackle that she has for the purpose, and in that peculiarly uncomfortable and unpleasant situation, with its head fastened down between its mother's shoulders, its little legs stuck across at a painful angle, baby goes to sleep, while mamma rows with all possible vigour. She gives promise, moreover, of an early increase to the family, but this in no way interferes with her rowing. Behind her rows her husband; and behind him again boys and girls, indiscriminately, each an oar to him or herself. The boys have their heads shaved, and immature pig-tails, and the girls have their front hair cut square and short, and, brushed or not brushed, straight over their foreheads, giving them a decidedly forbidding appearance. If it were not for the fashion of doing the hair, the faces of the Chinese children would be by no means unpleasant to view,—as it is, they are as objectionable to look at as their parents.

But of all things that astonished me at Hongkong the one I was most of all surprised at was the language. It may be easier to learn than Chinese, but to a stranger it is quite as unintelligible. A few Chinese, a few Portuguese, and a great many English words, all used in a most arbitrary manner, and strung together to suit the Chinese idiom or the speaker's peculiar fancy, and each word distorted in all kinds of ways to make it easier of comprehension, is called Cantonese English,—a language which is commonly spoken, and in which almost all business is carried on in the south of China. Imagine my surprise, the first evening, to hear our host, a steady quiet merchant, a Scotchman withal, and by no means given to joking, say seriously to his servant, "You go catchee two more piecey plate, make wine, walkey that side," and other less intelligible orders, which the servant executed with a perfectly grave face. I afterwards learnt more of this Cantonese English, but my astonishment at it never diminished, and it was continually a kind of rather painful joke to me to hear this species of conversation.

The numberless uses to which one word may be put is a strange part of the language. Thus, joss seems to mean anything supernatural or spiritual,—you have joss-house for temple; joss-stick for the scented burner with which one lights cigars; joss-pigeon means any religious work, or anything connected therewith; chin-chin (which implies salaam) is a common expression, and chin-chin-joss means going to church. Pigeon is the great word in the language, and

means everything. It is apparently the nearest point they can attain to in trying to write our word *business*. So it answers by itself, or in composition, perfectly endless uses; too much pigeon, implies something to eat; sky-pigeon, means the Bible, and missionary work generally: fighter-pigeon, implies laborious work. You tell your boatman to look fightee, instead of looking sharp; and you ask where so and so is, and you are told, "He do chow-chow topside!" which means, he is dining upstairs. Another way of expressing the same idea is by saying, "He play chopstick topside," but this latter is vulgar. A Chinaman was hit with a pellet-bow by some officers the other day, and, going up to them, he said, "What for you hitum I? You want to killum I?" This language is perhaps stranger in a European mouth than when uttered by a Chinaman, but in the latter case it is utterly unintelligible to one. A Chinaman can never pronounce the letter *r*, and he always says liver for river, and lice for rice, giving rise occasionally to unpleasant ideas. But one hears an English gentleman keep up a political conversation in a wonderful manner with a Chinaman. He begins, "What you think that new treaty pigeon? Than Canton mandarin he talkey very strong; will do what that treaty say." Chinaman: "Oh, will do; no can help." And then it goes on, and I fail to follow it, till we get to the rebels at Nankin, and I hear my Englishman say, "I think that Frenchman him soon makey fightee alongside that rebel, and him soon makey walkey outside Nankin." And then Chinaman says, "Liber will be open, too much trade in lice, now no can cause, liber no hab got open."

That "hab got," by the way, is one of the most useful expressions, as it is available for all possible auxiliary verbs. And so business is conducted, and all operations carried out, in this absurd jargon. It must be our own fault, for if John Chinaman is willing to take the trouble to learn this nonsense, he would equally willingly learn good English, and I should imagine it would be more profitable to both parties. So much for Hongkong, where we very pleasantly lounged away ten days, doing nothing and seeing little, intending to visit Canton and not carrying out our intention. The fact was, that having written to some friends up there on our arrival, we were awaiting an answer, but owing to postal arrangements, or rather disarrangements, there was little or no communication.

Affairs at Canton are apparently in a very unsatisfactory state,—solitary individuals being cut off and murdered constantly; nightly attacks made on the gates with gingalls and

rockets, and all done with the utmost impunity, as we retaliate not on the braves who do these things, but on the deserted houses of the Chinese who have generally nothing to say to the disturbances. We are exceedingly bold against these empty houses, and pull them down in a most courageous manner, thereby inflicting great punishment on Heaven knows whom, and benefiting, certainly, none but the Devil and his angels. The General says his hands are tied, and he does not like attacking anything more sensitive than a house! However, the General having come down to Hongkong to see his wife, the braves came out on the night of the 21st in great numbers, and made an attack on two of the gates, whence, after some fighting, they were repulsed with a great loss to themselves and no danger to us.

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## D R E A M S .

“O! wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in ’t!”

THE day was warm, and radiant with the glory of an African spring. My walk had been on the mountain ascent, which looks over the sea towards the ice-fields of the south; and the delicious air was tempered, but not heated, by the glowing sun. My limbs were sensible of fatigue before my spirit had drunk in enough of the beauty of the scene around me, and seeking the only shelter near, I sat me down beneath “the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land.” The huge mass had fallen from the mountain on some long-forgotten day. Perhaps the Titans had cast it down, ere they were bound in the granite prison above me, where, if poetry speak truly, they still wrestle with fate and send forth their voices in the fury of the storms. It was pleasant to feel the warm earth, and to listen to the chirping of the myriad insects in the grass around. An indent of the coast formed a beautiful bay into which the waters entered with a regular curve, and with evenly broken waves, the foam of which, as they struck the shore, formed a fringe, like lace hanging to the green mantle of a nymph of the sea. It seemed as though the garments of Thetis had been spread upon the advancing and receding tide. All that I knew of what the poets have said about



natural beauty came crowding on my mind, and I uttered half aloud,—

“Sweet day, so calm, so fair, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night  
For thou must die !”

The words were rather thought than spoken when I was sensible of another presence, beside my own, beneath the shade under which I was reposing. He was dressed in the antique fashion of the Elizabethan age, with pointed beard and noble forehead, just touched with the snows of age, his eye was lighted up with humour and vivacity and the thoughtfulness of his aspect was tempered by the pleasant smile that played upon his lips. There are states of mind in which surprise absents itself from our consciousness, and it was rather with the greeting due to an honoured friend, than with the reverence meet for one of the world's heroes, that I acknowledged the presence of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. “You are welcome,” I said, “for as I came down the mountain side to this solitary spot I was thinking of the desert island, in which lodged Prospero and Miranda, Caliban and Ariel, and to which your *Tempest* brought Alonso and Ferdinand, with their crew.” “The spot is not unlike,” was the answer; “those yellow sands yonder are covered oftentimes with fairies, and all the wild nooks around you are peopled with the children of imagination.” “Is it to commune with these,” I said, “that men come forth from busy cities into the fresher air, and look upon nature in her primeval aspect and her first estate?” “No !” said the presence at my side, “the grossness of humanity will not permit other than the outward and visible form of things to meet the eye of sense; an interpreter is needed to lift the veil which conceals the inner-life of men, and the spiritual existences of the world.” “Tell me,” I said, eagerly, “what are they?” “Myself am one !” replied my companion. “On the banks of the Avon I met, in my youth, the Spirit of Genius and drank the draught of immortality.” “Ah !” said I, “do you not know that I have been a pilgrim to your home, have sat in the chair in which your mother nursed you, and have wandered by the banks of Avon's pleasant stream? Teach me, I pray you, that which you learned there—show me the secrets of men's bosoms, the wonders of the fairy world, for I on ‘honey dew’ would feed, and ‘drink the milk of paradise.’” The presence near me smiled, and said, “You have passed already the threshold of the temple in which the unseen existences dwell. You

longed to know me and I am here ; if you desire to meet some of the beings to whom imagination has given birth,"—

“ ‘The fringed curtains of thine eye advance  
And say what thou dost see ?’ ”

A change came o'er the spirit of the scene. It had before a rare beauty of its own, but now gradually the whole landscape seemed steeped with an ethereal tint which, without changing, vivified and adorned it. I experienced just such a sensation as one feels after gazing long and earnestly on a picture by Turner. In it the objects are first seen, but as the idea of the great painter is caught, the water ripples, the sun glows, “distance lends enchantment to the view,” it is no longer a picture, but the very objects themselves which the mind's eye recognizes. So was it with me as I gazed on the scene I have been describing. The granite rock still sheltered me, but a diviner aspect rested on the face of nature. The sea had an intenser green, the sky a deeper azure, the sun-light sparkled on the waves, the air seemed laden with nourishment, and the pulses of my being leaped with joy, when, lo ! in a recess by the sea-shore, I discovered two of the children of imagination of whom Shakspeare spake. . . .

She was very beautiful, and had just reached that age when

“ Standing with reluctaut feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet ! ”

Her dress of simple white hung in folds adapted to the *contour* of a matchless form, her eyes were black, lustrous and penetrating, her hair, parted on the forehead, was bound by a riband which permitted the beautiful tresses to fall freely over a neck and bosom of snowy whiteness. Her head and nose were Grecian, but the slightly dilated nostril, and a certain firmness about the mouth which even the constant smile that played on the just parted lips could not quite conceal, joined with the pale complexion to which the sun had lent a tint of amber, pronounced her an Italian maid. Her companion was on the verge of manhood and in the ripeness of a perfect and lusty youth. His slightly bearded cheek gave an air of manliness to his appearance, but the blushes of ingenuousness had not departed from it. No introduction was needed to indicate the princely Ferdinand. “Myself am Naples” was written on his brow. Between him and the lady, who was no other than the fair daughter of Prospero, was a rustic table, and over a board thereon the two were intent upon a game of chess. Nature has a beauty

all its own, but human life is more beautiful still ; and I remained riveted in admiration as they continued absorbed in their game. Perhaps it was the grossness of my own unchanged humanity that made me doubt it was some coinage of the brain, some perfect picture, or that a sculptor's magic chisel had wrought the scene. My companion noted my ardent and excited gaze, and said :

“If I had thought the sight  
Would thus have wrought you  
I'd not have showed it.”

I gave slight heed to his words, but answered thus :

“See!  
Would you not deem she breathed ? and that those veins  
Did verily bear blood.”

Scarcely were the words spoken when Miranda, placing her naked and full rounded arm upon the narrow table, rested her head upon her hand, and looking up with her bright and innocent eyes full into Ferdinand's face, said, in accents that thrilled my spirit :

“Sweet Lord, you play me false.”

*Ferdinand*, “No, my dearest love,  
I would not for the world.”

*Miranda*, “Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.”

It was not art then, but a most living beauty that was before me, and I exclaimed

“What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.”

My ardour might have sooner broken the spell, but astonishment entered to restrain me. Both Ferdinand and Miranda at the instant rose, for other characters appeared upon the scene. In one of these, I recognized the exiled Duke of Milan, Prospero, who (his library being to him “dukedom large enough”) had been displaced by his usurping brother, and to a distant and a desert land had borne his only daughter and his magic lore. To the same shore had been, by tempest driven, Alonso, King of Naples, Ferdinand, his son, and with them the usurping Duke Antonio, Prospero's brother. Here then, within the cave I first beheld, the son and daughter of these different states had met and plighted troth ; and now, before his father and his king, I heard young Ferdinand say :

“Sir, by immortal providence, she's mine ;  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice ; nor thought I had one :”

And the good Gonzalo spake :

“Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become Kings of Naples ?

And Alonzo said :

“Give me your hands :  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !”

Then the recovered royal fleet appeared at hand, and all the crew, “on their sustaining garments not a blemish,” hastened to greet their charge ; but still the wonder ceased not, for at the prow of the King’s ship stood Prospero gazing into the air and seeming to bid vacancy farewell, and on my ravished ear there fell these sounds :

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;  
In a cowslip’s bell I lie :  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat’s back I do fly  
After summer merrily :  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

I gazed upwards and though to mortal eyes there seemed but a sunbeam in the sky, I knew it was the ransomed Ariel. Once more on the mast of the King’s ship she shone, and then again by Prospero’s side, and with a fuller cadence swelled the burden of her song,

“Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

And then she rose in triumph o’er the earth as though from prison-house set free, and the exulting notes in the far distance still seemed to say :

“Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that haugs on the bough.”

As the “calm seas” and the “auspicious gales” bore the royal fleet away, I sighed that I might not go with them, and turned to say so to my companion, but he also had departed.

“It could not be, it might not last  
The vision of enchantment past.”

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## NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO OVAMPOLAND.

BY FREDERICK GREEN, ESQ.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE scenery of the country through which I had passed, in journeying from Otjimbingue to within a short distance



of Omuramba U'Ovampo, has been so accurately described in Mr. Andersson's popular work, "Lake 'Ngami," and is generally so uninteresting, that I will spare the reader a repetition. At the latter point, however, I deviated from Messrs. Andersson's and Galton's route, following that which I had taken in 1857, along the course of the Omuramba, and although the same uninteresting sameness predominates, I will attempt a rough sketch as a guide to future travellers.

The country generally consists of open flats, but their monotony is frequently relieved by large wooded tracts of the "wait-a-bit" thorn, intermingled with the camel-thorn and other trees of a larger growth. Amid the agreeable shade of these belts of forest are to be found a variety of game, including the lordly elephant, and that most graceful of antelopes, the koodoo. The bed of the river, which is free from bush, affords a good hard road for a wagon, and is infinitely preferable to the banks, which are both so sandy and covered with dense jungle, that to have forced a passage along them would have been attended with immense labour and caused endless delay.

Unlike the Omuramba Omotako, in which water is only procured in sandy pits during the dry season, here so many deep wells exist, that I passed thirty or forty in close proximity. They were dug by the Ovampo, and are tolerably conclusive evidence of the fact that this tribe formerly possessed large herds of cattle, for which indeed the district affords grazing far superior to the country they now inhabit. Their migration is to be attributed to a fear of the Namaqua tribes, who have carried their forays to this neighbourhood, devastating the Damara outposts, and driving that unfortunate race to seek refuge with the Ovampo.

To return to the main thread of my narrative. Everything being in readiness for Pereira's departure, I secured the services of two Bushmen as guides, who undertook to show him a more direct route than that which he had hitherto attempted; and along which, according to their account, there was a far better chance of obtaining drink-water in pits, with the additional advantage of avoiding the Ovampo outpost, at which, as I have already related, he had so narrow an escape on his journey out. The day after his departure, the Ovampo Damaras who were with me asked my permission to leave for Ondonga, and as I could not well refuse so reasonable an application, I granted their request, although I knew that in five days the Ovampo would be informed by them of my presence in the country, if they were not previously aware of it; and as

our relations were not on the most amicable footing, in consequence of my having repulsed a very savage attack they made upon me and some missionaries who happened to be my fellow-travellers in 1857, in which some of their principal men bit the dust, I must own I felt extreme anxiety for my own position, as well as for the safety of my messengers, and that they should speedily reach their destination. Much to my discomposure, Pereira with his party returned on the fifth day after leaving, having failed in getting through, from the total absence of water on the new route by which he had been guided.

Finding that Pereira's repeated attempts to reach Mr. Andersson only ended in failure, and wearied with suspense and anxiety to learn the fate of my friend, I determined to hazard the trip myself. However, on stating this resolution to Pereira, he begged, in such earnest terms, to be allowed to make another trial—declaring that he would either reach his master or perish in the attempt—that I could not find it in my heart to refuse his request. He was fully aware of the great risk he ran, as the Bushmen, since his late failure, declared that it was not possible to reach Mr. Anderson without passing through the hostile Ovampos; moreover, they computed the distance at six days' journey, and he knew from his own previous experience of the route that this was no exaggeration. Few servants could, I think, be found, now-a-days, to venture their lives in this deliberate manner in the service of their masters, and his conduct on this occasion gained him my lasting respect and esteem.

As I had made friends of the Bushmen chiefs in this vicinity, I had little difficulty in procuring their assistance in any ordinary matters, but to obtain guides in the present instance was beyond my powers of persuasion, and after exhausting my rhetoric, I was obliged to have recourse to threats. Nangoro having yielded to these, after a little delay furnished me with two of his principal men, who he declared would find a way of getting through if it were possible, and I was thankful to see Pereira fairly started again. Days elapsed without my receiving any intelligence of him, during which I spent my time in elephant-hunting. I had hitherto been very successful, and kept hordes of Bushmen plentifully supplied with meat. While occupied in this way, a circumstance one day occurred which caused me the greatest uneasiness and anxiety for the safety, not only of my messengers, but for that of Mr. Andersson. On the previous night I had killed an elephant, about five miles from my encampment, and, as usual, sent to Nangoro to come for instructions regarding

the distribution of the meat. To my utter astonishment, I learned that he had fled with all his people, and, from the appearance of his deserted village, in extreme haste. Being at a loss to what to attribute this sudden flight, I sent to some other villages, a few miles distant, to make inquiries, when my messenger discovered that they had vanished likewise. A thought then flashed across my mind, that perhaps an Ovampo commando had arrived in the neighbourhood with some treacherous design, and I remembered that I had been cautioned by some of the Ovampo Damaras to be on my guard after passing Omombonde. A feeling of horror took possession of me, as I reflected that my poor friend might already be their victim, and that encountering Pereira on their way down, he might also have been sacrificed. As I continued to turn the matter over in my mind, the more persuaded did I become that it was the only reasonable way of accounting for the flight of the Bushmen, who had hitherto shown themselves so friendly.

If my surmises proved correct, I might shortly expect to have my own encampment attacked; and I set about preparing for the best defence I could make under the circumstances. As my wagon was half a mile from the watering-place, my first step was to move it to the nearest pit, and to barricade the position. My garrison presented anything but a formidable appearance, only two of them understanding the use of firearms, a Zoolah and a Damara; the four Damara herds, constituting the rest of my force, could not have been of the slightest service in resisting an attack.

While engaged in these preparations for defence on the following morning, a party of Bushmen arrived from an unexpected quarter—the Ovampo direction; and suspecting that they had come in the capacity of spies, I resolved to watch them most narrowly, and if anything occurred to confirm my suspicions, to seize and detain some of them as hostages. Upon questioning them closely, however, I ascertained to my great satisfaction, that the conjectures by which I had been disturbed were incorrect, and that I need not be under any apprehension of an attack from the Ovampo. What then was the cause of the sudden disappearance of the Bushmen? Simply this, that the guides who had undertaken to pilot Pereira safely across to Mr. Andersson, had deserted the poor fellow half way, leaving him in a complete wilderness without water, and with but a very faint idea as to his position; and as soon as they returned to the village of their chief, the latter supposing that I would attach the blame of their

misconduct to him, fled with all his people in the manner I have described.

The chief had given me to understand that the greatest reliance could be placed on the guides he had supplied; and I have no doubt he selected the best and most trustworthy; but a Bushman chief has so little control over his people, that they knew, when disobeying his repeated injunctions to see Pereira safely to his journey's end, he would not dare to punish them with any severity, although their misconduct was likely to be productive of much inconvenience to himself.

Poor Pereira's desertion by these wretched Bushmen constantly haunted my mind; I feared greatly he would perish of thirst, and there was no possibility of my aiding him. I was therefore necessitated to wait patiently, or rather impatiently, until the time elapsed that would permit of his reaching Mr. Andersson, and an answer being returned; failing which, I would of course make an attempt myself.

During this interval of suspense I enjoyed many a good night's sport, and I do not think that any other African sportsman ever witnessed such a vast number of elephants congregated at a watering-place as I did on one of these occasions. I was watching at a collection of pits in the bed of the Omuramba, where I had taken up a position shortly after dark, for the purpose of shooting the elephants coming to drink, when an unusual sound attracted my attention. I should perhaps have thought it the sighing of the wind through the dense forest that extended for a long distance in the direction from whence it seemed to come, had not everything else been as still as death, not a breath of wind disturbing the long grass and dried leaves which covered the ground around me. As the sound approached nearer I was persuaded that it arose from a troop of elephants. At length, ever and anon could be heard the shrill trumpeting of one of these mighty denizens of the forest. Notwithstanding that I was in a very exposed position, not having reckoned upon its being stormed by the vast array that I was now convinced were approaching, I determined, from curiosity rather than a desire to obtain a good shot, to hold my ground, and obtain a good view of the troop. However, a slight breeze at that moment springing up they scented me, and immediately commenced charging to and fro in so furious a manner that I was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. Passing to the leeward of them I proceeded to a spot about a hundred yards distant, where there was another collection of pits in close proximity, and from which I had



previously shot three bulls in one night, thinking that as they had been fired at from it so recently they would give it a wider berth. I had not, however, been watching many minutes from my new observatory, when the elephants appeared advancing towards it from the banks of the river and passed within sixty or seventy yards of me. I can form no idea of the total number of elephants that were collected on this occasion, but was enabled by the light of the moon to count one hundred and seven filing past me, and they were followed up by such masses that it was quite impossible to estimate their number. After they had satiated their thirst and retired, the night became extremely dark and the heavy masses of cloud which obscured the moon gave every indication of an approaching thunderstorm. Presently the storm burst, and during the vivid flashes of the lightning I observed that for at least a quarter of a mile along the bed of the river one huge mass of elephants covered the ground. The wind then veered round, and a scene followed that I shall never forget: most of the elephants turned sharply towards me, and, after standing a moment with elevated trunks to scent the exact position of the danger, rushed into the jungle, through which they went crashing and tearing their way at a most prodigious rate. Others stood their ground, and one, especially, showed a particularly bellicose disposition, charging to and fro, and trumpeting fiercely the whole time. At length, when passing within a few paces of me, I saw that it was a female, and therefore abstained from firing. I again heard the noise that had attracted my attention at the beginning of the evening, and presently a fresh troop of elephants approached me from a new quarter, and gradually surrounded my hiding-place. A bull, evidently the leader of the troop, seemed to detect the presence of something unusual, and slowly advanced until his colossal form stood towering over me. I am sure that I was not out of reach of his trunk, and for a moment a tremor crept over me, and I felt an inclination to make myself scarce, but the sight of a pair of noble tusks roused all my energies; and I determined, at any risk, to possess myself of them. The elephant's sagacity was for once at fault; he seemed satisfied that he had been mistaken in his suspicions, and was in the act of turning to move off, when a ball from my rifle went crashing through his shoulder; he uttered a piercing cry, and running a few paces fell heavily to the ground. The ladies of his harem were standing closely around him, and for an instant they seemed quite bewildered at the untimely fate of their liege lord; they then simultaneously made a rush for

the jungle. As there were still some vicious-looking males in disagreeable propinquity to me, I thought I could not do better than follow their example; so I took to my heels and sought refuge in the bush; from whence, after remaining for a time, I returned to my place of concealment, and before morning succeeded in killing two magnificent old bulls. I also laid another low before sunset, at a few miles' distance from the water, so that in all I had four splendid tuskers laying close to the fountain, and killed consecutively with a single shot each.

I may here observe, for the information of those who take an interest in sporting matters—and what Englishman does not?—that I use a six-gauge multigroove rifle, carrying a three-to-the-pound conical steel-tipped bullet, impelled by twelve drams of Curtis and Harvey's best diamond-grained powder. After trying a variety of weapons during my ten years' experience in elephant-shooting, I find this the most effective, and can confidently recommend it to tyros at the sport. Some sportsmen ridicule the idea of such a large charge of powder for a rifle; and, consequently, when they reduce their small-charge theory to practice, have the pleasure of expending forty or fifty shots on a single unfortunate animal, as Gordon Cumming tells us, in his book of South African Sports, he was wont to do. To those who take a delight in torturing the noble animal, as Mr. Gordon Cumming by his own account appears to have done, I say, gentlemen, stick to your small charges; but to those who do not, I recommend the adoption of my twelve-dram practice (for a gun of the same bore), and one well-placed bullet passing through the animal will deprive him of life, with the smallest amount of suffering. The recoil of the rifle, with such a charge, is certainly very severe; but the shoulder may be protected from injury by placing a padding behind the stock.

To return to my narrative. About a fortnight after Pereira's departure, my intense feeling of anxiety was relieved by receiving a letter from Mr. Andersson, brought by the Bushman chief, Kandanja,—whose acquaintance I had made on my first visit to the Ovampo,—informing me of his own and Pereira's safety. I immediately prepared to join them, by laying in a good supply of elephant meat, to feed my people on the road, as the Bushmen gave me to understand that elephants had forsaken the country through which I had to pass; then burying the tusks, the trophies of my hunt, I made a start two days after the arrival of Kandanja. We travelled along the river for four hours, when

we reached Omutua Ondjou, and were informed that we must leave the Omuramba, and strike away to the north, across the dry sandy country. After making particular inquiry regarding the route from the point we had reached, I came to the conclusion that it would be folly to attempt to take a wagon through, owing to the existence of only one certain watering-place along the whole distance; and a doubt whether, even at it, sufficient could be procured for a span of oxen. Kandanja computed that it would take a wagon six days to accomplish the distance. I therefore resolved to proceed on horseback, taking with me three Damaras, to carry my spare guns, ammunition, and bedding, the latter consisting of a kaross and blanket. Strapping an oilskin-coat on my saddle, I started the same afternoon. I found my way constantly impeded by an exceedingly close thorn jungle, and had every reason to congratulate myself upon having left the wagon behind, as the sand also was exceedingly heavy. I journeyed on during part of the night, to escape the fearful heat of the day; but, before dawn, laid down and snatched a couple of hours of oblivion—I can hardly term it repose. At break of day I was again in the saddle; and at noon fell in with a party of Bushmen, clustered round a small pit in the bed of a dry vley. They were occupied in exerting their powers of suction rather successfully, in extracting water, by means of a tube made from a hollow reed, from the moist sand at the bottom of the pit. As soon as their mouths were filled with the precious fluid, it was transferred to an ostrich or tortoise shell, for future use. It was a tedious and disgusting process, but after several hours' ride under a burning sun, one is not apt to be very fastidious, and the draught which was tendered me by a withered beldame, who had also enacted the part of medium for the nonce, was received with as much satisfaction as though it had been the most costly beverage, presented by a blooming Hebe.

In the afternoon I went on, and on, and on, like the child in the fairy tale, and continued to do so until near daybreak the following morning, when horse and rider being somewhat jaded, and having reached another sandy pit containing a little water, I off-saddled and slept until I was awoke at daybreak, by the Bushmen preparing to start. Kandanja informed me that his village was at a little distance from the direct route, and as I should find Mr. Andersson about half a day's journey further on, it was unnecessary for him to accompany me. I accordingly let him depart, and went on with my Damaras

and one guide, and in a few hours arrived where a party had been occupied in felling trees, evidently to make a passage for a wagon. Concluding that I was near Mr. Andersson's encampment, I pressed forward at a more rapid rate than seemed to suit my poor foot-men, and in a few minutes was by the side of my friend. I found him dreadfully altered in appearance; in fact, had I met him casually I could scarcely have recognized him, but I thanked God that he was alive, as so many reports had been circulated of the extreme peril of his position and the deadly nature of his malady, that I at times had almost despaired of again beholding him. We passed a few days here in comparing notes as to our adventures in opposite parts of the African continent since we had last parted, and he seemed to feel most keenly the disappointment in being prevented attaining the goal of his hopes, the Cuenene River, when almost within view, by the attack of fever which had kept him chained to a sick couch for many months.

I may safely leave the narration of our homeward journey to Mr. Andersson, who, it is to be hoped, will favour the reading public with an account of his further explorations. For the amusement of the lovers of the chase, I will, however, wind up with a brief account of another little episode in my elephant-hunting experiences. Mr. A. and myself had succeeded, with incredible labour, in getting his wagon through the sandy jungle to Omutua Andjou, where we encamped to rest after our exertions, he still suffering from debility, and I thrown on my back from running a large thorn into my knee which had caused it to swell to more than double its natural proportions, and to be exceedingly painful. While ruminating on my helpless condition, Kandanja came running in with the intelligence that a fine bull elephant was harbouring at a water about two hours' distance. I started up on hearing this, for the moment quite forgetting my swollen knee, and hobbled over to Mr. A.'s wagon, who declared, as we were almost without animal food, that he would at once go in pursuit of the elephant. As I thought he was far too weak to undergo the exertion, and I could manage to sit a horse, I dissuaded him from this intention, and mounting my favourite shooting pony "Charlie," was not long in finding the spoor. Following it up, I at last espied my friend sheltering himself in a grove of acacias from the heat of a noonday's sun, but in such a position that I could not get a side-shot at him without crossing an open glade immediately in his front, and within thirty yards of him. As I thought I might accomplish this with least noise



on foot, I dismounted at a little distance, and was slowly limping across the open space, when, unfortunately, the noise attracted his attention, and he immediately emerged from the cover and leisurely approached me. If I had attempted to get away from him in my crippled condition, before I had gone many yards he would have overtaken and trampled me into a mummy. I therefore stood my ground, and as he rolled up his trunk and threw forward his ears preparatory to a rush, and was within ten paces of me, I fired. The ball went crashing into his forehead, in a way that a three-to-the-pound can do; and the poor brute began spinning round somewhat after the manner of a dancing Dervish. I knew he would make a most furious charge from the point at which he brought these circumgyrations to a close, and turning round to get my second gun from my Damara attendant, who was usually pretty staunch on such occasions, to my dismay I perceived that he had vanished; fortunately, however, he came to my call in the nick of time, and I prevented the rush of the infuriated animal by a bullet behind the shoulder, which passed through his heart. The noble beast then ran a hundred yards and fell; and when I galloped up to him, finding him still struggling, I administered the *coup de grace* in the shape of a ball through the brain.

In concluding these hasty jottings-down, I must remind the reader that they have been communicated to the *Magazine* solely from the interest so generally felt in Mr. Andersson, and not from a premeditated design of forcing myself and my hunting experiences on the public attention. The two anecdotes I have related happened to be entwined more or less with the general thread of my narrative, and I ventured to obtrude them, at the risk of being thought boastful of my own exploits. Adverse criticism will not, however, reach me; for, pursuing the tactics I occasionally practice in hunting, after firing my shot, I have rushed into the recesses of the interior, from whence I am not likely to emerge for the next two years.

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### MORNING DEW-DROPS.

On a field of emerald green,  
Brilliant in the morning's beam,  
Ten thousand drops are dancing.  
Hues that mortal skill defy  
Flash their beauty in the eye,  
O'er the bright plain glancing.

Then, within my heart, I thought,  
How like the tears by suffering wrought,  
Eyes all around are weeping—  
From various causes though they fall,  
One unhappy doom through all  
Its sway relentless keeping.

Childhood's eyes seem ever blue,  
Clondless, as their tears of rue,  
Or sting of self-upbraiding.  
Tears that lightly change to smiles,  
Faults confessed, nor deep in guiles,  
Guardian angels aiding.

Soft September's vernal grace,  
Nature's joy out-beaming face,  
With green embroid'ry covers.  
So though youth shed tears like rain,  
Sparkling 'mid each transient pain,  
Hope undestroyed still hovers.

Manhood's is the tear of flame,  
When the flushed cheek glows with shame  
O'er thoughts that once delighted.  
Idols worshipped for true gold,  
Proven base, have lost their hold,  
And faith henceforth is blighted.

Heaven's portals gleam with jasper ray,  
Shaft-like across the dying day,  
Tokens of bright returning.  
Even so the golden tears we weep,  
When long-prized friends in Jesus sleep,  
Shine rich in love's first yearnings.

Tears there are that downward sink,  
Heavy, dark, like drops of ink,  
Reflecting hopeless sorrow.  
Turn to and fro as best we may,  
The heart looks for no brightening ray,  
Joy will not dawn to-morrow.

Tears (how few) that glisten white,  
And pangless in the chrystal light,  
Of chastened pure emotion—  
Which grateful spirits heavenward pour  
For blessings from God's mercy-store,  
That love-filled tideless ocean.

Swift those drops then, as in dream,  
Seemed all towards the slanting beam,  
Like faces turned appealing.  
Haunting faces, as it were,  
Sadly waiting with mute prayer,  
Their destined hour of healing.

On they looked, those broken hearts,  
 Though each fibre with the smarts  
     Of agony seemed rending—  
 Swollen tear-filled though the eyes,  
 Patience at last shall win her prize,  
     Sweetly from earth ascending.

Mists that fall and choke by night,  
 Vanish 'neath the glorious light  
     And heat of the sun's shining.  
 Lord of our souls! If Thou appear,  
 Grief purified shall dry each tear,  
     Love hush her vain repining

Regard not then with cold hard brow,  
 Thy grieved brother sorrowing now,  
     All seasons have their time.  
 No self-concentered joys shall last,  
 Your summer days of pleasure past,  
     This anguish may be thine.

E. S. W.

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## FRANSCHÉ HOEK : THE STORY OF *OUR* PILGRIM FATHERS.

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### PART III.

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Green vine! that mantlest in thy fresh embrace  
 Yon old grey rock, I hear that thou with them  
 Didst brave the ocean surge.

                                    Say, drank thy germ  
 The dews of Languedoc? or slow uncoiled  
 The infant fibre mid the fruitful mould  
 Of smiling Roussillon; or didst thou shrink  
 From the fierce footsteps of a warlike train  
 At fair Rochelle?

Hast thou no tale for me?—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

IN tracing the history of the Huguenot refugees, I have felt much disappointment at being unable to obtain any written authentic details of their social condition during the years which followed their occupation of their chosen place of settlement in this colony. None of their number appear to have undertaken the task of chronicling the success of their courageous and self-denying industry; or, if so, it is probable that such records were either seized or destroyed during the political troubles of 1707. The early travellers, from Kolben to Le Vaillant,—who, we may suppose, conversed with many of the refugees' children,—seem to have felt no interest

whatever in their individual history, and their notices of them are of a very cursory kind. We have in consequence lost much quaint and graphic description and interesting traditionary lore, which would have poured to us the many pleasing virtues of the pilgrims. At the present time, although scarce three generations have yet passed away, the fountains of information are nearly dried up; and it is only at rare intervals that the itinerant inquirer may glean any family incidents worthy of note.

One of them which, for lack of other material, will serve to illustrate the character of the Huguenots as well as the eventful period in which they lived, was told to me by a lady who is descended from them. The following particulars relate to her great-great-grandfather's family.

For nearly a century preceding the stirring times of sixteen hundred and eighty-five, when Louis the Fourteenth was king, a branch of the family De Villiers occupied a small estate in the neighbourhood of La Rochelle. Old Pierre de Villiers and his wife were advanced in years. They had seen the memorable siege at which the famous Richelieu had led the royalist troops against the devoted citizens of Rochelle, and were well acquainted with the sufferings which their brethren in religion had then endured. Living at some distance from the town, and in a quiet, secluded manner upon their farm, they had, however, hitherto escaped the notice of the Romanist priests and soldiery. The worthy couple had four sons, named Pierre, Abraham, Jacob, and Paul—three of whom were grown-up men, and employed themselves in the vineyards and orchards which surrounded their ancestral home. Occasionally, they got tidings from Rochelle of the increasing persecutions in that and other places; and they heard of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and of the laws forbidding them “freedom to worship God” after the simple, earnest manner of their fathers;—still they hoped that the political storm would, as in other times, pass by their happy household. But the day of their trial approached. They received information that the officers of government were to visit their place, and they trembled for the result. It was in the autumn season: the green vineyards were loaded with the clustering grapes, and the orchards were golden with the orange, the pear, the peach, and the apple;—the joyous vintage time was just come. In the evening, the family were assembled round the wide chimney of the “house-place.” On one side, the father occupied the old high-backed solid wood chair, while opposite to him sat his good wife, and between them both, on a portable bench, carved with rude skill (such as may now occasionally be met with in the



country), were the four sons. Their faces wore an expression of gloom and sadness, as the father told them imperatively that they must go, and without delay. He and his wife were old, and could not expect to see many more years; they would stay at home—and endure martyrdom, if need were, for their religion's sake; but their sons were scarcely yet in their prime, and might enjoy a long and useful life in some other part of God's earth, while, if they remained, death or imprisonment would be their inevitable fate. There was no means of escape from the calamity which was impending, save flight; and, with sore hearts, the children made preparation for obeying the resolution of their father. That no spies might give notice of their intentions to the authorities, they planned that, on the following day, they should go on with the necessary farm-work, as usual. The wine-press was brought out, cleaned, and repaired, and all the other implements required for the vintage were got ready. The family had seldom worked so industriously, in anticipation of the morrow's duties, as then; the excitement and bustle of the occasion seemed a relief from their own melancholy thoughts. When night came, they gathered together in the house, and engaged in the worship of God; and then the sons took a hurried farewell of the home of their birth, for the royalist soldiery were momentarily expected. The venerable father, with silent, inexpressible emotion, bade them adieu, and prayed that the Almighty would watch over them until a happier time should come, when they might be reunited. The aged mother, with still composure, blessed her eldest-born; but as her favourite, young Paul, came forward, and silently took her hand, she passionately pressed him to her bosom and wept. "Oh my child," said the afflicted parent, "I cannot, cannot part with you. Yet it is for your good that you should go; your brothers will console you, and God will watch over and protect you,—my own dear child, adieu!" So parents and children separated. The latter disguised as peasants, travelled on during the night, with the hope of getting to Holland. But the journey was a long one and not easy to be accomplished, and besides they were liable to be detected on the way. Poor Paul, after a few days' travel, got so weary and homesick, that he wished to return; and after a consultation, his brothers consented, as his presence might be a comfort to their father and mother, if they yet lived. Pierre, Abraham, and Jacob reached Holland at last, and there they remained for twelve months, without being able to learn anything regarding the fortunes of those they had left behind in their cruel native land. When the Chamber of Delft invited emigrants to proceed to the Cape,

they accepted the offer as a summons to a land of hope in the Southern Sea. They arrived in the ship *Sion*, and chose a spot in the retired valley now known as Fransche Hoek as their place of residence. Here they erected a dwelling in a primitive style, forming the walls of moulded clay, and covering the roof with reeds. They cleared and cultivated the ground around them, and planted it with vines, and fruit and other trees. The vines had been introduced into the colony some time before, and the refugees obtained from their neighbours a few "sticks" which they carefully cut up into small slips and planted for their own benefit. It was in this manner that most of the vineyards and orchards were begun. The united and persevering industry of the brothers enabled them shortly afterwards to purchase a horse to carry them to the Sunday morning service, held by the revered pastor Simond, at the church at Drakenstein.\* It was a good distance to travel, but they never neglected to participate in those pleasant gatherings where they mingled with their fellow-countrymen, talked of their former circumstances, and took counsel with their minister as to the affairs of the little settlement. As their worldly prospects improved, they formed acquaintances with the fair daughters of their neighbours, and within a few years afterwards, all the brothers were married,—Pierre to Elizabeth Palivert, and Abraham to Susanna, and Jacob to Maria Gardjol. The two latter left Pierre in possession of their first farm, while they selected others close by. All of them lived to a patriarchal age, and died rich and prosperous.† In their later years, they oft made inquiries of travellers and others who visited their farms, as to the fate of the friends they had left in distant France, for the affection for home still clung to them; but no one could tell aught of their parents or their young brother Paul:

They were the same mother's children,  
And loved right well I ween;  
But never could come together,  
For water was rolling between.

\* The site of the church is still pointed out to the antiquarian who visits Simon's Valley. It is on the farm of Mr. du Pré. Kolben, in his "Travels," gives a description of the building, and says that "it looked more like a barn than a church." The walls were of brick, only three or four feet high. Inside, its appearance was not much better; there were only stools for the congregation to sit on. It was in this place, however, that the exiles worshiped for nearly a century, and until another church was established at the Paarl.

† The eldest brother was married twice, had twenty-five children, and lived to see his hundredth grandchild born.

Amongst a number of old faded pedigrees which are now in my possession, I have met with several fragments of family history which are worthy of preservation. One of them relates to the Du Plessy, or Du Plessis. The head of the family in this colony was Jean Prieur du Plessy, a surgeon by profession. He and his wife, Magdalen Menanto, were natives of Poitiers, and arrived here in 1688. The paper before me is meagre in the extreme as to their early life; but it mentions the fact of the birth of their first son, in February, 1691, and his marriage to a daughter of Pierre Rousseau, on the 5th May, 1714. The baptismal record of these two is written in the following style: "Magdaleine, fille de Pierre Rousseau, et de Anne Retif. Elle a ete presentée au Saint Baptême par Daniel Hugot et Marie Marais elle et née, Le Samedi, 26 Février, l'année 1695. Elle a reçu le baptême de mains de Monsieur Simond, Ministre die Saint E. V. G., fait a Drakensteijn, le 4 Novembre, 1704. Paul Roux Lecleur en Chantre. Le 13 Février, 1691, estnez Jan Prieur du Plessis, son parain est Louis du Bero et sa mare ne Anne du Berot, amme de Monsieur Simon, Ministre de Drakensteijn." At the beginning of the present century, when Janssens was governor of the colony, a despatch arrived from France, requesting information as to the branch of the Du Plessis family here, and requesting that the senior member of it should proceed home, in order to take possession of the family estates and a dukedom, which remained unclaimed. The governor forwarded the communication to Mr. van der Reit, the landdrost of Stellenbosch, who waited on a Mr. du Plessis, a farmer in that district. The old gentleman heard the proposition unmoved, rejected it, and avowed his attachment to African and rural life in preference to a dukedom in France. Some time after this, the lady of the landdrost was anxious to learn if any relics were in possession of the family, and on paying a visit to the farm, was gratified with the sight of a pair of gold sleeve buttons, which bore the crest of Du Plessis; these were, a few years ago, I believe, sent to a silversmith in Cape Town, to be converted into finger-rings. A member of the Du Plessis family, and probably a brother of the old Stellenbosch farmer, greatly distinguished himself amongst the Swellendam burgher corps at the battle of Muizenberg, and his courage and bravery attracted the particular notice of the English commander, General Elphinstone.

The first Hugo who came to the Cape was named Daniel; he was born in France between the year 1663 and 1665, and

died here in the year 1724 or the beginning of 1725. He married, at the age of forty-five, with Anna Rousseau, a young damsel of fifteen years, daughter of another refugee, Pierre Rosseau. Hugo was a man of small stature, being only four feet and four inches high, and his descendants now at Fransche Hoek bear a marked similarity to him in this respect.

Accompanying the genealogical list of the Therons, there is a copy of an old manuscript, written by Maria Jane du Preez, the wife of Jaques Theron, to whom allusion was made in a previous chapter. This document contains a register of their children, and opposite to the name of each one are some quaint lines, peculiarly characteristic of the old Puritan stamp of the mother. The following is a literal translation of some of them :

In the year 1698, on the 7th August, Maria Theron was born.

The first is called Mary, because  
Of a Mary of old was born the Great Treasure.  
May the Father conduct her where Mary now lives.  
And this noble Treasure for ever reward us.

In the year 1699, on the 7th July, Jacques Theron was born.

Jacob, my first son—choosing Jacob's tribe ;  
Let him not here be wanting of Jacob's blessing ;  
May his life be crowned with the blessing,  
That he may also obtain an eternal triumph.

Anno 1709, on the 10th August, Pieter Theron was born.

And now I'll call my other son Peter.  
Peter's fidelity then may he have ;  
Lord, bless him while here on earth,  
And make him, like Peter in heaven, of high esteem.

Anno 1716, on the 11th May, Tomas Arnoldus Theron was born.

To Thomas, the Lord his wounds exposed,  
Upon him then be firmly confidence reposed ;  
Your blessing's foundation, Thomas, on this build,  
So shall you steadfast stand, like Thomas, to the end.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, Father of all, Preserver of all the pious,  
Let Thy hand, dispersing blessings, come to these children ;  
Bring them, after full years, in Thy kingdom of mercy,  
That they may sing Thy praise together in heaven.

In a note appended to this document, Maria du Preez thus records the death of her husband : “ Anno 1739, at night, between the 1st and 2nd December, about a quarter to ten o'clock, my husband, Jaques Theron, died, at the age of seventy-one years, six months, and sixteen days, having been united in marriage with me for forty-two and a half years.”



During the century succeeding the date of the arrival of the first exiles, there were many others who from time to time settled in the colony. They were members of families who, when persecution had driven them from their homes, fixed their abode in Holland for a while, but not obtaining desirable employment there, sought their fortunes abroad. The names of several of these *émigrés* are often to be met with, and the following list has been gathered from baptismal and marriage registers in the country districts,—viz., Anthony, Arnold, Bagot, Balie, Ballot, Basbe, Beslebasqua, Bernard, Berthold, Berrangé, Bertrand, Bignault, Bosse, Bottes, Boucher, Bové, Briers, Broule, De Bruin, Bryant, Buissine, la Buscagne, Cauvin, Celliers, de Cerff, Cesar, Clémant, le Clus, la Cock, Collet, Conradie, Courlois, Crole, Cronge, Crosier, Dalen, Dantie, Drago, Durand, Duvenagie, Faure, Foucher, Fovric, Frier, Godier, Goffray, de Goudiné, Grosse, Haubar, Herriot, Human, de Labat, la Querenne, Lange, Lategean, Léonard, de Leur, Lezar, Lourens, Lubbe, de Manille, Mellet, Minnie, Morland, Mouncey, Naude, Olivier, Page, Paton, Perry, Pigot, du Plooy, Ponty, du Prees, Range, Rattray, Robé, Rochér, de Roubaix, Rouviere, Sandelens, Serrurier, le Sueur, Pailjard, Torblans, Valentin, Victor, Villet, Visage, Voges, Voigt. But very few of those now living are able to give any account of their families; I only know of one or two cases. In an old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, inquiry was made for the arms of De Roubaix, and a member of the family, who now holds a seat in the legislature of the colony, supplied the same, accompanied by the following information, which had been written by his grandfather: "Emanuel Joseph de Roubaix de Teurning, my father, died at the Hague, in the year 1775, at the age of seventy-four years. He was born a marquis, and descended of a most noble extraction. The estates De Roubaix and Tourcoin, in Picardi (which, after his flight, were confiscated by the French Government) belonged to him; but he left them in consequence of the persecution against the Protestant Reformed religion. He settled at the Hague, where he was greatly esteemed by reason of his abilities and skill in arts, sciences, and languages, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of engineers, in which branch, as well as that of surveying, he rendered many services to the Dutch Government." His son came to the colony as secretary in a Dutch man-of-war, about 1782, and married and settled here, and the family patronymic is likely to be long associated with the refugees, as recently a new village has been laid out at Fransche

Hoek, to which the name of "Roubaix" has been given.—Another *émigré* who came out at the beginning of last century, was Monsieur Antoni Faure. He arrived in 1707, and was married to Rachel, a daughter of the same Abraham de Villiers of whom mention has previously been made. This Faure's grandfather, who died in 1624, had been President of Savoy, and his uncle was Bishop of Nismes, and a friend of Richelieu. Previous to the days of the Revocation, the family resided in the Principauté d'Orange, but in 1686, they were seized and imprisoned at Grenoble. By the influence of their friends, however, they were released, and got to Geneva, whence after a stay of two years they proceeded to Holland. The Rev. Abraham Faure, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Cape Town, is a great-grandson of Antoni Faure, and has in his possession a curious old French bible, brought hither by his ancestor. This volume contains the Old and New Testaments, the apocryphal books, catechism, articles of faith, liturgy, and the Psalms in verse by Marot and Bezie.

At the present day, the descendants of the Huguenot Refugees are spread everywhere throughout the colony, forming nearly one half of the population known as Dutch, and constituting a most valuable element of our heterogeneous society. They are often distinguishable, not only by the names and the features, but also by many of the amiable characteristics of their fathers. Even those who have been for a long time far removed from social intercourse with the centres of civilization still retain their primitive piety, industry, integrity, and simplicity of habits in their homes; and the traveller who may visit them will find—

Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness are there;  
And piety, with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

Of course, they are now attached to South Africa by all the ties of birth and affection; but many of them take a pride in their origin, and are always ready to engage in a conversation on the subject. And on more than one occasion, their admiration of the pious, patient, and high-hearted race from whence they have come, has assumed a practical form. At one time—in 1824—it was proposed to erect a permanent memorial at Drakenstein or Fransche Hoek, in which any relics found amongst the various families might be preserved. Many valuable articles were mustered up;—old documents, bibles and psalm books, crystal goblets, and other things taken in the olden time from the old homes in France, and

speaking volumes as to the social condition of the refugees. Subscriptions of money were also liberally given; but, owing to certain regulations which had been made, limiting the list of subscribers to those who were legitimate descendants by the father, a disagreement occurred regarding the secretary and treasurer—who had his descent from one of the exiles, by his mother only—and the whole plan fell through. The “relics” were for some time placed in the hands of Mr. Advocate Joubert; but upon his death, which occurred a short while afterwards, they disappeared, and probably were scattered by the relentless and indiscriminating hammer of an auctioneer. Whether the subscriptions were refunded or not, I have not been able to ascertain, but an original paper I have met with gives the following as among the list of contributions :

Jacobus du Toit, uit du Toits en Pienaar, Rds. 50; Gabr. Jas. Vos, uit Rossouws, Rds. 40; A. Faure, Sen., uit Faures, Rds. 50; A. Faure (predikant), uit Faures en Villiers, Rds. 25; J. F. Beck, uit Therons, Rossouws, en du Preez, Rds. 20; A. Faure, uit Faure, Rds. 25; J. J. Vos, uit Rossouw, Rds. 20; A. C. M. Faure, uit Faure, Rds. 5; C. M. Faure, uit Faure, Rds. 5; J. J. Faure, uit Faure, Rds. 5; S. J. Faure, uit Faure, Rds. 5; J. P. M. Faure, uit Faure, Rds. 5; J. A. Joubert, (advocaat,) uit Jouberts, de Villiers, Hugo, en du Toit, Rds. 50; A. J. de Villiers, Pieter zoon, uit de Villiers, Rds. 20; P. A. Meyburgh, uit du Toit, Rds. 5; J. P. de Wet, uit du Toit, Rds. 10; Jac. de Villiers, A. B. zoon, uit de Villiers, Rds. 25; W. Frans de Wet, geboren du Toit, uit du Toit, Rds. 10; Pieter Marais, J. zoon, uit de Villiers en Marais, Rds. 50; L. W. C. Beck, uit Therons, Rossouws, en du Pree, Rds. 20; A. J. Jardine, uit Jardines, Rds. 20; Jac. Steps. de Villiers, D. zoon, uit de Villiers en du Toit, Rds. 25; Jac. Dau. van der Spuy, Syb. zoon, uit du Plessies, Rds. 10; Pieter Hend. de Villiers, uit de Villiers en Roux, Rds. 25; Johs. P. de Villiers, A. B. zoon, uit de Villiers en Minnaar, Rds. 10; A. J. Marais, Jac. zoon, uit de Villiers en Marais, Rds. 25; F. D. Rossouw, uit Russouw en Hugot, Rds. 10; Anna Magd. Rossouw, geb. Theron, uit Theron en Rossouw, Rds. 10; D. P. de Villiers, uit de Villiers en Retief, Rds. 25; Paulus Retief, uit Retief en Minnaar, Rds. 5; Johs. Josua Minnaar, uit de Villiers en Minnaar, Rds. 25; Gi. Jac. Rossouw, uit Rossouw, Rds. 5; Corns. Brink, Jan zoon, voor du Toit, Rds. 20.

Another and a later project for perpetuating the virtues of the refugees met with better success. In 1851, the inhabitants of Drakenstein felt the necessity of having an educational institution in their district; and an influential resident—the late Mr. H. F. de Villiers, who, in his untiring industry, and uprightness, and tenderness of heart, reflected the best virtues of the old Huguenot—proposed that a school-house should be built, that might serve alike for the benefit of the locality and as a memorial of their fathers. The plan was unanimously approved of, and Mr. de Villiers and Mr. D. J. Joubert were appointed to select a suitable

site for the purpose. They chose a spot close to where the old church of the refugees had stood in former years. And there an appropriate building has been erected, which bears the name of Simondium, in commemoration of the first pastor of the exiled flock.

I have now nearly completed the story of *our* Pilgrim Fathers. It is one which deserves to be well known and remembered by all who share a common interest in the land we live in; and anything which can be gathered relating to it ought not to be allowed to fall into oblivion. When we glance back at the heroic Huguenots who chose rather to breathe the free air of the distant wilds than yield to a bigot-tyrant, we may well be proud of such an ancestry. These were the men who formed the substratum of our colonial population, and whose unobtrusive virtues, with their train of ramified influences, have been diffused through the succeeding and existing people. True, indeed, they did not found a state, nor mould free institutions which might have paved the way for national independence. With a temperateness peculiar to "sufferers for conscience sake," they mainly rested satisfied with the freedom to worship God. There were a few amongst them who also loved liberty and nationality so well that they sought to obtain what they fairly considered constitutional privileges; but their temporal aspirations were thwarted and suffocated by a government, which, "in all things political was purely despotic, and in all things commercial was purely monopolist."\* Under such a system as this, no settlement could ever attain any great results. But on the other hand—says the writer I have just quoted—had the colonists not been trammelled, fettered and repressed in every conceivable manner, whenever their welfare appeared to clash with the pecuniary interests of their masters; had they been permitted the free development of their energies, free commerce and cultivation,—to export what they could raise by their labour from the land, to import what they needed,—to exercise their powers in the manner they deemed most conducive to their own prosperity,—this country would not have lost a century and a half of progress; its advancement would have been similar to that of the New England States. In this respect, as well as in many others, the history of our Pilgrim Fathers is pregnant with important lessons.

JNO.

\* Justice Watermeyer's Lectures on the Cape of Good Hope. Here I would acknowledge the readiness with which Mr. Watermeyer has kindly supplied me for the second chapter with translations of old dispatches otherwise inaccessible, and decipherable almost by himself alone.



## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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 NO. XVI.
 

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JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ESQ., M.L.A.,

LATE EDITOR OF THE "COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER."

AN adequately complete biographical sketch of the gentleman whose portrait we this month present to our readers is, within our present limited space, altogether impracticable. His history in South Africa is the history of South Africa itself during more than thirty years of his career among us. From his first arrival to the day on which he resigned his position as the leader and veteran of the Cape press, his name stands foremost in connection with every movement and agitation for promoting the improvement and development of this country. Our sketch now must therefore be a brief and meagre one; and without further waste of words on the preamble we enter upon our task.

Mr. Fairbairn was born in Roxburghshire in Scotland, in the year 1794. Of his early life we know almost nothing, but that, with a view we believe to the medical profession, he passed through the usual curriculum at the University of Edinburgh; and that he there distinguished himself for the zest and zeal with which he pursued the study of chemistry and other cognate sciences, under Dr. Hope, Professor Playfair, and the many eminent men who then adorned the academic chairs of the Scottish capital. Here he seems to have first formed the acquaintance of Thomas Pringle, who, in his "Emigrant's Cabin" half realises,

Their kind companionship in other times,  
When round by Arthur's Seat and Blackford Hill,  
Fair Hawthornden and Hyvotmill  
(With a dear friend too early from them torn),  
They roamed untired to eve from early morn.

After leaving the University, Mr. Fairbairn retired to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there, we believe, still maintained the literary associations which he had begun to cultivate in Edinburgh. Of this period of his history we meet with no public notice until the year 1823, when his friend Pringle, then an emigrant and settler in South Africa, invited him to follow him and join him in his labours. The projects the then youthful enthusiasts had in view, and the spirit in which they resolved to accomplish them, are admirably depicted in Mr. Fairbairn's reply to this invitation. It is



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published in Pringle's *Narrative* as follows, and dated March 2, 1823 :

It gives me unspeakable pleasure to find you once more among "Books and Men." Your late acquaintance, the lions and the quaggas having lost their ancient veneration for the muses, you had good authority for turning to the more docile *Batavi-Africani*. I have no doubt, from what you tell me, and from the accounts I read of the Cape, that your views in Cape Town are well-founded, and cannot, without some unforeseen mischief, fail to be realized to a very satisfactory extent. I will join you (D.V.) about six weeks after you receive this epistle. My resolution was finally taken upon reading your last letter, and all my friends approve of it.

Your hint about magazines and newspapers pleases me exceedingly. What should hinder us from becoming the Franklins of the Kaap? The history of the settlement requires to be brought down by rational men on the spot for a good number of years. Little or nothing has been done in the natural history of South Africa since Sparrmau and Vaillant; and it is a rich region in that respect. There are still unknown kingdoms, or, at least, provinces, for us to explore.

I have a number of literary schemes in my head, some of which may furnish us with matter for communion. I suppose you have no such thing as public lectures among you on any subject. Yet, surely, popular lectures on chemistry, geology, botany, and other departments of science might be rendered both acceptable and useful to your new countrymen. Turn your thoughts to this topic till we meet.

In Europe, and especially in Britain, so many great poets are looking on the same objects that we see, and describing them with so much force and beauty, that one feels oneself fairly "overcrowded," and dare not even aspire to be heard. Who can think of aught but listening when Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, and Campbell are sending their strong sweet voices through every vale of this delightful land? The character of African scenery is, I suppose, different from ours. The manners of the singular tribes surrounding you, your own destination at the extremity of the "dry nurse of lions," in every circumstance I can think of, there is much to excite, deepen, and fully employ the strongest imagination. What should hinder us, my dear friend, from "giving to song" the unknown streams and nameless mountains of the *Kaap*?

How far Pringle has succeeded in "giving to song" the unknown streams and nameless mountains, and even the far desert of the Cape, is known to the world; and no one who has perused the few published specimens of his friend's poetic powers will hesitate to share his expressed "regret that one who could write so well has written so little." His work, however, was of another, a sterner, and, for this country, upon the whole, a more profitable one.

Pending the arrival of Mr. Fairbairn, Pringle, who had settled in Cape Town, and been placed, at an insignificant remuneration, in charge of the then insignificant Public Library, combined with the Rev. Abraham Faure in a scheme for publishing a monthly magazine, alternately in the English and Dutch languages. They addressed their memorial to Lord Charles Somerset, humbly praying, as in



duty bound, for his vice-royal sanction; and after a delay of five weeks, received the grand seigniorial reply that "His Excellency the Governor had not seen the application in a favourable light." In September, 1823, Mr. Fairbairn arrived, and joined his old associate. They commenced their career by opening an academy in Harrington House (now in Darling-street), the regular superintendence of which devolved on Mr. Fairbairn; as, says Pringle in his *Narrative*, "he was eminently qualified to do it justice, being an accomplished scholar, well versed both in ethical and physical science, and experienced in classical tuition." On the 2nd December, they were officially informed that Earl Bathurst had been pleased to permit the publication of their proposed journal, provided care was taken that nothing appeared in it "detrimental to the peace and safety of the colony." In January following, accordingly, the first number of the *South African Journal* made its appearance, under the joint editorship of Thomas Pringle and John Fairbairn. Its career, though brief, was a vigorous and lusty one. In the two bi-monthly numbers of it, published before the ruthless despotism of the time extinguished it, we find criticisms, sketches, and poems, which would have done no discredit to the foremost literary organs of the mother country. Fairbairn's elaborate and discriminating critique on Wordsworth might have appeared with honour in *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly*, while Pringle enriched its pages with some of the choicest of his lays and lyrics. Its political tone, so far as it touched on politics at all, was moderate, and what now might with justice be deemed tame, almost to dulness. But its editors became obnoxious to the powers that were, for their labours in another direction. On the 7th of January, 1824, Mr. George Greig, who had been formerly connected with the King's printing office in England, established an independent press at the Cape, and published the first number of the *South African Commercial Advertiser*. The state of society then prevailing in South Africa was such as few of the present generation can form the most remote conception of. The Government was vested in one man, whose powers were of the most arbitrary, if not wholly irresponsible, character. Slavery, personal, social, and political, was the law of the land. The Courts of Justice were the pliant tools, and the public prosecutor was but the ready minion of the lord of Government-house. Public opinion did not exist, for public speech and public writing were rigidly proscribed. The only printing-office was in the hands of Government, and the only newspaper was the *Cape Gazette*, of which tedious files are now before us, and every one of which amply confirms

the following contemporary testimony borne by Mr. Wilberforce Bird, in his admirable work on "The State of the Cape of Good Hope in 1822:"

The liberty of the press (says he) is a feeling so congenial to the heart of a British subject, that it is mortifying to describe such a degraded establishment as the Government printing-office at the Cape of Good Hope. The annual circle of its duties consists in printing the Cape Calendar and Almanac, and a weekly newspaper, called the *Cape Gazette*, which is in fact a mere list of proclamations, marriages, births, christenings, deaths, the price of articles of produce, and advertisements of sales, the notices of the sequestrator, of the orphan chamber, of the burgher senate, and other boards,—all of which is extremely useful to buyers and sellers, but by no means amusing or instructive. The public is rarely indulged with a scrap of European intelligence; and when such a circumstance does take place, it consists of matter suited to the submissive state of a colony. Some account of the defeat of a popular party in a nation, some praise of a king or of a minister, some quotation from the pamphlet of an honourable member, written to persuade the public (vain attempt!) that "it is not expected that any perceptible advantage will be experienced in private life from all the reductions in the power of any administration to propose in the present state of the world, and the order of things in this country." The *Cape Courant* is conducted by a superintendent and compositor, a corrector of the press, pressman, &c. The Censor preserves the strictest incognito.

It was in this condition of society that the *Commercial Advertiser* was first started; and, after the first two numbers of it were published, Mr. Greig applied to Messrs. Pringle and Fairbairn to undertake its literary management. To this they readily consented; and to the efforts of these three men—Thomas Pringle, George Greig, and John Fairbairn—it is that this country owes the invaluable privilege of a free press, in which now for more than thirty years it has rejoiced. To Thomas Pringle we are indebted for the courage with which he fought the battle at the outset. To George Greig we are indebted for the personal and heavy pecuniary sacrifices he cheerfully made in the cause which we all now have learnt so much to prize. And to John Fairbairn we are indebted for the skilful advocacy and persistent perseverance with which he enlightened public opinion and dogged the English ministry at home, until his efforts were crowned with a victorious issue. We shall here, as briefly as possible, recapitulate the leading events of the whole transaction. They form one of the most important chapters in the history of freedom at the Cape; and we apprehend that it is a chapter with the details of which but few of our present readers are conversant.

The *Advertiser* was hailed by the public with delight. It became the medium of communicating general information of an interesting, instructive, and most harmless character, and its leading articles, written apparently by Mr. Pringle

and Mr. Fairbairn, in turn, furnished the Cape community with a sort of literature to which they had hitherto been perfect strangers, and which, in its elegance of style, no less than in the quiet humour and solid instruction of its matter, might not unfitly have been compared with the *Spectator* of the previous century. How the most sensitive olfactories could have smelt treason in any one of the eighteen numbers then permitted to be published seems perfectly mysterious to readers of the present day. Topics likely to excite violent controversy in the colony, such as the slavery question, the condition of the aborigines, &c., were altogether for the time passed by. But the tone of these new radicals was quickly inferred from the extracts published by them from such seditious writers as Blackstone and De Lolme; and, as Pringle says, "it was their singular fate to be sacrificed, not for sins *actually* committed, but from the apprehension of those that they might *possibly* commit." There was a prosecution for libel then before the Supreme Court, at the instance of the governor. In the course of the trial, the defendant, one Edwards, apparently a reckless and desperate adventurer, had brought forward certain scandalous and libellous charges against the character of Lord Charles Somerset, both in his public and private capacity; and to prevent the possibility of such charges being reported in the newspaper, the fiscal was instructed to assume the censorship. This took place on the evening of the 4th of May, after the leading article for the paper of the following morning had been corrected. This article chanced to be one of Mr. Pringle's composition, and was of the most moderate and conciliatory character, in which the writer strove to the utmost to break down the walls which separated the Dutch from the English, and both from the Government. From the report of Edwards' trial, also, every offensive allusion had been carefully expunged, as was afterwards proved to the commissioners of inquiry by the production of the attested proof-sheet actually sent to press when the fiscal interfered. The conduct of the editors of the paper, and of its proprietor, at this emergency, was cool, calm, and dignified. They implicitly obeyed the "official order" for the production of the proof-sheets asked; but next morning they announced that they disdained, as British subjects, to submit to the degradation of a censorship of their press, and resolved to discontinue their journal, pending an appeal to the British Government. This determination took the governor by surprise. It was more than he had calculated upon, and his ire was aroused accordingly. Now the paper was condemned as seditious, and in all respects adverse to

social order. To prevent an announced publication of "a statement of facts," on the succeeding Sunday the press was sealed by a solemn governmental commission; and Mr. Greig himself was sentenced to banishment from the colony within a month from that date. It may be mentioned—we quote from the statement of facts, which, after all, was published soon afterwards—that while the dismal ceremony of sealing the presses was performing, one gentleman belonging to the commission, whilst peeping rather incautiously into the business, leaned the palm of his hand on a shelf covered pretty thickly with printers' ink. It was black as a chimney-sweeper's, and dirty—very dirty. "How annoying!" said the worshipful commissioner.

Thus terminated, for a time, the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, in the eighteenth week of its existence, and such had been the fate of the first men who dared to express in print the obligations of morality, the consolations and duties of religion, and the principles of British justice in this colony. "One circumstance more may be stated to illustrate the value of this newspaper. The fiscal, in the month of February, instituted a prosecution against Messrs. Cooke, Edwards, and Hoffman for a libel. Mr. Greig reported the proceedings of the court, and these gentlemen were acquitted of all the charges brought against them. Shortly after, the fiscal again brought a criminal action against the same Edwards for a libel; but, to prevent interruption, put out, in the meantime, the candles of the press, as has been already related. Mr. Edwards was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation, without a single witness being called, or any other evidence considered besides the showing of the fiscal."

Lord Charles Somerset, on cooler reflection, regretted the banishment pronounced against Mr. Greig, and attempted to induce that gentleman to remain in the colony, and proceed once more with his work in a duly submissive mood. Mr. Greig, however, was resolute and independent, and was advised by men on whom he could place reliance. He proceeded to England without delay, and submitted his plaint to the unwilling ears of Earl Bathurst, in the Colonial Office. In the meantime, the local governor resolved to extinguish the real spirits of the *Advertiser*, who still remained at the Cape. Pringle he summoned into his wrathful presence, and endeavoured, fruitlessly of course, to frown into subjection. That courageous man defied the despot, though in the most respectful manner, and instantly surrendered the librarianship, the only office under Government he had ever held. Then was the might of the vice-regal displeasure visited upon



the highly successful academy to which both Pringle and Fairbairn looked as their mainstay of support; but which, forthwith condemned as a seminary of sedition, before long inevitably declined, until its conductors were involved in the heaviest losses and most serious pecuniary responsibilities. A petition was prepared to be presented to the King, praying for relief from this wretched terrorism, but comparatively few of the inhabitants dared sign it. The Governor's power, they said, was absolute, and his resentment ruin. Mr. Pringle\* was compelled to leave Cape Town, and, for sustenance to his family, fall back upon his old location among the settlers on the frontier, while Mr. Fairbairn struggled on as best he could, with the remnant of his academy in the capital. To show the spirit which then prevailed, we may add that a literary and scientific society, then for the first time organized, with purely literary and scientific aims, was summarily and sternly suppressed. Among its members were Sir John Truter (the Chief Justice), Dr. Truter (a member of the bench, and brother-in-law of Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty), Mr. Advocate Cloete, the Indian residents, and many of the merchants of Cape Town. But it had the fatal fault of having originated from a recommendation of Messrs. Fairbairn and Pringle; and it was no sooner formed than suppressed under a proclamation, dated 19th February, 1800, which had been issued by Sir George Young, against *Jacobin Clubs*, during the first occupation of the colony by the British.

In the meantime, Mr. Greig returned from England—his mission, to some considerable extent, successfully accomplished. His press, by order of Earl Bathurst, was relieved from the odious incubus of the censorship, and the licence under which he was permitted to proceed with the publication of the *Advertiser* was declared revocable only by a solemn order of the Governor in Council. On the 31st August, 1825, the nineteenth number of the paper made its appearance under the sole editorship of Mr. Fairbairn. The style of the articles became thenceforth more sprightly than before, and spiced more freely with satirical banter against

\* In connection with these references to Mr. Pringle, we may state that, in Leitch Ritchie's memoir of the poet, it is said that all the papers illustrative of Pringle's life were, after his decease, forwarded to Mr. Fairbairn, with a request that he should undertake the preparation of a biography. It is urged against him that he neither wrote the memoir, nor returned the papers. It is somewhat surprising that he has never yet publicly replied to this charge. But, from other sources, we are now able to state that the papers in question never reached Mr. Fairbairn at all. They were forwarded to the care of Messrs. Borradaile & Co., but were lost on their passage.

a contemporary journal, the *Chronicle*, conducted under the auspices of the Government, and according to Pringle's narrative, of the lowest order of literary merit. The columns of the *Advertiser* were, however, mainly filled with extracts from English authors of the highest authority, reports of debates in parliament, and of trials in the English courts of law, while the original articles were devoted specially to summary views of the British Constitution, and to explanations of the various institutions from which England has derived so many advantages. "My intention throughout the whole," says Mr. Fairbairn, in a letter subsequently addressed to the Right Honourable William Huskisson, "was to soothe the minds of the people, at that time highly exasperated by the oppressions of the local government, to convince them that institutions similar, as far as circumstances would permit, to those of England, would protect them against the recurrence of the many evils they had endured, and that so soon as their case was made known to the ministry they might assure themselves of speedy redress and protection. . . . . That I did not praise Lord Bathurst, as colonial minister, or Lord Charles Somerset, as Governor of the Cape, was no fault of mine. Had I been so base, my labour would have been vain. The single fact that the currency had lost seventy-five per cent. of its original value by their management, would have been a sufficient answer to any eulogy." At this time Lord Charles was compelled to proceed to England to vindicate himself against the serious charges raised from innumerable quarters against his government. The *Times* took up its formidable cudgels against the noble lord; and very naturally, though, we believe, without Mr. Fairbairn's knowledge and during his absence in the country, an article on Cape affairs which had appeared in that powerful journal was reprinted in the columns of the local paper. On this reprint reaching home, Lord Charles' ire was awful, and his influence with Lord Bathurst was sufficient to procure a summary order from the colonial minister for the immediate suppression of the peccant *Advertiser*. This missive arrived at the Cape in March, 1827, and to the amazement of the Cape community their independent and favourite journal was summarily stopped once more. A petition, signed by Messrs. Ewan Christian, Stephen Twycross, and fifty-one other inhabitants of Cape Town, was addressed to the governor, General Bourke, asking permission to hold a public meeting, to take this serious state of affairs into consideration; but the only reply received was, that "the prayer of the memorialists could not be complied with." The sole alternative was a direct appeal to the British ministry, and, failing that, to the British public. Mr. Fairbairn

undertook the mission. On his arrival in England, the late ministry had been ousted, and now Lord Goderich presided as premier, and Mr. Huskisson held the seals of the Colonial Office. A lengthened correspondence and repeated interviews succeeded between Mr. Fairbairn and both Lord Goderich and Mr. Huskisson. The Cape delegate was backed in his persistent but respectful appeal by a "Memorial from the merchants and others connected with the colony, residing in London, which expressed in strong terms their deep regret that a line of policy inconsistent with the welfare of the colony had been pursued by the late Government, and that it was the anxious wish and expectation of every friend to the colony that a free press should be established at the Cape." Mr. Borradaile, the leader of these memorialists, pressed their plea with his personal advocacy. We have no space to enter upon all the details of the controversy which ensued, and must content ourselves with stating that ultimately Mr. Huskisson frankly conceded the point and expressed his determination that thenceforth "the Press should be placed under the control and protection of the law, and no arbitrary suppressions should take place in future." With this assurance Mr. Fairbairn was perfectly satisfied, and he immediately left England for the purpose of resuming the *Commercial Advertiser* at the Cape. The new edition of it, thenceforward a bi-weekly one, commenced on the 3rd October, 1828. Within a few months afterwards, the Ordinance arrived and was formally promulgated by the local authorities, on which the South African press has been conducted ever since, until when last year, on the fitting motion of Mr. Fairbairn, even the slender restrictions of that enactment were abolished, and our colonial journalists are at last placed in the same proud position of independence as their brethren of the United Kingdom.

Shortly after his return from England, his fellow-citizens determined to express their admiration of the services thus rendered by Mr. Fairbairn, by presenting him with a handsome piece of plate, bearing the following appropriate inscription: "Presented to John Fairbairn, Esquire, editor of the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, by a number of inhabitants of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, February, 1829, in testimony of their sense of the able, consistent, and independent manner in which that journal has been conducted by him, and of their gratitude for his exertions in endeavouring to procure for the colony the advantages of a FREE PRESS."

Our space is nearly exhausted while we have yet barely entered upon the long and meritorious public career of the subject of this sketch. The next great contest in which he

became engaged was that which terminated, many years afterwards, triumphantly, in the abolition of colonial slavery. The controversy that prevailed was a keen and bitter one, and some of the worst passions of the public mind were naturally excited in connection with it. To advert to these in detail, or to trace the progress of the contentions by which colonial society then was torn, would be productive now of no good effect. Many of the actors in the fray still survive, and now are only too heartily rejoiced that the cause they advocated was so signally defeated. We have reason to believe that to Mr. Fairbairn is due the merit of what he himself has never taken credit for,—the proposition, as early as 1827, of making a fair and ample compensation to slave-holders for the loss of property they had inevitably to sustain. Of his other labours as a journalist we can here make merely the barest mention. The condensed files of his paper, from 1835 to 1850, are before us, and from them we gather that of every public improvement, whether of a material, social, or political character, effected during that period, at the Cape, he was either the original propounder, or the ablest and most enthusiastic advocate. The institution of trial by jury in our Supreme and Circuit courts, the introduction of wool-bearing merino sheep, the construction of hard roads and bridges, the opening up of mountain passes, the extension of education, and the establishment of free representative institutions,—all these, and many more, were for years the themes of his enlightened, and eloquent, and influential writings in the *Commercial Advertiser*. And then, in 1849, began the anti-convict agitation, of which he was the leader and the inspiration; and which—if as unhappily is too true, it planted the seeds of discord and dissension in our community, which, even yet, have not wholly died out,—rendered the immeasurably preponderating service of freeing this country from the stigma and the degradation of sinking into a mere penal settlement, and which, moreover, presented an example to the world which every other colony of the British crown, save one, did not hesitate to applaud and imitate. Never were Mr. Fairbairn's powers as a journalist so severely tried as then, and never did his friends so cordially admire him or his opponents so loudly condemn and intensely dread him. A few months after the satisfactory issue of that great contest, the endeavours of the colonists to secure the boon of representative self-government were renewed. Mr. Fairbairn, with three or four other gentlemen, was elected by the country to be nominated by Sir Harry Smith as a member of the Legislative Council, for the purpose of passing the Consti-



tution Ordinances. His resignation of that office, along with Sir Andries Stockenstrom, Mr. Brand, and Mr. Reitz, soon succeeded; and shortly afterwards he and the baronet were deputed as delegates to England, to enforce the "popular" cause upon the attention of politicians at home. In connection with these transactions a great deal of bitter controversy ensued, and with peculiar vehemence between Mr. Fairbairn and the Attorney-General, two gentlemen who, although they differed then, have done more for the propagation of liberal ideas and the establishment of free institutions at the Cape than any others of whom we could now make mention. Into the details of these matters, at the present day, it were as useless as ungrateful to enter. The dead past has buried its dead dissensions; and those who for a brief season were antagonists rejoice together now at the successful inauguration and partial development of the system which it was the highest ambition of both to see established.

In the first parliament of the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Fairbairn was elected by a large majority as one of the representatives of Swellendam, a post which he still continues to hold; and on being proposed for the Speakership, an office which it is no more than bare justice to say he never made the slightest personal effort to secure, he was defeated by a majority of only one vote.

His labours as a public journalist at the Cape of Good Hope he continued, with only the two brief intermissions of his visits to England, for a period of thirty-six years. That career he ended with the publication of the *Advertiser* on the 31st December; and we cannot do better than close this sketch with the closing words of his farewell address:

He commenced his work by declaring his determination to be to "*make, or assist in making, this country a fit country for free men.*" This was his purpose, pure and simple, and it is now completely accomplished. The people of this country are now as free as any people can be made, and he is happy to observe that they use their freedom as men whose natural element freedom is. He never doubted that such would be the case, but he is not the less gratified in seeing it. It was chiefly by means of the press that the friends of justice promoted this great change, and aided in preparing all classes of the inhabitants for its proper use and enjoyment. It was the work of a whole generation, and we never wished to see it hurried. What grows up in a day may perish in a night. We have planted nothing that has not lived. We never needed to take a step back, which is three steps instead of one. Our aim in everything was perpetuity; and we now take leave of the Cape public in this character, with perfect satisfaction and every expression of esteem and regard. May their progress for the next thirty-six years be in everything proportionably as great, permanent, and happy, as it has been since 1824.













